R. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., NO. 223. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 7, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

Editor REVIEW.

You have mistaken the spirit of my letter, and I pass over your self-defence by merely re-directing the attention of the public in general and of my people in particular to the letter itself. Let Madoc flourish by the Preaching of the Word, stands as a motto in a fair way of being tested now. Much has recently been expended on church building, and more is likely to follow.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

It stands on an eminence, commands a good view all round, and is founded on a Rock. It is far from being finished, but the "Gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

THE M. E. CHURCH

Was opened on Dominion Day under the most favorable auspices, amid great rejoicings. Its graceful spire cannot be hid, but it is a pity that the church itself is almost unseen till you are near it. Still utility is the chief things even in church building, and it has a central position. The cornice on the ridge is very pretty and the surroundings are trim and neat. Its internal arrangements are tasteful. Our friends deserve commendation for the zeal and energy they have displayed. Quite a number of its former ministers were present at all the services. The two most conspicuous figures were the Bishop whose whole deportment was gentlemanly and gentle, and Dr. Ives, an energetic Yankee, who was sent for that the $5,000 of debt might be wiped off. He availed himself of every opportunity on Friday and Sabbath to melt this ice mountain, and he succeeded too before the formal Dedication of the church on Sabbath evening took place. I neither agreed with his method of raising the means nor arguments used, but he accomplished his object, and in four years this $10,000 church is expected to be free of debt. Let every one who has vowed to pay certain sums regard their vows sacred. All the meetings were well attended, especially that on Sabbath evening. One of my people said that the energy displayed for a few days previous to the 1st of July was a reproach on their Presbyterian brethern. We are proverbially slow.

THE R. C. CHURCH

Occupies a commanding position, and presents a bold front to three out of the four cardinal points of the compass. It is not yet completed, but it has gone up with amazing rapidity so far. There are three things in which it excels the others. 1st. Its spire is the tallest, and its cross seems to float aloft more as if it were suspended from above, than supported from below. 2nd. A fine bell with a very mellow tone has been hung in the tower, and long may it gladden the air with its sonorous tolling. 3rd. The amount of money that is said to be about to be expended on its frescoing will make it the most highly decorated church inside.

These churches are the best guarantee for the future success of our rising village, and money cannot be better invested. I cannot close this letter without alluding to the

DAM

that was blown up one night last week at the lower end of Moira Lake. I do not approve of the way in which it was done, and would have preferred, after timely warning, to have led the villagers to have done it in open day. But it is well away, and let neither owner nor lessee dare to rebuild it. I know too well that the daming up of the waters of the Lake was the cause of our fever and ague. Were the theory of a "malarial wave" the true one, it would show its trail over the country as distinctly as the comet its tail in the northern sky. Where is that trail? Our village dam, cheese factory, &c., helped to make matters worse, that is all. Now that that evil obstruction is removed may Madoc's good name for being a healthy place return to it, and may its future be one continuously increasing prosperity.

D. WISHART.

Madoc, July 5th, 1881.

IN CHANCERY!

SHIPMAN VS. BAILEY.

PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause, and dated the 30th day of March, A. D., 1881, there will be sold by Public Auction with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, at SIMMONS' HOTEL in the VILLAGE OF MADOC, on

Thursday the 14th day of July next,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises the property of the late Thomas Bailey.

Parcel No. 1.

Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, & 14 on the south side of the allowance for road between the Townships of Madoc and Huntingdon; lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, & 14 on the north side of Jacob street, each containing ¼ of an acre more or less; Block "A" on the south side of said allowance for road, containing ½ an acre more or less; lot No. 15 on the east side of John street, containing ¼ of an acre more or less; lot No. 16 on the east side of John street, containing 22-100 of an acre more or less; lot No. 17 on the east side of John street, containing 19-100 of an acre more or less; lot No. 18 on the east side of John street, containing 1-5 of an acre more or less, all of said lots being described above according to a plan of part of Township lots Nos. 11 & 12 in the 14th concession of Huntingdon, made by Evans and Bolger, P. L.S., and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Hastings on the 21st day of October, A. D., 1880.

Also Village lots Nos. 50 containing ½ of an acre more or less, 53 containing 1½ acres, 55 containing 32-100 of an acre more or less, all on the west side of Durham street in the Village of Madoc, according to a plan of said Village made by Evans and Bolger, P. L. S., and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Hastings. These lots will be sold separately or *en bloc* at the option of the Master.

Parcel No. 2.

That part of the west ½ of lot No. 12 in the 14 concession of the Township of Huntingdon described as follows:—Commencing at a point in the southerly limit of the Road allowance between the Townships of Huntingdon and Madoc, and at the distance of 2 chains and 50 links measured westerly from the westerly limit of the gravel road leading from Belleville to Madoc, said point being also the north-west angle of lot No. 50 on the plan of the Village of Madoc.

Thence southerly parallel is the said gravel road leading from Belleville to Madoc, and and along the rear of lots Nos. 50, 51, 52, & 53, 10 chains and 54 links more or less to lot No. 54.

Thence south 88 degrees west along the northerly limit of said lot No. 54, 1 chain and 20 links more or less to the water's edge of th Mill Pond. Thence northerly following the water's edge of the Mill Pond and Deer Creek, to the southerly limit of the Road allowance between the Townships of Huntingdon and Madoc. Thence easterly along the southerly limit of said road allowance 1 chain and 90 links more or less to the place of beginning.

Containing by admeasurement 1½ acres, be the same more or less.

Parcel No. 3.

That part of east half of lot No. 11, and the west half of lot No. 12 in the 14th concession of the said Township of Huntingdon described as follows:—Commencing at a point in the northerly limit of the road allowance in front of said 14th concession, and at the centre of said lot No. 11. Thence north 74 degrees east along the said northerly limit of said road allowance 14 chains and 60 links more or less to the premises heretofore conveyed to Jacob Hough Bailey.

Thence north 14 degrees, west along the westerly limit of said Jacob Hough Bailey's land 28 chains and 40 links, more or less, to the north-west angle of said Jacob Hough Bailey's land. Thence north 59 degrees, east along said Bailey's land 8 chains and 10 links, more or less, to the gravel road leading from Belleville to Madoc.

Thence northerly along the westerly limit of said gravel road 11 chains and 81 links, more or less, to the mill property heretofore conveyed to one George L. T. Bull.

Thence south 88 degrees, west along the southerly limit of said mill property 11 chains, more or less, to the south-west angle thereof. Thence northerly along the westerly limit of said mill property 6 chains and 55 links, more or less, to the north-west angle thereof. Thence north 88 degrees, east along the northerly limit of said mill property 1 chain and 65 links, more or less, to the waters edge of the mill pond. Thence easterly and northerly following the waters edge of the mill pond and Deer Creek to the southerly limit of Jacob Street. Thence south 74 degrees, west along the said southerly limit of said Jacob Street 17 chains and 75 links, more or less, to the centre line of lot No. 11. Thence south 10 degrees, 50 min. east along the said centre line of said lot No. 11, 55 chains and 69 links, more or less, to the place of beginning.

Saving and excepting thereout and therefrom the right of way of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway passing through the south-west angle of said above-described premises.

Containing by admeasurement 89 acres, be the same more or less.

Parcel No. 4.

That part of lot No. 11, in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon described as follows:

Commencing at the distance of 56 chains and 80 links on the side line between lots Nos. 10 and 11 from the south-west corner of said lot No. 11. Thence north along the said side line between lots Nos. 10 and 11 to the north-west corner of said lot No. 11. Thence east along the north side of said lot No. 11 to the north-east corner of said lot No. 11. Thence south along the side line between lots Nos. 11 and 12 to a post on the said side line between lots 11 and 12, planted at a distance of 20 chains and 94 links from the south-east corner of said lot No. 11. Thence westerly on the top of the upper ledge of the rocks, leaving 12 feet of rocks on the north side of the line, to the place of beginning.

The lots mentioned in Parcel No. 1 are well adapted for building sites, most of them being within the limits of the Village of Madoc.

On lot No. 53 in Parcl No. 1 mentioned is situated the residence of the late Thomas Bailey.

Parcel No. 3 is a valuable farm, and lies just outside of the limits of Madoc Village and but a short distance from the station of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway. The soil is good and a large Creek crosses the lot.

The purchasers shall pay down deposits in the proportion of $10 for every $100 of their purchase money, and the balance into Court within two months thereafter.

The properties will be sold subject to reserve bids fixed by the Master.

The other conditions of sale are the standing conditions of the Court of Chancery.

For further particulars apply at the offices of Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Barristers, Belleville; S. B. Burdett, Barrister, Belleville; Messrs. McGee & Jones, Barristers, Oshawa; or at the office of Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

Dated at Belleville, June 14th, 1881.

S. S. LAZIER, Master.

BELL & BIGGAR,
Agents for McGee & Jones,
Vendor's Solicitors.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 694
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, July 18th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

7 PER CENT.

We can now offer
PRIVATE MONEY,
on straight loans on farm property,
AT 7 PER CENT.

No commission charged, no foreign companies to deal with, and no delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFULLY
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c.
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
G. BENNETT.
Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. E. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville. Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

Mrs. and Miss Christie
TEACHERS OF THE PIANOFORTE, Organ, and Vocal Music, will receive pupils after the 8th inst. For terms, etc., apply at the Rectory.
Madoc, Jan. 3rd, 1881.

PRIVATE FUNDS!
TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Peculiarities of the Parisian Woman as a Lovemaker, a Wife and a Mother.

A London Dance—Waits.

Waits.

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

"Eloise" asks if we will publish her poem on "The Wavelet of the Rivulet. With a smilelet upon our facelet we reply, yes. Write only on one sidelet of the sheetlet, Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your poemlet shall have spacelet.

Hamilton girls are very proper When a young man was assisting an East-end lass to tie on her bonnet, which, by the way, had to be tied at the back of the neck, she insisted that he should stand in front of her, so that she could keep her eye on him.

Providential: Mamma—"Did you enjoy your ride, Elise?" Elise—"No, mamma, and reason enough, for Connie James says the Van Smiths are going to give a dance, and we're not asked." Mamma—"Well, my dear, your poor aunt's death was providential—of course we can't go."

A Yorkville lady wanted her little girl to bathe in a room the windows of which opened into the yard, in which were some fowl. "But," said the little girl: "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "Oh, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster anyhow."

"The whisper of a beautiful woman," says Balzac, "can be heard further than the loudest call to duty." But the man who is creeping up stairs with his boots off at 2 o'clock A.M., and hears the whisper of his wife as she leans over the bannisters in the darkness, doesn't think of her beauty. His chief thought is how much he would like to exchange his boots for a pair of wings.

"You must love Miss Lawrence very much," said Jack to Miss Dashie as they left that lady whom they had just met on the street. "You gave her a most rapturous kiss on the cheek," and Miss Dashie replied: "I despise her!" "Then why such a kiss?" "Why, didn't you see? She was terribly painted and I made a spot on her cheek with that kiss that will let everybody who sees her into the secret of her elegant complexion."

The sentiment of the honeymoon is a frail thing, and after a while a man flops right through it like a brick through a cobweb. A three months' old bride was rattling away in her usual loquacious style, when her husband, forcing himself not to appear too severely tortured, said: "Don't you feel as if you were perilling your beauty by talking so much?" "Why so, John?" she asked with some surprise. "Because, precious, this is summer time, and you might get your tongue sunburnt."

In looking over a young lady's scrap-book the young man came across these lines:

I would not die in summer
When nature's all in bloom,
Nor would I with the falling leaves
Go to the silent tomb.
I would not, when the wintry winds
Are howling, pass away;
Oh no, I'd lay me down to rest
Amid the smiles of May

Then he took his pencil and wrote on the margin opposite to them: "Probably she wants to go to heaven in a spring bonnet.'

A London Dance.

"A dance" is the correct expression, says a correspondent, and represents the popular form of entertainment in London nowadays. The happy dancing man or woman receives a card inscribed, "Dancing at 8 o'clock;" accordingly he or she or they do not go before half-past 9, about which time the drugget may be laid upon the drawing-room floor, and the musicians in their places. Sylvia was much puzzled on receipt of a recent invitation to one of these festivities (the first in London) to know what to wear. Should she array herself in virgin white, with slippers of purest kid en suite, or should she stick on black brocaded silk with black satin slippers as "the safest?" I advised the black; accordingly with white laces and pink roses, and tinkling ornaments, and Watteau fan of gaily-hued chintz, embroidered in gold thread and emblazoned with a mammoth butterfly (fashion's latest freak), the fair and fluttering Sylvia stood confessed. "Dancing at 8" implied a minor gathering, but the Hyde park mansion was by no means the scene of a "small and early;" and Sylvia's was about the only black dress in the room, so far as the ladies were concerned. They were robed rather in amber and white and pink and blue, pale tints which threw Sylvia and sombre skirts and Watteau fan into strong and effective contrast. The dancing in London differs very little from that in vogue in New York, so far as waltzes and polkas are concerned, but let the American beware how he plunges into the lanciers. The London lanciers is a New York one topsy-turvey; with the exception of the last figure it is an entire transformation. Square dances are, however in the minority; here is a specimen programme, taken from one printed upon cardboard, and supplied with a tiny pencil to jot down engagements: "1, waltz 2, waltz; 3, polka; 4, lanciers; 5, waltz; 6, waltz; 7, waltz; 8, quadrille; 9, waltz; 10, polka; 11, waltz; 12, waltz; 13, lanciers; 14, waltz; 15, waltz; 16, polka; 17, waltz 18, waltz. Supper. Dances. 1, 2, 3"—all waltzes. Yes, there was a supper, with strawberries as big as walnuts, lovely to look at, but quite insipid, and champagne ad lib., this spread following refreshments of drinks, ices, etc., which were to be had throughout the evening. And so "dancing at 8 o'clock" resolved itself into an evening of both slumber and digestion. A friendly hansom bore us home at 3 A.M. through the clear starlight; half an hour later and, as is the custom hereabouts, it was as bright as day, albeit a little yellow and ghastly.

The Parisian Woman.

In love—and you must understand that I make exceptions in the very first rank of which you, madam, are placed—in love, says a Paris letter-writer, the Parisian woman is romantic, but not very elegiac. Her heart is preserved in the frame of a poetry altogether *sui generis*. That heart ignores the delirium of passion, and remains in a continual state of self-possession, so to speak. If you read in the papers that Mlle. Amandine asphyxiated herself with two sous' worth of charcoal because jilted by some alcindor of the suburbs, you may rest assured that Mlle. Amandine is not a *Parisienne*. She must have come to Paris only a few days ago from Mans or Luneville.

If you hear that the Baroness Z —— eloped on the night of the 15th, abandoning husband, children, and home, be sure that before the winter she will return to her home, repentant, cured of her fantasy. If she does not find pardon waiting for her at the deserted nest, she will commence another *fugue* with another pair of moustaches. For in love the Parisian woman ignores real despair or griefs of desertion which cannot be consoled. An Ariadne or Arthemisa, she weeps only with the secret idea of repeopling her solitude as soon as possible. She is far from showing indifference; but she becomes easily resigned to her situation. Moreover, her very temptations, emanating from the peculiarities of her own character, easily supply her with swift consolation. She rehearses the romance of "eternal affection" until the next rupture. Her errors are not liaisons; they are long caprices—so many collages—pardon the triviality of the word—which are easily dissolved by a little shower of tears. They are like those gummed envelopes which a drop of water enables us to open without tearing, and whose edges, all ready for a new adhesion, may contain fresher correspondence.

Now let me touch a more delicate subject, that of marriages, in which la Parisienne appears with all her qualities of charming companion, and with all her faults as a nervous sweetheart. Her affection, which has something mischievously wild and unstable about it, ever oscillates between the extremes of the excessive demonstrativeness and inexplicable coldness. There is no medium. In the same quarter of an hour she will be merrily good-humored or maliciously ill-tempered. At all times she is just interested enough in the prosperity of the household to show that she is afraid of not being able to pay her dressmaker at the end of the month, or not being able to continue her easy and pleasurable existence under circumstances which requires money as means of producing fun. She thinks of success more than anything else in the world. If her broker makes a bad speculation; if her favourite author has had bad luck at the theatre or with the publishers; if the race horse of her sporting hero does not win the race; if the money invested in some enterprise by her partner be sunk,—she becomes soured and fretted. She forgets all about the enormous profits of the preceding month, the jewels and laces she owes to unexpected good fortune in business; she wipes from the tablets of her memory all thought of the triumph which followed the first performance of the last play, on the compliments she received upon the public announcement of the name she bears, and of the glory which, reflected back upon her, made her bosom swell with legitimate pride.

Her ill-temper is of no longer duration than her enthusiasm. I know good husbands, of whom this cold-and-hot shower bath of temper and feeling, now tender, now repellant, finally wearied beyond endurance.

As a mother the *Parisienne* displays the same feverishness, the same unevenness of disposition, the same exaggerations of sentiment. She has a child seriously ill at home; she is devoured by anxiety—and nevertheless she hurries to the ball. Between two waltzes she receives a note from her femme-de-chambre,—"*He is no better.*" She becomes thoughtful at once, but only for a brief instant; for she has promised somebody the next quadrille, whereof the ochestra is already playing the ritornello, and her partner is there offering his arm, with a polite bow and pleading lips. Nor is this confined to the upper class. If the limited means of the Parisian mother prevent her from employing a governess or a competent nurse, she will confide her baby to her *concierge* rather than miss a picnic at the Bois de Claimart, or a lunch party on the ramparts of Paris. Shall I dare to say it? Yes—even at the risk of calling down upon my head the maledictions of all my fellow-citizenesses, I consider that the Parisian woman is the very ideal of a female fiend, but she is not the model of a wife.

How to be Noticed.

It is your desire, my dear girls, to be noticed in public. Very well; it is not hard to attain your ambition. In the first place, imitate men as much as possible. Make yourselves proficient in slang language. It is awfully jolly, and can be acquired by the shallowest-brained ones among you. It is useful in all varieties of conversation, and by frequent use it will prevent tiresome talkers boring you to death with their profundities. When in company or any public place, get together, two or three of you, and giggle consummately. This will show your vivacity. It is an excellent thing in a woman. Among women, whispering will serve you, but among men, talk right out. It is your duty to be attractive, and by loud talking you attract attention more easily than by any other means. Two young ladies in a railway car are sometimes so attractive that no newspaper can be read understandingly by any one of the men passangers. Never read anything solid, anything requiring thought. Thought brings wrinkles, and wrinkles are horrid. And, as you often say that men are fools, you must not be too wise. Never mind what your mother say about flirting. There is no occasion for her to indulge in that kind of fun. When a strange man accosts you in the street or remarks on you in an audible tone, giggle with all your might, look around once or twice, and when you catch his eye, giggle again. It is fine fun, and by adopting this course you will have plenty of it. Always dress stylishly. Go to church regularly; it is a splendid place to show your bonnet. In order that nobody shall miss seeing it, make yourself as conspicuous as possible. You can do this by rustling the leaves of the hymn book, playing with your fan, jingling your bangles, and constantly turning about in your pew. If you are employed in a store, never talk of anything but shop when outside it. No matter whether others enjoy it or not. So long as you are interested, what matter? Do not other people talk of things in which you are wholly uninterested? Never miss your beauty sleep in the morning while your mother is preparing breakfast. She likes to work, you know. Finish this by wearing bangs, high-heels, close-fitting corsets and all kindred abominations.

SCALP grafting is the latest remedy for baldness. Perhaps it may prove as efficacious as the transplanting of teeth.

THE BARREN DATE TREE.

A Legend of Old New Orleans—A Tree Planted in Hate a Century and a Half Ago—Turkish Vengeance on American Soil.

From The New York Mail.

This is a tale of a tree—a tree of foreign look, with uncanny whisperings in the stir of its old-world foliage—which stands in a lot at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets. The lot itself is in the very heart of the old French city. Not to know it and its tree is to own one's self a stranger. Children absorb a knowledge of it almost with their mother's milk. Visitors find it as readily as you or I would Jeanne's statute in Rouen's Place de la Pucelle. With the growth of the old date tree—a knotted and bumpy one, at best—has grown the tradition which I have started to give. Fix in your mind the beginning of 1727. The village of La Nouvelle Orleans was blossoming—making a rather slow spring of it, by the way, into a town. Perier was Governor—not a bad one, as those days went. In his time French men-of-war did not too often anchor in front of the Place d'Armes. When they did, the good citizens knew the business of their coming pretty fairly. Especially were they wide awake one day when a certain war vessel landed at the levee, bringing a single passenger. This passenger wore a Turkish dress. He was a man of haughty mien, and was accompanied by a single servant. Governor Perier received him, it was noted,

WITH THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION.

He had lodgings prepared for him in a small, comfortable house, with a pretty garden, at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets. He went so far as sternly to rebuke—he could be very stern on occasions—some over-inquisitive friends seeking information at the palace. Then his Excellency left the public curiosity to have its own way. And its way it did have—begetting tales one hour to swallow them the next, putting on its glasses to see better, raging, so the story runs, till the gossips, for the moment, forgot their homes, their crops, the Indians, France.

In the meantime the stranger lived secluded. He never walked abroad. He was rarely caught sight of save when, with the opening of the gate, he was to be seen seated in the yard, with head bent on breast, and arms crossed—a thoughtful, heavy-hearted man, all proclaimed in echo. His servant was valet, cook, confidant, provider of supplies, all in one; also an interpreter of wants. The only trouble with this same excellent domestic appeared to be that he was in no manner an interpreter of mysteries. Failing information at home, rumor began to build upon the foundations laid by curiosity. It, in its turn, took to raging. Rumor, as is its wont, invoked the couriers of the air. These couriers brought messages from everywhere. Some, seemingly secretly inspired, pronounced the mysterious newcomer to be a brother of the reigning Sultan or some such exalted personage. Others added that the stranger, having been reckless enough to incur his brother's anger, had taken refuge in France. Others still, with an imaginative turn of expression, darkly hinted at some intrigue in that holy (social) of Ottoman holies—the seraglio of the Commander of the Faithful. Later on, another courier—direct, this one from France—declared that the Sublime Porte had been incensed enough to make a formal demand upon Louis the Victorious, to deliver the insolent brother into its hands. A supplementary courier added that the Magnifico of Versailles had refused the demand point blank.

After this a blacker cloud fell rapidly upon and around the stranger. Rumor felt Nemesis in the air. Curiosity, reviving a bit, asserted that it could scent it. Tales of Oriental vengeance were rehearsed, with fearful relish, at meals and in counting-rooms. Through all this there was a quiet waiting—a waiting for what they all knew was surely to take place; a waiting for a stormy night, and wild winds, and fearful flashes, and awful thunderings, and howling dogs, and crying babes, and cowering mortals. On that night, for it did come, a flash brighter than its fellows showed the neighbors a body of foreign-looking men gliding stealthily with drawn scimitars into the stranger's house. The shut doors revealed no secrets of the interview. The darkened windows gave no glimpse of them. But the next rise of the sun found both doors and windows wide open.

THE HOUSE WAS DESERTED.

Master and servant had both disappeared. Had there been a struggle between the men with scimitars and the strangers? Nothing seemed to point to one—nothing save a new-made grave found the next morning in the garden. A few days after, left by some mysterious agency, a marble tablet was seen on it. Sent by Governor Perier to Paris, it proved to contain an inscription in Arabic, of which the following is an authentic translation:

"The justice of Heaven is satisfied; and the date tree shall grow on the Traitor's tomb. The Sublime Emperor of the Faithful, the Supporter of the Faith, the Omnipotent Master and Sultan of the World, has redeemed his vow. God is great, and Mohammed is His Prophet. Allah!"

"The date tree! Where is the date tree?" cried the doubting gossips. Rumor had ceased for good, and curiosity had taken a new lease of life. Curiosity watched for the sprouting of the infant. A short time after a foreign plant began to peep, in a gleam of green, out of the grave-shaped mound. Then one *compere* whispered softly to his neighbor something which went the round: "The date tree shall grow on the traitor's grave."

The tree grew rich and green at first, as though, indeed, the old faith is true, and a man's life-blood can make a soil rich and juicy. It grew afterward to be ugly and crooked—as though, in truth, a man's blood, unjustly shed, can curse the plant that springs from its richness. Men looked on and wondered at the foreign type of beauty that grew so very odd. And when the shrub had at last become a tree, when it had reached its allotted height in the air (forty feet or more), when it stood rugged and sinister and barren, a lesson and a warning to the young town; when its sharp, thin foliage spread out in a dismal sort of protest against its Eastern sisters standing in their maiden beauty, under slumbrous skies, by the side of far-away fountains—then, and only then, did one *compere* whisper darkly to his neighbor, and one *commero* to hers: "The date tree, in its barren growth, is worthy of the traitor."

For a long time—so long that the nineteenth century had opened its books beyond the title page for the perusal of posterity—there was no other tree of its kind in the State. A few years later, some trees with the family look about them, some tender palms, began to show themselves here and there in New Orleans. These sprang into verdant glory, with a royal crest of leafy plumes. No

TALE OF HORROR

hung around them. Men looked on them with lazy pleasure. Women drank in their grace with nervous delight. Children clapped little hands in joy to see the palms growing so tall by the side of their orange trees growing so golden. Through all the mysterious date stood, as it stands to this day, in that most awful type of grandeur—an isolation that is accursed.

By the way, have you ever read Bailey Aldrich's pretty story of Pere Antoine's Date Tree? I call it pretty, but I refuse to add veracious. Mr. Aldrich takes up, as far as I can see, our date tree—accursed as it is—and, without ever having seen it, builds up a tender little legend on it. He makes it grow on the mound that covers a pure, innocent girl of the Southern seas—the ward of Pere Antoine, as holy a priest as ever blessed infants, wedded lovers and shrove the dying. Hear the poet in his frenzy:

"And there it stands in the narrow, dingy street, a beautiful, dreamy stranger; an exquisite foreign lady, whose grace is a joy to the eye, the incense of whose breath makes the air enamored."

Delicate, this, is it not? To speak with Mrs. Candor, however, it is as far from truth as it is from falsehood. The "narrow, dingy street"—is still there. But the "beautiful dreamy stranger," the "exquisite foreign lady," has never lived save in the Northern poet's tropic fancy. The barren date tree survives in the lot wherein it first sprouted a century and a half ago, a gruesome, hideous growth—the grimmest of mockeries on that grace which men love to call "palm-like"—a realization, not doomed to speedy death, of Festus' ugly dream:

Shapen, half-shapen, misshapen, unshapen.

Babies Justified.

The first thing that babies needed was to have their existence justified, and this service has been amply rendered them by the newer science of biology. The helplessness of the new-born child is, as we know, peculiar to the progeny of our race. The young of other species often show an extraordinary readiness to manage for themselves as soon as they see the light. The perfect equipment of the newly hatched chick, for instance, which can straightway peck away at tiny grains of meal with as much precision as though it had passed the period of incubation in doing nothing but pecking, is something that is almost irritating to the human spectator. Even the young of higher species, as those of the familiar mammals, are able to get about and to explore their new world in a wonderfully short time. In contrast to this the human infant begins life in the most pitiable condition of helplessness. It has to be closely tended, nourished, and even carried about for many months before it can do anything on its own account or take a single step in life. The evolutionist has found a meaning for this apparent defect in the organization of the human offspring. He tells us that as creatures rise in the scale of organization they are called on to adapt their actions to a much wider variety of circumstances. The lower species have to go on doing the same thing over and over again, and exactly in the same way; this routine suffices for the preservation of such creatures amid the simple conditions of their existence. On the other hand, the higher species, having to adapt themselves to much more complex and changeful surroundings are continually called on to vary their actions and to modify their mode of life. The difference may be seen by comparing what an insect, as a bee, and what a predatory mammal such as a fox, has to do in order to obtain its food. In the case of the bees, the surrounding conditions, namely, the presence of honey-stored flowers, being pretty uniform, all that is needed is a few sensations of sight, and a number of curious but perfectly unvarying instincts. The fox, on the other hand, having to look up his pabulum in ever-varying circumstances, having moreover to cope on occasion with all sorts of new and unforseeable difficulties, must substitute intelligence for instinct; that is to say, must continually be consciously awake, observing, reflecting, reasoning, and voluntarily adjusting his actions to the particular new set of circumstances in which he happens to be placed at the moment. Now, this capability of adjusting actions to varying conditions is the growth of individual experience; it cannot be transmitted by inheritance. It is the result of individual learning, and presupposes a gradually accumulated store of sense-impressions, and the functions of memory and reasoning. On the physiological side this development of intelligence means the building up of complex nerve-structures in the higher centres known as the brain, such construction proceeding in close connection with the daily exercise of the sense-organs and the muscular system. It would appear to follow then that the young of the higher and more intelligent animals will be born with these centres but very little developed. And this is what we find. The stupidity of the pup is proverbial. While the lower species which are sufficiently equipped for life by a few instincts involving relatively simple nervous arrangements come into the world in a high state of nervous development, the more complex organisms necessarily enter it in a very low stage.

The Typical Frenchwoman.

Nothing is more orderly or good-natured than the world and his wife when on pleasure bent. But if anything goes wrong the whole fabric of politeness and good nature tumbles like plaster from a cracked surface. Whimsically enough, the most combative person in a melee in France, is the gentle angel of man—the wife. Her shrill voice interpleads in short order, no matter what the dispute, and even the police themselves—the most insolent, arbitrary and ignorant set of unbridled malefactors in Christendom—are often cowed by a petticoat clamor where the most boisterous of men fail.

PALM SUNDAY IN NAZARETH.

An Interesting Description of a Picturesque Scene.

Nazareth we found full of pilgrims, there being about ten different encampments, many being on their way to Jerusalem for Easter Sunday. Last night the place was exceedingly lively from the noise of horses, donkeys, and people, many of the pilgrims, especially Greeks and Russians, taking delight in firing guns and revolvers. This morning, however, saw many of them away, and the town left to English and American tourists, and comparative quiet. As women visited the sepulchre in the early morning in Christ's time, so do they at the present day, and the first sounds that attracted my attention this morning at six o'clock were those of women wailing round tombs, in an adjoining cemetery. Strolling out, I saw one grave with five women squatted round it wailing. Another had a group of seventeen all seated on the ground, one, apparently the widow, leading the lamentation, wringing her hands, swaying her body to and fro, and speaking in a dolorous key, while the others kept up a kind of wailing accompaniment. At another grave, squatted and wailed a woman alone, and after gazing upon and listening to the melancholy sights and sounds for a while, and thinking of the voice that was heard in Ramah, lamentation and weeping, and Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not, I went to the Catholic church, which has been built upon the supposed site of the house in which resided Joseph and Mary, and the child Jesus. The building is somewhat pretentious in appearance and underneath the high altar strangers are shown some caves that are said to be the parts of the holy habitation; and there appears a fair prospect that the caves will, in time, get considerably enlarged, as some boys who went down with the party assisted some of them to chip off pieces of mortar and stone, and one was considerably astonished when he had taken some out of the wall for me, to find me refuse the proffered treasure. Inside the church the scene was picturesque in the extreme. While in all churches in Europe the congregations sit on chairs, in the East they squat on the ground. The high altar is reached by a flight of about a dozen steps, while the "house" is reached by a descent of about the same number. At the front of the high altar, but down on the floor, were squatted about one hundred Arabs in fezzes and tarbouches, with here and there Bedouins, with their brown stripped abbas and black kefires, with faces sunburnt and wild, nearly all of them with olive-branches in their hands, just such looking men as might carry an olive-branch with one hand, and cut a man's throat with the other. Behind these, across the floor under the charge of two sisters of mercy, dressed in black, there squatted two rows of girls, about fifteen in each row, in white head-dresses, pink jackets, and yellow skirts, and behind them a congregation of about one hundred women dressed in all the brightest colors imaginable, each holding either an olive-branch or an ornamental candle, and many of them nursing babies as brightly and more fantastically dressed than themselves. To stand and look down upon them was almost to come to the conclusion that about one-third of the floor of the church had blossomed out into a beautiful garden of living, conscious moving flowers. The service had all the concomitants of the Romish ritual, that is so eminently calculated to attract the attention, and captivate the senses of dwellers in these Eastern lands; and after witnessing it nearly to the end, I went to the English church, and saw the service performed by a passing visitor in a style more adapted to the church from which I had just come, rather than to that which is supposed to be its opposite. After smelling the incense in the church, and gazing in some wonder, not unmixed with sorrow, upon the small attempts of man to illustrate and measure the infinite, I went up on the mountain and smelt the odor of the flowers, gazed upon Carmel jutting out into the Mediterranean, and Tabor lifting its round shoulders to the sky, while the great plain of Esdraelon, like a large open book, bound round by Hermon and Gilboa, and other mountains, and illuminated by God's bright sunlight, attracted my attention.

Gaelic Proverbs.

Nicolson's Gaelic Proverbs.

Twenty-one captains over 20 soldiers. The birds live, though not all hawks. "It is the bigger of that," as the wren said when it dropped something in the sea. Big eggs never came from a wren. "Where art thou, wren?" said the eagle. "Far above thee," said the wren, (on the eagle's back.) Howling is natural to dogs. He is a fine man if you don't ask of him. The wren spreads his feet wide in his own house. The highway is wide and may be trod. You would be a good messenger to send for death. The longest lay will end at last. The old woman is the better of being warned, but not of being burned. It would be thick water that would wash his face. He sat very awry when he did that. You were born far from the house of good manners. You were not in when sense was being shared. Your grandmother's death is long in your memory. It is a big beast that there is no room for outside. An inch off a man's nose is a great deal. "There is meat and music here," as the fox said when he ran away with the bagpipe. You spoiled a dwarf and did not make a man. "Two will have peace to-night, myself and the white horse," as the wife said when her husband died. Like the white horse at the mill door, thinking more than he said. Like the old cow's tail, always last. "You may be a good man," as Neil of the Mountain said to the cat, "but you haven't the face of one." The sea will settle when it marries. When he thatches his head he will thatch his house.

THE tower clock of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., lately stopped. The town time-keeper found in the wheels of the clock a tangled mass of hay, twine, grass, cotton and feathers, amounting to nearly half a peck. A pair of birds had entered the tower through a hole in the dial and attempted to build a nest in the machinery of the clock. The slow revolution of the wheels tore their work to pieces, and they kept on reconstructing it until they stopped the wheels.

A PAPER, on which was written "Mrs. Sophia Loper is my heiress," with a date and signature, was admitted to probate as a will in New Orleans.

Old Dreams.

London Spectator.

Where are the footsteps I was wont to hear?
O Spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not; the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How, once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved, I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the beech;
And for one moment heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment—it was past; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies
No angel guarded gate, too far for sight;
We breath, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

People Who Wear Wigs.

Not less than ninety per cent. of the women and five per cent. of the men in this country wear more or less false hair. This enormous consumption of the artificial and natural product suggests the fact, fearful but true, that nine women out of every ten about the street, in the church, or on the cars, charming or ugly to a line, have on a wig or a weft, a bandeau or a prepared net, bangs, or waves, arranged at the hair-dresser's. Mother Partington would be apt to exclaim: "Gracious goodness! what are we coming to?"—a query which must positively give rise to some startling statements the moment the light of investigation is turned upon it. The individual who procures headwear of any sort seldom asks the question whether the material was gathered from living or dead, diseased or healthy, Swede, Russian, American or Frenchman; yet to each of these suggestions there is a story of itself of which the world knows little.

These mysterious points were the subject of inquiry at the store of a certain hair dealer in New York. He states that fifteen per cent. of the human race are bald, the greater proportion of which class are among the males. In this day and age it is a very small matter to make a better looking head of a bald pate than nature bestows on the average individual. In France, England and Germany there is a peculiar industry, consisting in the manufacture of "hair lace" of a texture so delicate that the ordinary individual would not detect it from the glistening skin of the bald head. It is imported to this country with other raw material. Go down into the cellar of the dresser and one will find a bevy of girls sewing hair on slips of this lace, which by careful handling develops into wigs and bandeaux. These articles on this deceitful lace look exactly like a fresh-released scalp with the natural hair attached. The only way an individual with one can be detected is to find him with it off. Does the reader know what a bandeau is? It is a lady's wig. Imagine the surprise of seven-eighths of the readers who never knew that some women were bald. They are. Elisha had a female relative to whom he transmitted his peculiar condition. Her descendants are not as numerous as his, but thereare bald women for all that. A bandeau differs from a wig; it parts squarely in the middle and each side is composed of long shreds. It can be done up in a chignon, net or otherwise, like any woman's natural hair. It can be frizzled, curled, wove or combed straight, and not a mortal knows its deceitfulness, except its possessor and its maker. The old wig never compared with the new regime. That class got its owner into frequent embarrassing situations. The present kind alleviates all embarrassment except that of the hapless individual who marries for a beautiful head of hair, to find it counterfeit.

Of all shades the medium brown and dark hair predominates with the American people. Light brown follows next in order, blonde next, then red and finally gray. Speaking of red hair reminds one that it is the fashion now. What are the fashionable women doing in such a case? They are hurrying to the barber—most of them—who clips off their locks. These are taken to the dresser who carefully bleaches them, and then by an extraordinary but secret chemical process the hair is run through some half a dozen courses until it becomes a fine, silky red. It is an excruciating operation for the woman, but King Fashion rules with an iron hand, and her hair must be turned red at all hazards. It is a safe process, after all, for by the time fashion changes another head of hair will have developed.

Some people think that blondes never grow gray-headed. The fact is, one-third of white shreds may be mingled with such hair, and few will notice it. The same proportion of blonde-headed people turn gray as those with any other colored hair.

The proportion of people who dye their hair is also surprising. Some twenty per cent. are said to do this. Of course, the greater proportion of this class are white-haired people. A white head is often, though not always, a sign of a life of trouble. It may, however, have turned white in a night from grief or fright. The dresser is often more than amused by requests from the country for "cold water frizzes." These, of course, comprise an article which will curl easily by application of water and are easily supplied. Curly hair has been the fashion for more than a year.

People who cut their hair get little cash for it.

The bulk of human and artificial hair, and in fact of hair goods, is imported, about ninety per cent. in fact. Of the two, human hair is the most called for. "Hair-dressing" is a sort of industry in Europe. The peasant girls, who are much in the open air, get their heads cropped once a year, and thus furnish a portion of the supply. They are satisfied with a stipend so small that an American woman would scorn to touch six times its value. Of the material imported, France supplies half the trade, and England and Germany divide the rest. The raw material finds its way here in great quantities, and is made up on this side of the water. The business is young yet in this country.

People speak of black hair, but there is no such thing. The darkest hair, at best, is but dark brown, as will be seen by a separate test of each shred. The darkest hair is common to the Chinese race. This is used to a large extent in this country in cheap work. The best blonde hair comes from Sweden. Medium shades are best secured in Russia. The best grades of all quality come from France.

The durability of hair is little understood. If properly preserved, hair will last forever. An instance recently came to light through the press of a peculiarity of hair. A lady had been buried about a year. It was finally determined to remove the body. When the remains were unearthed, the flesh had all decayed; but the hair had grown so that the coffin was full. It has been found, however, that such hair is not durable; it is brittle and without vitality. Considered from the standpoint of her head, woman is, to say the least, peculiar.

"'Tis Sixty Years Since."

The young traveler who bowls along from one ocean to another in a "palace" car with all the luxuries of upholstery and of the table surrounding him, finds it hard to conceive that within the life-time probably of several of those around him, the locomotive and the railroad was in a far cruder state than the electric light or the electric motor is at the present day. The idea of the "tramway" and the self-propelling engine were "in the air" some time before, but it was only sixty years ago that George Stephenson, the centennial anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated, crystallized and condensed into a working machine the vague and foggy suggestions and purposes which many mechanical minds were already contemplating. Within the sixty years which thousands of men in Europe and this country can easily recall, the whole railroad system of the civilized world has been born and has grown to its present proportions.

There are at present nearly 225,000 miles of railroad, representing $17,000,000,000 of value, overrunning every continent and many of the islands of the globe. And yet, sixty years ago, the man to whose ingenuity, but more particularly to whose foresight, comprehension and patience, all this is due, fought, as for his personal liberty and his life, in order to get permission to set his locomotive upon its rails. Both the Lords and Commoners opposed him with might and main. His engineers and surveyors were attacked by mobs. He was denounced as a lunatic and a fool, as were all who believed in and supported him. The entire country rose against the project. He was sneered at and ridiculed. Prophecies of utter failure were as plentiful as blockheads. The great lawyers and scientific men of the day laughed him to scorn. They said the engine smoke would kill the birds and the cattle, ruin the fields, drive people mad with the noise and excitement, and, even if successful, would destroy the wealth of the community then invested in horseflesh. His bills were thrown out of Parliament, and even after he was permitted to build the Liverpool and Manchester road, including the filling up of the shaking bog known as Chat Moss, it was with great difficulty that he persuaded the authorities to try locomotive instead of stationary engines. The civil engineers themselves were his enemies. He was not "one of them;" he never received an engineer's education. Everything he proposed was shown to be impossible. They said an engine could not be driven at more than twelve miles an hour; it would be driven back by the wind; the smooth wheels would not "bite" on the "rails," the wheels would not turn around, and the machine would stand still. No engineer in his senses would undertake to make a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester by way of Chat Moss, etc., etc. Even after he had succeeded, the British Government neglected him, until some years afterward Sir Robert Peel offered to create him a knight, which he declined. Leopold, the King of Belgium, greatly honored him and showed a thorough appreciation of his labors and character.

And all this happened in the boyhood or girlhood of many a traveler who shoots across states and continents more easily than they lumbered from town to town in the rudest of vehicles only sixty years ago.

Oporto.

Seen from across the Douro, from the heights of the Serra Convent, the irregular line of its river frontage comes sharply into view. Oddly gabled and balconied facades, bizarre in coloring, incongrous in form, stretch before us as far as the eye can reach; high narrow houses shouldering each other steeply up the hill, crowding, overhanging, and grudging every foot of the tortuous streets that zigzag amongst them or plunge precipitately like turbid torrents into the river. It is a city of contrasts. Rickety, toppling structures, swarming with life, look enviously into the spacious arched corridors and shaded gardens of a handsome palacio; smart modern buildings ablaze with gaudily colored tiles press the crenellated wall of a time-blackened line of fortifications. In the background towers the slender campanile of the Clerigos, and the pretentious dome of the Crystal Palace. The suspension-bridge throws its delicate arch across the gorge of the Douro, and the shipping fills in the mouth of the river. Crowds of gayly dressed peasants swarm the quay, and form splashes and glints of bright color as they press to and from the little boats that ply from either shore. It is a scene of infinite variety and animation, a kaleidoscope of changing light and interest.

Oporto is essentially a commercial city. Its palaces are those of merchants, and have an air of newness, and of modern improvement. Enterprise is the order of the day, and paint and whitewash are not absolutely unknown. New buildings are constantly springing up, and we can scarcely find a quarter where the clink of the trowel and sharp blow of the hammer are not heard. The citizens have a busier and more energetic air than those of Lisbon. The spirit of trade pervades all classes; the children barter their toys, and boast of their good bargains; the old women haggle and wrangle over the exchange of a piece of salt cod-fish for a handful of plums. The beggars will defer the enjoyment of a pinch of snuff already half way to an appreciative nostril, or pause in the midst of a mumbled Ave Maria, to follow you down the church steps and across the square, insisting on a reward for their trouble with far more persistency than their lazier brotherhood of the south.

The Archduke Rudolph himself designed Stephanie's Henri II. robe, after an old painting. What a convenient husband!

EMINENT PEOPLE.

Rosa Bonheur's picture, "A Lion and Progeny," which she has nearly completed, is destined for the gallery of M. Gambart at Nice.

Count Sigismund Malaguzzi di Valeri, a lineal descendant of Ariosto, has been tried at Paris for robbery, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

At the last soiree given by the Queen of Spain her dress was of changing shades of old gold and coral, and a young American lady wore a white gown brocaded with gold thread.

It is thought that alpacas are likely to become fashionable again, as the Yorkshire manufacturers appealed to the Princess of Wales the other day to help them sell their goods, and she, obliging soul, sent for patterns.

Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished London banker and entomologist, still has some ants yet living and in perfect health; they now, therefore, must be more than seven years old, being by far the oldest insects on record.

The *Piccolo* of Naples states that Queen Margherita has expressed her wish not to be attended either by guards or by carabineers when she drives or walks out in that city. Her virtues, her beauty, and the affections of the people, adds the *Piccolo*, are sufficient protection for her.

Mr. A. Cross has been in Warwickshire collecting materials for the life of George Eliot. He was the guest for several days of his wife's nephew, the Rev. R. F. Evans, at Bedworth Rectory. A number of sketches of places identified with the works of George Eliot and with her early life have been taken, as the book is to be illustrated.

M. Gambetta recently attended a *fete* in one of the laboring quarters in Paris, in aid of a local popular library. He made no speech. When the enthusiastic greeted him with "Vive Gambetta" he said to them "Do not cry 'Vive Gambetta.' To-morrow I shall be blamed for your greeting. I prefer to hear you cry 'Vive la Republique.'"

Prince Bismarck's indisposition is a painful and harassing, although not dangerous, one. He attends to his official labor with all his accustomed energy, but with less than all his accustomed enjoyment. Thus a joint visit of Prince Gortchakoff and Gen. Chanzy, whom he had to receive at the same time, while lying on his sofa, is said to have terribly fatigued him.

Lord Dunmore has been giving his concerts "for men only" at Aberdeen House. Nothing can be more free and easy than these musical gatherings. The audience is permitted to come and go between the performances, to chat together, and hold discussions from bench to bench. Here assemble the different members of the aristocratic London world who prefer good music for nothing to bad for which they must pay.

A cloth of silver and moss velvet, made for the palace of a doge three hundred years ago, covers the ceiling of the dining-room of Victor Hugo, the windows of which are curtained with moss green plush and silver; a Venetian mirror reflects the soft splendor from the mantel, and the apartment is lighted by a sixteenth-century candelabrum of chiselled steel. Embossed leather of Cordova, dating nearly from the time of the Moors, embellishes one of his sitting rooms.

The new firm of Moody and Miller has gone into the revival business. The senior partner is Dexter L. Moody, the famous evangelist, formerly with Ira D. Sankey, and the junior is E. F. Miller, formerly a workman in the car shop at Denver. Moody and Sankey are said to have disagreed as to the division of the proceeds from the sale of Sankey's hymn books, and Miller is to take the place of Sankey in the new concern.

The King of Bavaria possesses a form of noble and kingly beauty. Tall and graceful in figure, he might serve for the model of a youthful god. The waving brown hair falls back in rich curls from an alabaster forehead of commanding breadth and power. The deep blue eyes are full of mingled poetry, tenderness, and fire; but in the lines of the mouth can yet be observed a certain sternness and determination which go far to explain seemingly contradictory traits in the character of this eccentric sovereign.

From the time of Homer there has oftentimes been a doubt as to the exact birthplace of celebrities; thus it is not known where Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, first saw light, and some doubt exists as to the birthplace of Wellington. To these instances must now be added Lord Beaconsfield. In his last illness he is reported to have told Lord Barrington that he was born in the Adelphi Chambers, a building close to the Thames, London, in a library; but in a policy of assurance yet extant he describes himself as born at St. Mary Axe, in the city of London.

The statue of Lord Byron, which Lord Beaconsfield was one of the chief agents in promoting some four years ago, has just been completed. The statue has been erected some little time, but only on a wooden basement. The basement has now been replaced by marble supplied by the Greek Government in recognition of the services the poet rendered. It would have been much better, by all accounts, to have kept the stones at home, for they are not worth the carriage, much less the cost of cutting. The material is a kind of streaked dirty red and white mottled soap. There are millions of tons of infinitely handsomer marble on the hill sides in Connemara, and in far better blocks.

Pierre Veron, the amusing gossip writer of *Le Monde Illustre*, has struck a great idea. He says it is remarkable that in all Paris, where every profession is organized, where there is a Society of Literary men, a Society of Authors, and other societies of the like kind, there is as yet, no Society of Journalists. The plan he sketches forth for such a society, besides its social and benevolent features, contains one that, if practicable, would be a benefit elsewhere than in Paris. He says, as matters now stand, "the new-comer, without ever having written a line in any living journal, can call himself journalist, and have such title printed on his visiting cards." Pretenders to the literary craft are as plenty as blackberries everywhere, and small wonder that Pierre Veron should get angry when he thinks about it. But how a society of journalists is going to remedy the evil or prevent imposters calling themselves journalists is hard to understand.

"I Have Something in My Eye."

BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Have you, my good fellow? Well, I know it is a painful enough accident, although such a slight one, and I will see if I can not soon relieve you. It isn't mortar or lime, you say? Well, that's all right. Now don't go on rubbing it so; it will only make it worse; the more you rub the more inflamed and dry will your eye become, and the less will be the chance of the offending substance coming out by itself. Keep your eye shut, don't touch it, let the tears, which will surely flow, fill your eye, and in great probability you will find that they will effectually bring the fly, bit of dust, or whatever it may be, to the outer part of the eyelid, from whence you will easily be able to remove it. You disagree with me, do you? You say that you have often got a fly out of your eye by gently rubbing toward your nose. I don't doubt it for a moment; but in all probability the fly was close to the edge of the eyelid, and you were possessed of some little knack in so removing it—a knack which possibly nineteen persons out of twenty are not possessed of—and consequently I think you will see that my advice on this point is, on the whole, good.

What do you say?—it won't come out my way? Well, what is it, do you think, that has got into your eye? A piece of stone chip. Very well; sit down, and let me see if I can not soon remove the cause of this irritating pain. Now look up at me. Don't be frightened; I shan't hurt you. Now I am almost sure from experience that I shall find it under your upper eyelid, and to get at it I must turn this up. How am I going to do this? Oh, that is easy enough. I lay this small probe, for which I could easily substitute the blunt end of a darning or worsted needle, across the upper lid; I now take hold of the middle upper eyelashes between my finger and thumb, and whilst drawing them outward and upward, I gently press the probe upon the lid. I now tell you to look down, and the eyelid at once becomes everted. Ah! now I see what it is giving you all this pain. I will wipe it away with a camel's-hair brush, slightly moistened, or if I could not have got that, a piece of cotton-wool or soft handkerchief dipped in water would have done as well. Now it's all right; you see it was not a very formidable operation either for you to bear or for me to perform. All you need do now is to keep your eyelids closed for a little while, and it will soon be quite well again, I hope.

What should I have done if the substance had been imbedded? Why, that would have required a certain amount of skill on my part and patience on yours, and as no one but a surgeon should attempt the removal of a foreign body, which has become imbedded, from the eye, I need not describe the process to you.

The eye pains you still, does it? Yes, I see it is very inflamed, owing in a great measure to your foolish efforts to rub the piece of stone-dust out. Well, I will just insert a drop of castor-oil or best sweet-oil, and it will soon be easier; but you had better cover it up, and not use it for a few hours, till it seems right again.

Lucky thing for you it was not mortar or lime that got into your eye, for that is not only actually painful, but also very likely, unless quickly removed, to very materially affect the sight.

Now, if such had been the case, I should at once have well washed it out with a tepid solution of vinegar and water, using about a tea-spoonful of vinegar to two ounces of water. After I had given it a good bathing, I should have everted the lid as before described to you, and seen if all the particles of mortar or lime were thoroughly removed. I should have then dropped some castor-oil into the eye, and told you not to attempt to use it or let the light get to it for some little time. I may here tell you that if such an accident did happen to you, it would be wise for you in any case to let a medical man see your eye, and make sure that no mischief had been done.

If your eye had been injured by a strong acid, the treatment would be to at once syringe it out with a solution of bicarbonate of soda, about four grains to an ounce of water, and after that had been effectually done, you might then have some oil, as before described, dropped into it. Supposing your eyelids were also injured by strong acids, it is best to dress them with a liniment composed of linseed-oil and lime-water, equal parts, with a little prepared chalk, well mixed. You dip a piece of soft lint into this liniment, and apply it over the eye, securing it with a pad of cotton-wool and a bandage.

Now sometimes you may fancy you have suddenly a bit of grit or brick-dust in your eye, and no argument will convince you that such is not the case; but let me explain to you that this feeling is the first symptom of an inflammatory cold of the outer covering of the eye called the conjunctiva, and a very painful feeling it is too. You ask what you should do if you caught such a cold in your eye? Most decidedly let a medical man see it at once, for if this condition be not properly and quickly attended to, serious mischief may be the result. In all probability he will order you to take some aperient medicine, to stay indoors for a few days, and to wear a shade over your eye. He may then tell you to foment it well with a decoction of crushed poppy heads with a pint of water, and boiling this for a quarter of an hour, and straining through muslin; or he may tell you to keep a piece of lint dipped in some Goulard water over the eye, with a piece of cotton-wool and oil-silk outside. In a day or two, when the acute symptoms have subsided, he may then order you to bathe it well with cold water or some astringent lotion. To do this properly you must procure a regular eye-douche, or an eye-cup, which are sold for this purpose. The eye-cup consists of a small oval-shaped glass vessel, somewhat larger than the eye, which, as it were, fits into it. You fill this glass with whatever the doctor may have ordered, and press it against the eyelids, which you must open whilst in the fluid, and by this method the eye is thoroughly and effectually washed.

Now I have told you all I think worth your while to know about the way of dealing with these slight accidents that may at any time happen to this most delicate and wonderful organ of sight, and I hope I have taught you sufficient to enable you to render help when required to some momentarily unhappy individual, who, like yourself just now, has got something in his eye.

Curious Facts in the History of Shoddy.

Textile Manufacturer.

Though the grinding and tearing of rags mechanically into a fibre capable of being spun again was accomplished, by the genius of Davis, followed and developed by Parr and Law, the difficulties of its manufacture into cloth were only in a manner begun. Amongst others, the cards of that day, being all constructed for carding pure wool only, operated very imperfectly on shoddy; the greater part of it dropped below the swifts or cylinders, and could not be got to mix with the wool. This portion was swept up and applied as topdressing to a crop of potatoes. The plants were greatly benefited by the manure, and on digging up the crop in the autumn, Law and Parr observed that the action of the sun, rain and wind had so softened and opened the hard portions of this apparently waste shoddy as to make it look capable of use again. They accordingly tried it, succeeded in making good yarn therefrom, and thereafter continued to make a crop of potatoes, manured with obdurate shoddy, one of the preparatory engines of the manufacture, till Archer and Haley's improved "devil" rendered it unnecessary. This curious fact we first learnt from Mr. W. H. Fenton, who some forty years ago was engaged in business in this district, previous to his removal to the Cape, where he is now a prosperous sheep farmer; but always considered it as a joke till it was the other day confirmed to us by a son of Parr himself. The anecdote is useful, though reading like child's fairy tale, as it shows how small a thing may decide a success or failure of a great invention, and showing to us moderns, further, how a constructive intellect of great power—as there is hardly a doubt those of Law and Parr were—often has to arrive at success by the lessons learnt from its failures.

Tea Drinking.

No article on tea could omit mention of Dr. Johnson and his great partially for that beverage. In his review of Hanway's "Tea and its Pernicious Consequences," he proclaims himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnights, and with tea welcomes the morning." "Bozzy" says that he supposes no one ever enjoyed with more relish the fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities he drank of it at all hours were so great that his nerves must been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. It is related of him, but not by Boswell, that while on his Scotch tour the Dowager Lady MacLeod, having repeatedly helped him until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not be more agreeable and save him trouble. "I wonder, madame," he asked, roughly, "why all the ladies shoul1 ask me such questions. It is to save themselves trouble, madame, and not me." On another occasion he said: "What a delightful beverage that must be that pleases all palates at a time when they can take nothing else—at breakfast." Croker mentions that the doctor's teapot held two quarts. Five o'clock tea is by no means a modern invention. It is of Swiss origin, and is mentioned in the "Almanach des Gourmands." "About five o'clock in the evening the lady of the house makes in the middle of the drawing-room, some very strong tea, softened by a few drops of very rich cream; slices of bread and butter are served with it. Such is the Swiss tea in all its simplicity; but in rich houses there are added cakes, preserved fruit, and even ices. It is served every day, and it is the only meal to which strangers are invited."

The Growth of England and London.

The census returns are oozing out in driblets. It is said, but we cannot vouch for the precise accuracy of the figures, that the population for the United Kingdom will be found to be 34,000,000, of which 25,000,000 live in England, 4,000,000 in Scotland and 5,000,000 in Ireland. It is more certain that the population of "Registration London" has increased from 3,254,000 in 1871 to 3,814,000, the increase being 560,000, or seventeen per cent. in the decade. In 1801, on the same area, the population was 958,000, and in 1821, 1,378,000, the increase been nearly threefold in sixty years. The centres of largest increase have been Kensington, which now contains 270,000 and is larger than Leeds; Islington, now 282,000; Hackney, 186,000; Poplar, 156,000; Lambeth, 253,000; Wandsworth, which has nearly doubled, now a parish of 210,000; Camberwell, 186,000. The City, Westminster and Marylebone have all declined, and the two former are now trumpery little places, only 51,000 people living in "London" and 46,000 in Westminster. Lewisham has now 20,000 more people than the Lord Mayor's dominion. It is astonishing how difficult it is to rid ourselves of the effect of historic names. No one ever thinks of these London parishes as if they were great cities. Woolwich now contains the population of Norwich, and is probably richer; but who thinks of Woolwich and Norwich as equal in national importance?

An Ice Cream Tragedy.

They were walking on Yonge St., the other evening when it was so very warm, arrayed in their summer clothes. In the distance shone the light of an ice cream saloon, merry inside with the jingle of spoons and dishes.

"Oh! Augustus, it is so warm."

"So it is, pet."

"Don't you think, dear, that we could find a cooler place than on the street?"

"Perhaps we'd better go through to the park and get a drink of water."

"I'd scream first."

"Why would you scream, love?"

"Oh! because—because, oh! look, Gus, there's an ice cream saloon."

"I read, Angelique, darling, in the paper to-day, that ice cream contained the germ of small-pox. That's the reason I didn't ask you to have some. Let's go and get some soda water."

When Angelique got home she screamed to ma that she'd "never go out with that stingy, old, bald-headed heathen again."

At Paris the other day a library chair of Marie Antoinette sold for twelve hundred dollars, and a little chair in which the Dauphin used to sit brought still more.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 7, 1881.

THE TORONTO AND OTTAWA.

The above Company evidently mean business. Mr. J. B. Campbell, of Port Perry, was in this village on Monday, having been sent out by Mr. Gooderham to purchase the right of way for the above road between Peterborough and the line of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway. He has full powers to complete purchases as he goes along, which seems to show that Mr. Gooderham is determined to commence the road without a moments unnecessary delay. The Ontario and Quebec Company seem also determined to go ahead, so that a road is almost a certainty. To watch the contest will be interesting.

ONE of the latest rumors is to the effect that Sir John A. Macdonald is to succeed Lorne as Governor-General of Canada. It will raise quite a breeze if he does.

TRULY the N. P. is working wonders. In an exchange a few days ago we notice a paragraph stating that in an evening within one hour a clergyman of Port Dover married four couple. Included in the four was a widow lady and her two twin daughters. It was certainly something rare in the annals of matrimony.

THE CITY OF LONDON gives no sign of England's declining greatness. Its population during the last decade is shown by the census returns to have increased by560,000, being 110,000 more than during the previous decade. Since 1861 the population has grown by more than one million, and by the year 1900 it will at the same rate of progress be a city of five millions. It is not only the largest city, but the largest port, the largest manufacturing town, and the most important financial centre in the world. Though with a history stretching back nearly two thousand years the London of to-day has as much of youth and vital energy on its side as New York, Toronto or Chicago. It is besides a vasty cleaner and healthier city then it was three hundred years ago, and its citizens are more law-abiding.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC R. R.

The Toronto *Mail* says :—The adjourned meeting of the provisional directors of the Ontario and Quebec Railway Company took place on Thursday at the Queen's Hotel, at which the following gentlemen were present: Hon. J. Rosaire Thibaudeau, Hon. P. Mitchell, Messrs. Duncan McIntyre, A. B. Chaffe, H. S. Howland, Adam Brown, E. O. Bickford, C. J. Campbell, James Lockhart Gordon, E. B. Osler, and Hector Cameron, M. P., and Mr. Lumsden, C. E., the chief engineer. The final subscription of $1,000,000 of capital stock was made, and $100,000, the first call theron, deposited. The meeting for election of the permanent board was called for the 19th July in Montreal, and the publication of the requisite two weeks notices thereof was ordered. A conference was afterwards held with Colonel Grey,, chairman of the Great Western Railway Company of Canada, and Mr. Broughton, the general manager of that company, when arrangements were made for the hearty co-operation of that company in the scheme. Communications were also read from representatives of the Quebec Government road and other railways interested in the early completion of this most important link necessary for an independent through railroad system for Canada, expressing their desire for the success of the enterprise, which is now assured, as it is intended to prosecute the work of construction without delay.

Willie Johnson, a lad of 17, employed as a printer in Napanee, died suddenly at his mother's residence in that town on Sunday morning, after taking a dose of Dover's powder. He was formerly a student of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and was very popular amongst his fellow pupils. A coroner's inquest was held and a verdict returned that death had resulted from apoplexy.

The Trenton correspondent of the *Intelligencer* says that on Saturday last Hon. M. Bowell, accompanied by Thos. Wills, Esq., of Belleville, and T. S. Rubige, C. E., visited Trenton, on their way to inspect the various routes for the proposed Murray Canal. At Trenton the following gentlemen were invited to accompany the visitors, viz.: Messrs. H. W. Day, M. D., Mayor; David Gilmore, Reeve; G. H. Gordon, Wm. Jeffs, John Flindall, G. W. Ostrom, and J. A. Orr, of the *Advocate*. In conversation with Hon. Mr. Bowell, the correspondent was informed that there is no doubt of the work being commenced at an early date.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD SHOT

Strong Hopes of his Recovery.

The Assassin Arrested.

On Saturday morning President Garfield, accompanied by several members of his cabinet,left the White House with the object of taking the train to join his family at Long Branch. He walked into the station arm-in-arm with Secretary of State Blaine to purchase a ticket, and without a word of warning was shot twice in the rear by a man named Charles J. Guiteau—a disappointed office-seeker and a stalwart republican. The President fell upon receiving the second bullet. His assassin sought to escape, but was immediately captured and removed to gaol. One of the bullets entered the shoulder and the other in the neighborhood of the kidneys. The President was soon afterwards removed to the White House, where he received the unremitting attention of the best physicians in the city. The first ball aimed at the President entered immediately above the kidneys, left side. The President was stunned and turned around, when the villain shot the second time, the bullet striking the front shoulder, passing out beneath the shoulder blade. Those who stood immediately around the assassin and President, say the man shouted in a tragic tone "I am a Stalwart; it had to be done; Arthur will now be President." Benson, ex-chief of the Secret Service, standing near, rushed to the assasin as he was about to raise the pistol, with three chambers still loaded, to shoot Blaine, it is thought, throttled him and threw him to the ground. Guiteau was immediately overpowered. The police hurried him off with great speed to the gaol to prevent him being mobbed. The news reached the street immediately, and an excited, angry crowd instantly filled every street leading to the depot, and would certainly have hanged the assassin to a lamp post if the police had not been active in their movements. The President meanwhile instantly sank to the floor. Strong hands carried him immediately to an upper office room and a mattrass was obtained from the Pullman sleeping car store room, upon which he was laid, bleeding profusely. Doctors were summoned by telephone and telegraph. Dr. Bliss speedily appeared, and was soon followed by a score of the most prominent physicians in the city. Bliss at first said "It's a safe wound." After he watched the President a few moments, he said in great thoughtfulness, "It is not necessarily a mortal wound." Soon after Col. Robert Ingersoll was admitted, and the President stretched out his hand and in a voice not strong said, "I am glad you have come." Ingersoll said, "Are you in pain?" The President answered, "I feel a prickly sensation in my feet." One physician said the prickly sensation is not a good symptom, as it might indicate that a spinal cord had been touched. The shoulder wound is not dangerous. The only fear is from the wound above the kidneys. Ingersoll says that the President was clear in his mind, but a little dazed, and his hands were cold. No member of his family was near. Telegraphic communication was immediate made with Long Branch, and bulletins were sent to them every minute after. About 10:30 a.m. the physicians decided to remove the President to the White House. An ambulance was in readiness and he was removed. It was thought better to remove him while his strength would permit. The pistol found in the assassin's hand is a murderous looking weapon, it was a five chambered heavy navy revolver, 44 calibre. It makes a hole as large as a musket ball. The balls remaining in it were designed for self-defence, or, as some think, for Blaine. Those who stood near say Guiteau made a movement when stricken down as if to shoot Blaine. The latter was calm and collected, but intensely pale. Guiteau immediately upon being taken into custody assumed to be insane. The assassin drove to the depot in advance of the President and stationed himself in the doorway of the ladies' waiting room in the depot. An eye-witness states: "I was coming down Pennsylvania avenue, when I saw a carriage coming up the avenue, and the horses running so fast I thought they were running away. Just as the carriage arrived in front of me a man put his head out of the window and said, 'Faster, faster, faster, damn it.' After hearing this remark I though there was something wrong and ran after the carriage. When it reached the depot a man jumped out and entered the ladies' waiting room. He had not been there more than three minutes when the President arrived, stepped out of the carriage and entered the ladies' room. The President after passing through the door was just turning the corner of the seat when the assassin, who was standing on the left of the door, fired. The ball struck the President in the back, and he fell forward. I ran into the depot and just then the man fired again while the President was falling." While the President was lying on the floor of the ladies' room he was surrounded by Windom, James and Blaine. Mrs. Hunt, Miss Windom and Mrs. James were also near the President. General Sherman ordered an ambulance to carry the President to the White House. The greatest interest centres in the possibilities of the President's recovery. All the conditions of his physique naturally aid him, for the Presinent is in the prime of life, and usually enjoys excellent health. He always lived a regular abstemious life, and is of a rugged powerful frame.

The latest telegrams report that the President is slowly improving,and there are favorable hopes of his recovery. There is intense excitement throughout the whole of the United States.

Vennor, the great weather prophet, is married to a Belleville girl—a daughter of Fishery Inspector Wilkins.

The vital statistics of the city of Belleville for the month of June furnish the following figures:—Births 19; marriages 8: deaths 13.

The Trenton correspondent of the *Intelligencer* says that "action will be taken before long to establish an electric fire alarm system here."

A farmer who owns the lot adjoining the one on which the recent rich gold find in Kaladar was reported to be made, has put its price up to $120,000.

The drive on the Scoot River safely reached still water a few days ago. It reached from Belleville to Flinton, and nearly 300 men were employed in bringing it down.

Two men working on the Napanee and Tamworth Railway were blown up on Saturday last. One will lose the sight of both eyes and the use of one arm. The other is not so seriously injured.

Mr. E. D. Sutherland, who has for two years back been head master of the Stirling Union School, has been appointed to the superintendency of the graded schools of the city of Cheboygan, Mich., at a salary of $100 per month.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To William Coe,

Having wrote to you several times formerly and recently but to *none* have you replied—will you arrange for us to have *that conversation*, as promised by you to me, though you never fulfilled it, with reference to *my discovery* of the Dufferin mine.

THOMAS SCOTT.

Servant Wanted.

A GOOD general servant girl wanted. Recommendations required. First-class wages paid to a satisfactory person. Apply to MRS. E. D. O'FLYNN, Madoc.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of the Village of Madoc, Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at the Village of Madoc, on this 7th day of July, 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHARLES GREAM,
Clerk of said municipality.

Madoc, July 7th, 1881.

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

NOTE LOST.

LOST, on Friday, June 24th, between Madoc and Stirling, or at Madoc, a Promissory Note dated the same day, made by John McCaw, jr., in favor of the undersigned. The finder will please return to

ALEX. McCONAGHY,
Stirling.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone AND *Glass Fruit Jars*

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

in 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,

Grocer and Wine Merchant,

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA

—AND THE—

Canadian North-West.

SALE OF LANDS.

The Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands for agricultural purposes at the low price of $2.50 an acre, payable one-sixth cash and the balance in seven annual instalments, with interest at six per cent., and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price, of $1.25 for every acre of such lands cutivated within three to five years following the date of purchase, according to the nature and extent of the other improvements made thereon.

The lands thus offered for sale will not comprise Mineral, Coal or Wood lands, lands with water-power thereon, or tracts for Town Sites and Railway purposes.

Contracts at special rates will be made for lands required for cattle raising and other purposes not involving immediate cultivation.

Intending Settlers and their effects, on reaching the Company's Railway, will be forwarded thereon to their place of destination on very liberal terms.

Further particulars will be furnished on application at the Offices of CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, at Montreal and Winnipeg.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

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E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of English Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

ICE CREAM!

We have commenced to make our delicious "WHITE MOUNTAIN" ICE CREAM which we will be prepared to serve fresh, daily, throughout the season.

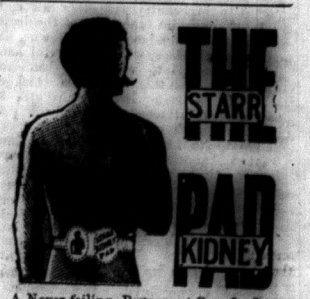
On Saturdays we make Strawberry and Vanilla flavors.

LUNCHEONS

will be served as usual. Fresh Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Cocoanuts, Candies, Pastry, &c., in good supply, also a choice selection of fine Cigars.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, May 16th, 1881.



A Never-failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant Complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE

(*Condensed.*)

FROM DOCTORS, DRUGGISTS, MERCHANTS, & FARMERS.

Some of the additional home testimony received since publication of last pamphlet.

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Picton, April 20, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.

Signed, Dr. J. B. MORDEN.

Prices,—Child's Pad, $1.50. Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases, $3.

Obtain Pamphlet Testimonials from your Druggist *Free*.

Pads sold by W. GILROY, THOMASBURG, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD Co.,
31 King St. West, Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart. All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. No matter from what cause it may arise, we do not hesitate to say Catarrh can be cured. The afflicted are invited to call and investigate for themselves. The remedies are conveyed directly to the diseased parts and improvement is apparent from the first hour of using the remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Our Handsome Victoria Photos
For Style, Tone, and Finish lead the City.
BROCK & CO., Photographers.

Position is Everything!
We claim the advantages of better lights, accessories and conveniences than any Studio east of Toronto. BROCK & CO.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

—Now for the 12th!

—Strawberries are unusually scarce.

—The children are happy. Holidays commence this week.

—Some mining and other local news are held over unavoidably till next week.

—The Lake is said to be about four feet lower now than during the spring months.

—The Voters' Lists for the various municipalities are now being issued, for the year 1881.

—Farmers are busy taking off their hay crop. We are informed it is unusually good in some quarters this year.

—Large numbers are coming in to the R. C. Picnic in Aylsworth's grove to-day. An enjoyable day is expected.

—The bulk of the world's writing is done with steel pens. Esterbrook's can be procured from any stationer. Robert Miller, Son & Co., wholesale agents, Montreal.

—Mr. H. Cottrell, late with Mr. Weiss, has opened a boot and shoe shop in this village for himself. Harry is a good workman and will no doubt succeed. See his advt.

—The season is at hand when a whole family will carry their dinner for miles into the woods, and sit down among bugs and ants and snakes to eat it. They call it a pic-nic.

—If Noah had foreseen the future and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary.

—A newspaper man, in putting on his last year's white vest, found a roll of bills in one of the pockets, amounting to $120, which he had entirely forgotten. P.S.—None of them were receipted.

—The comet will only be visible about three weeks longer. In our peregrinations around town we notice that the youths and maidens of the place are making the most of their time gazing at it.

—In the hot months of July and August the Blood should be kept pure and cool with an occasional dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, a worthy family medicine. In large 8 ounce bottles. 50 cents, at all Drug Stores.

Appointment.

Mr. Frank Fletcher, of Bancroft, has been appointed by the Provincial Government a Notary Public for Ontario. The appointment was made in April last.

Mail Changes.

We omitted to notice last week that on Friday, 1st inst., a new time table came into effect in the Madoc post office. Mails for Belleville now leave by stage at 7 o'clock a.m., and by train at 2:10 p.m., arriving from Belleville by train at 12:25 p.m., and by stage at 7 p.m.

Sunstroke.

Parties working out of doors would do well in this weather to take proper precautions against sunstroke. Let an ordinary yellow straw hat be worn on the head with tow or three green leaves inside. A little oatmeal mixed in water is also said to be an excellent out-door drink on a warm day.

A Large Skin.

The skin of the bear which killed the hunter Dennison, in Carlow, several days ago, passed through this village last week to Belleville. It was a magnificent skin, measuring eight feet in length, seven feet across at the shoulders, and six feet at the hind quarters. The bear weighed over 380 pounds.

Strange Fire.

Yesterday a remarkable fire occurred at Mr. Oliver Dingman's, near this village. A bright new tin pail was hanging on a picket fence near the house, and during the day the picket to which it was attached was found to be on fire the top having burned off and fell into the pail. The fire must have originated from the rays of the sun from the pail striking the fence.

Bogus Bills.

We notice that lately a number of one dollar bills of the Dominion of Canada, dated Ottawa, July 1, 1870, and payable at Toronto, have been altered to fours and passed on a number of dealers in Napanee and vicinity. The figures one in each corner, and the right-hand figure on the face of the bill, including the word four in the centre of the bill at the bottom are all neatly changed to resemble a four dollar bill; also figure one on each end of the bill, on the reverse side, are changed to four, and the work is well executed. Our readers will do well to keep a look out for such bills.

Resolution of Thanks.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church the following resolution was unanimously adopted: It was moved by Mrs. E. D. O'Flynn, seconded by Mrs. Marshall Maybee, that the thanks of this Society be publicly tendered to the many friends outside of our own congregation who so generously assisted to provide for dinner and tea on Dominion Day at the opening of the church. The Pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Hutton, was present at this monthly meeting and he assures us that those among his people on whom the burden and responsibility rested on that occasion appreciate and will long and gratefully remember the generosity and kindness of a goodly number outside the circle of his own people.

Picnics.

The friends of the Bible Christian Sabbath School at Zion, Huntingdon, held their annual picnic in Mr. Emo's beautiful grove on the 1st inst. From 90 to 100 Sabbath School children sat down to tea, which was abundantly provided, and after them a large number of the parents and friends took tea. Singing and speeches were afterwards indulged in. The receipts were about $37.

On Wednesday, June 23rd, the young people of McCoy's Settlement, in Madoc, got up a splendid picnic in behalf of the Bible Christian Sabbath School in that neighborhood, which reflected great credit to all concerned. The receipts amounted to $31, for which the pastor, Rev. Geo. Dunkley, wishes to return his sincere thanks.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Opening Ceremonies of the new Edifice.

The opening and dedication services of the new Methodist Episcopal Church in this village, on Friday and Saturday last, were wonderfully successful. The attendance and financial success of the occasion exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of every one, except the worthy and energetic pastor, Rev. Mr. Hutton. The opening services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Ives, of Albany, N.Y., one of the most successful Church debt "raisers" on the continent, assisted by Revs. Bishop Carman, Presiding Elder Kurts, A. Campbell, B. Lane, Sheldon Young, A. C. Maybee, R. Marsh, A. Martin, and Prof. Badgley, of Albert College. The resident ministers of the other denominations of the place were also present. All the services, which consisted of preaching in the morning and platform meetings in the afternoon and evening of Friday, and preaching morning and evening of Sunday, the former service by Bishop Carman and the latter by Dr. Ives, as well as a union Sabbath School meeting in the afternoon, were attended by packed congregations, and the collections were very liberal.

So much has been said about the appearance of this Church that we need scarcely refer to it again. It is a handsome brick building, stone basement, with a tall and exceedingly graceful spire. The Church is of a very attractive design, and those who profess to know say it is exceedingly well proportioned throughout. The inside is very comfortably seated, sliding seats being attached to each pew to provide in case of crowds. It is fitted with both gallery and chancel for the choir. The ceiling and walls are tastefully frescoed, giving it a bright and handsome appearance. The windows are of colored glass, and the aisles and platform richly carpeted. The Church is lighted mainly by three large and beautiful chandeliers, one of 8 lights and two of 6, and two 3-light lamp posts on either side of the pulpit. The edifice within and without is not only a lasting credit to the congregation, but a decided ornament to the village.

Dr. Ives is not so much a great preacher as he is a great and successful "debt extinguisher." It has been said that he could fetch blood out of a stone, and indeed this would seem to be not impossible with him, after his performance here. The church cost $10,000—five thousand of which was provided before the opening, so the Dr. had five thousand more to raise, and after evening service Sunday before the church was formally dedicated by Rev. Bishop Carman, the entire amount in cash and subscriptions was announced as obtained. Thus the entire indebtedness is fully met.

The dinner and tea provided by the ladies in the basement on Friday were also extremely well patronized, not less than 1200 sitting down. And yet, so abundantly did the friends provide, and notwithstanding it is said a few took home all and more than they brought, enough was left for a first-class social on Monday night. The total receipts were over $230.

CHEESE MARKET.

INGERSOLL, JULY 5th.—Nineteen factories registered 4,131 boxes, being the latter part of June make. 3,431 boxes sold as follows: 350 boxes at 9⅛c., 278 boxes at 9⅜c., 1,480 boxes at 9½c., and 1,343 boxes at 9⅝c. Cable steady at 50s. 6d.

Legislative Grant.

The following are the amounts apportioned from the Legislative School Grant to municipalities in North Hastings for the year 1881:

Carlow,	$131 00
Elzevir,	162 00
Dungannon,	127 00
Huntingdon,	340 00
McClure &c	99 00
Monteagle &c	131 00
Madoc,	363 00
Marmora,	220 00
Rawdon,	412 00
Tudor et al,	220 00
Stirling,	112 00
Madoc Village,	160 00
	$2477 00

Oxen Recovered.

About three weeks ago a valuable yoke of oxen, valued at $80, was stolen from the premises of Mr Joseph Pigden, of this township. They were duly advertised in the REVIEW of the 23rd ult., and last week Mr. Pigden received information through Mr. A. L. Saylor that the oxen were in the vicinity of Belleville, in pound. They had evidently been stolen by a couple of young men, strangers, who had been seen by several neighbors lurking in the vicinity a day or two previously, who had driven them to Stirling, where they commenced to offer them for sale, and from there on towards Belleville. The rascals turned them into a field of grain near the latter place, but the farmer discovered the oxen and immediately impounded them, awaiting the owner. They were brought back here on Thursday last. Farmers who have such stock in the fields will do well to look out for such characters in the future.

The Twelfth.

Preparations for the celebration of the "glorious twelfth" in this village on Tuesday next are, we understand, nearly completed. It is held under the auspices of Loyal Orange District No. 2, North Hastings, and will be joined by L. O. District No. 3, from Huntingdon and Rawdon, so that quite as large a crowd as participated in the celebration two years ago may be expected on this occasion. Several Young Briton Lodges will also take part in the procession. The programme is as follows;—The various Lodges will assemble on the commons east of the C. M. Church about 10 o'clock, and forming in procession will march to Bailey's Hill where they will be met by District No. 3. They will then march back and east on St. Lawrence street as far as the old M. E. Church; thence back to Durham street and disperse for dinner. About 2 o'clock the procession will re-form and march to Rollins' Grove, where addresses will be delivered by prominent members of the order and others. The Madoc Brass Band will furnish music, in addition to the fife and drum bands of the various Lodges. Should the weather be favorable a "big" day is expected.

"RAISED!"

The Dam at the foot of the Lake blown to pieces.

Such was the thoroughly expressive word, quoted above, with which we were greeted on Thursday last, shortly after going to press. The jubilant speaker referred to the blowing up of the dam at the Rapids, which we soon found on enquiry had really taken place during the night before. Ever since the ague commenced its ravages in this neighborhood three years ago, there has been not a small number who attributed the cause to the drowned lands around Moira Lake and along the river east and west. This was caused by the large dam at Wallbridge's Mill being kept up some six or eight feet, so as to throw the water back for miles, inundating the low lands to the extent, it is surmised, of several thousand acres. During the summer this surplus water would be sold to the lumbermen to float their rafts down the river, eventually drawing off the water from these lands, and leaving the decaying vegetable matter to send forth its poisonous influence under the rays of the scorching sun. For some time past threats have been numerous that the dam would be forcibly torn down, but every one seemed waiting for some one else to move in the matter. A couple of weeks ago a large quantity of dualin, about $30 worth, was missed from Messrs. Cross and Mouncey's magazine, situated just outside the village, and it now appears that this is the use that has been made of it. The dam was built some nine or ten years ago, and was an unusually good one, but the timbers are now greatly decayed. It consists of six stone piers, heavily timbered, between which stop-logs are placed, to be raised or lowered at will. One of these piers was completely demolished, showing that the explosive had been placed by an experienced hand. The property formerly belonged to the Messrs. Wallbridge, but we understand is now in the hands of the Trust and Loan Company. The deed appears to have given the utmost satisfaction to the people of this neighborhood, the general expression being that it was "a good work done."

On Sunday night two other piers, we are informed, were blown up so as to make the wreck complete. It is hardly possible that it will ever be rebuilt, owing to the strong feeling of the community in the matter. We hear that a large reward will be offered for the apprehension of the parties, but we are of the opinion that it will never be claimed. Everyone is apparently better satisfied as it is.

—Do you feel miserable, tired, half-sick, no appetite and out of sorts generally? Dr Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters is just the medicine you want, a few doses will at once relieve you. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle, price 50 cents.

Personals.

Mr. G. W. McMullen, of the Prince Edward Railway, was in town yesterday.

Mr. C. J. Pusey returned from a several weeks' visit to his mines in Snowdon, on Tuesday.

We were favored with a call on the 1st inst. from Messrs. W. T. Youngs, foreman of the *Ontario* office, and Chas. G. Hamm, of the *Intelligencer*.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.

Council met on Monday. Present, the Reeve and Messrs. Tuller and Dingman.

The Reeve reported that the ditch ordered to be filled up by G. D. Rawe had been satisfactorily done.

On motion of Messrs. Dingman and Tuller, Wm. Woolly was allowed $4 for work done on Gladstone street.

On motion of Messrs. Tuller and Dingman, Mr. Cody was allowed $2 for digging the grave of John Eldridge, provided he also fills in the grave dug by mistake.

On motion of Dingman and Tuller, Pennyman, an indigent, was allowed $1 per week until next regular meeting.

An account for a new crossing and putting down a sidewalk from O'Flynn's corner to Dr. Dafoe's residence, $6.35, was ordered to be paid.

Council adjourned.

BIRTH.

DEVOLIN.—On the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Henry Devolin, of Madoc township, of twins, sons.

MARRIED.

FISHER—FENLEY.—On the 29th of June, by the Rev. Geo. Dunkley, Mr. John Fisher, of Hungerford, to Miss Mary A. Fenley, of Huntingdon.

FRASER—BEST.—On the 5th inst., by the Rev. Geo. Dunkley, Mr. William H. Fraser to Miss Esther Best, all of Madoc.

—A leading Druggist in the west says: "I have sold more of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters in four months than any other medicine I ever handled. It seemes to please every time." For sale by all Druggists.

Mr. P. G. Ireland, of the 2nd concession of Cramahe, on what is known as the old Webb farm, found a stool of 96 stalks of rye, from a single grain, the straw measured 6 feet, 2 inches. He also found seventeen shoots of fall wheat from one seed.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The most effectual cure for Gout and Rheumatism.—A frequent cause of these complaints is the inflammatory state of the blood, attended with bad digestion, lassitude, and great debility, showing the want of a proper circulation of the fluid, and that impurity of the blood greatly aggravates these disorders. Holloway's Pills are of so purifying a nature that a few doses taken in time are an effectual preventive against gout and rheumatism, but any one that has an attack of either should use Holloway's Ointment also, the powerful properties of which, combined with the effects of the Pills, ensure a certain cure. The Ointment should be thoroughly rubbed into the parts affected at least twice a day, after they have been sufficiently fomented with warm water to open the pores to facilitate the introduction of the Ointment to the glands.

FARMERS!

Before you purchase your

Machine Oil

Call and examine our

"EXTRA LARDINE,"

For Mowers and Reapers.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We keep constantly on hand a large and well-assorted stock of Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Groceries, etc., all of which we offer at prices that defy competition.

D. C. CLARKE.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN, AND Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 26

Notice of By-Law!

NOTICE is hereby given that a By-Law was passed by the Corporation of the County of Hastings on the fifteenth day of June, A.D. 1881, providing for the issue of Debentures to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, for the purpose of paying for the erection of an Iron Swing-bridge at the Town of Trenton, the construction of a gravelled road between the Villages of Madoc and Marmora, and the balance of the County Stock in the Grand Junction Railway Company; and that such By-Law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Hastings, on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon.

Any motion to quash or set aside the same or any part thereof must be made within three months from the date of registration, and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 25th day of June, 1881.

JAMES T BELL,
County Clerk, County of Hastings.

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEA SETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

FOR SALE.

IN the Village of Madoc, that commodious and valuable property, situate on the east side of Russell Street in said village, and owned by the heirs of the late James O'Brien. The property is well and favorably situated for a Cooper's establishment, as that was the business which was successfully conducted by the late owner, on the said premises for several years. Hard and soft water on the premises. This is a good investment for a good Cooper, as there is no business of the kind at present carried on in the village or vicinity. A good title can be given. Application may be made to Mr. Samuel Driscoll, Madoc village, or to Catherine O'Brien, relict of the late James O'Brien, Trenton.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

Aunt Nancy's Mind on the Subject.

From Harpers Bazar.

And this is the new New Testament,
  And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,
When the fields are shining in cloth-of-gold,
  And the birds are singing so clear;
And over and into the grand old text,
  Reverent and thoughtful men,
Through many a summer and winter past
  Have been peering with book and pen,

Till they've straightened the moods and tenses out,
  And dropped each obsolete phrase,
And softened the strong, old-fashioned words
  To our daintier modern ways;
Collated the ancient manuscripts,
  Particle, verb and line,
And faithfully done their very best
  To improve the book divine.

I haven't a doubt they have done it well,
  But it is not clear to me
That we needed the trouble it was to them,
  On either side of the sea.
I cannot help it, a thought that comes—
  You know I am old and plain—
But it seems like touching the ark of God,
  And the touch to my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten
  At the back of that, my dear,
I've made and mended and toiled and saved,
  With my Bible ever near.
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn
  That lifted me up from care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark
  Cleaving the golden air;

And sometimes on Sunday afternoons
  'Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
  With the lilt of a triumph song.
I studied the precious words, my dear,
  When a child at my mother's knee,
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
  Is a good enough book for me.

I may be stubborn and out of date,
  But my hair is white as snow,
And I love the things I learned to love
  In the beautiful long ago.
I can not be changing at my time;
  'Twould be losing a part of myself,
You may lay the new New Testament
  Away on the upper shelf.

I cling to the one my good man read
  In our fireside prayers at night;
To the one my little children lisped
  Ere they faded out of my sight.
I shall gather my dear ones close again
  Where the many mansions be,
And till them the Bible I've always had
  Is a good enough book for me.

VIOLA'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "MY LADY'S SECRET," "A WAIF'S FORTUNES," "THE LADY OF GORMON LEA," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

In the Vye Valley there is a little meandering brook which runs babbling and singing from its birthplace far away amongst the hills. It is an uncertain little brook, capricious as a woman, never knowing its own mind.

Now it is shallow and swift, now deep and sluggish, now it goes straight as an arrow for two hundred yards, as though its immediate intent was to mate itself without delay with that most beautiful of rivers, the English Rhine; now it flies off at a tangent and shilly-shallies here and there postponing the inevitable union for a mile or two. But with all its inconsistencies, trout and grayling love it; and old Isaak Walton might, with great contentment, have thought out a few chapters of his *Convlete Angler* beside its shallow reaches and shady pools.

One of his disciples was strolling along its banks this bright July morning. He was a man in shooting-coat and knickerbockers of brown velveteen; his shoulders were broad and his legs shapely; and, if he had tried to make himself look like a keeper, the attempt was a dead failure.

If Claude, Lord Armidale. donned the rags of the filthiest beggar who ever tramped along the high-roads of Great Britain, he would still look an aristocrat.

He had half filled his basket, although he had, at starting, grumbled like a Briton to the boy who carried his landing-net that the water was too clear and the wind was not in the right quarter.

But he had reached the last of his mortgaged acres, and did not like the notion of "trying back" again, although a board warned him concisely that "Poachers and trespassers will be imprisoned without the option of a fine."

"I think I will take my chance of that," commented Lord Armidale gravely; then a vision of the embarrassment of his brother-magistrates when he should appear before them as a poacher and a trespasser, caused his blue eyes to laugh for an instant.

The vision faded, and the silent laugh died out all too suddenly. Those blue eyes of his, which Viola had once likened to Italian skies or the shifting waters of the bay, were sadder than in the old days when he had lain down at her feet amongst the wild flowers and the tangled weeds to waste an idle hour.

There was little other change in him to tell that five years had come and gone since then.

Perhaps the gold in his hair was a shade darker, his face a shade more sunburnt than of yore. Perhaps his broad chest was a shade deeper, and may be a stone in weight had been added to that lean muscular frame.

"The new man seems a decent fellow," pursued Lord Armidale, in meditation, as he threw his fly with practised celerity within a small expanding circle in the centre of which a great fish had just risen. "I must return his call this afternoon, and suggest a mutual understanding that we fish each other's waters. Ah, I thought so!"

The ejaculation was one of triumph. The great fish, espying that tiny marvel of silk and feathers alighting within a foot of his nose, had come at it with a greedy open-mouthed eagerness, and, as he dived for his cool shady retreat amongst the roots, was brought back, almost without a struggle, to the surface.

Then a contest began, which drove all thoughts of afternoon calls from the fisherman's mind for the next five minutes, and which ended in a material addition to the weight of the morning's spoils. After which the angler returned to the contemplations which were incompatible with the more active experiences of his recreation.

"I must call and renew my acquaintance with 'dear Clara.' I wonder whether a trout knows sometimes the exact intentions of the biped on the bank, and goes examining with sheer supercilious curiosity, and nothing more, each cunning bait that is thrown to him, until, he never quite realizes how, he is artfully struck and landed. Upon my soul I am not quite sure whether 'dear Clara' would not have landed me, had I not fled quite beyond sight of the flies she threw. Confound it all! I missed that fellow—all Clara's fault. Try it again, my finny friend."

But "my finny friend" had felt or seen the hook, and silently declined the invitation. The angler's thoughts went back to their theme.

"Not that I cared at all. Never but once had I the hook in my jaws—up there on the Italian hill-slope, hard by the headless Apollo and the dry fountain and the broken column behind which I lay hidden after teasling her grapes. Viola—Viola!"

He had forgotten all about the fishing. He was wandering along leisurely, and the boy, following with the landing-net began to gape and wonder.

He would have wondered still more could he have seen what his master saw so clearly—not the pleasant green valley and the rippling brook, but the shimmering of soft Italian moonlight, and two statues, one headless, and one with a relentless pointing forefinger bidding him "go."

"Here!" cried Lord Armidale; and the lad, awed by the imperious ring in his master's voice, drew near with trembling hesitancy. "Take my rod carefully to pieces, and carry it and the basket to the house. The sun is getting too hot for the sport."

It was a poor excuse, addressed in point of fact not so much to his attendant as to himself—a poor excuse for one who had so lately borne with indifference the blaze of sunshine on the banks of old Nile. He laughed harshly at the weakness of it as he threw himself upon the ground and dug his elbows into the thick grass of the aftermath.

"Viola!"

He murmured the name once or twice, and he wondered the while whether it would not have been more truly well with him if he had wedded that Italian maiden, whose individuality possessed so strange a fascination.

His aunt, old Lady Rivers, whose wealth had almost cleared the estate of debt, might in that case have disinherited him. Instead of being able to lord it in the halls built by dead and gone Armidales, he might now be rusticating in a little white Italian villa and asking himself sorrowfully how three or four dark-eyed lads and lasses might be reinstated in the position which should be theirs by right of birth. Yet the picture had an odd charm.

He had been prudent, and he had prospered accordingly; but he knew that something was lacking in his life. Never again might it be sweet and full as in that brief pastoral of long ago. The lips of many fair women might be pressed to his; but never again would their warmth thrill him as the touch of her lips had done. His intelligence might thrust and parry with keen feminine wits; but never would the wit delight him like that curious combination of ignorance and of learning, of meekness and of pride, of utter loving abandonment, which changed with such curious facility to utter contemptuous hate.

"Viola, Viola!"

He covered his face with his hands, shutting out the fair English landscape, and, in an instant, he stood again in that sultry southern land, watching one who slept in the shadow of an idle fountain, her head pilowed upon wild flowers and tangled weeds.

Then the restless features lighted up with archness and mirth, the dark eyes flashed with swiftly-aroused anger, melted with equally sudden contrition, and glowed with the love-light which long lashes tried vainly to conceal. Vivid, as though the years that had passed were but days, was every heart-photograph. There was a strange melancholy pleasure in turning them over and over—pleasure that became each instant more and more like pain, until he grew impatient of his own weakness and raised his head.

"Viola!"

It was a whisper of astonishment. For a moment he thought he was the subject of an optical illusion. Not a dozen yards away, clad in virgin white, watching him from above a gate which barred further progress, stood the Italian maid herself. Lord Armidale sprang to his feet and advanced towards her, hat in hand; but the rapturous eagerness of the first few steps changed with almost ludicrous rapidity to confusion and uncertainty.

"I—I fear I am trespassing," he said.

It was a lame speech when he was as convinced of her identity as of his own—a lame greeting after five years of estrangement: but between recognition and utterance there had been time to remember the cause of the estrangement and to note embarrassing changes in her appearance and demeanour.

"You are trespassing; but I believe my father is not disposed to resent liberties of that description," she answered.

It was Viola; there could be no matter of doubt. Had he felt any, the sound of her voice would have dissipated it. Full, mellow, sweet, low-pitched, but essentially feminine, he would have recognized it amongst ten thousand.

But, oh, the coldness, the smooth indifference with which she spoke! And, oh, the marble pride which sat enthroned upon her calm features!

"You are—you are——" he stammered.

"Yes, I am Miss Burgot," was the frigid reply; and the beautiful eyes took note unsympathetically of his discomfiture.

Then he understood the depth and breadth of that old offence of his—understood too, that it was her policy to ignore it, and that it behoved him as a gentleman to follow her cue. That old assault must be buried in oblivion; to mention were to revive it.

"I had intended to return your father's call to-day, Miss Burgot."

"If you follow the footpath by which I came, it will lead you to the Grange. You will find him at home, and I do not doubt that he will be delighted to see you.

Polite words which would have been cordial but for the complete indifference of the tone.

"May I be allowed to open the gate for you?" asked Lord Armidale.

"Thanks; I do not intend to prolong my ramble."

A sudden hope came to him. If she was about to return and the interview could thus be protracted, might he not possibly, with care and patience, break down this barrier of icy reserve and win forgiveness? He stood before her, bareheaded and humble, protesting by tone and gesture, as he might not do in words.

"Dare I venture to suggest that, as our routes are identical, we might find our way to the Grange in company, Miss Burgot?"

"Our routes are not identical," answered the girl, curtly: and with that she turned her back upon him, and went towards the brook, plucking a wild flower or two on her way, as though, having rebuked his presumption, it was too trivial a thing to remember for an instant.

So he went slowly and with many a backward glance along the field-path: but the glances were not returned; and the heart of Claude, Lord Armidale, was heavy within him.

"Better anger than indifference!" He was thinking that he would far rather see her stand—as when he last left her—with pointing finger and eyes aflame, driving him from her presence, than encounter this frigid disdain.

She was not so emotionless as he thought. Now that he was not near to see, Viola Burgot's eyes were shining like stars; her lovely face, unmasked, was working with anticipatory triumph.

"It is coming; at last—at last," she whispered. "After all these years, the hour of my revenge is at hand!"

CHAPTER VII.

Down in the hollow which hid the nearest village, just a mile by the shortest cut through the fields from Burgot Grange, nestled a little weather-beaten church of gray stone.

Sadly in need of restoration was it; for, although the massive walls presented as bold a front as ever to the procession of centuries, the high-backed pews, the shabby pulpit with the gigantic sounding-board, and even the communion-rail's were in the last stage of worm-eaten, dilapidation; while the ancient gallery—the front seats of which had within the memory of man been filled with vigorous performers upon "the cornet, flute, harpsackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music"—was now deserted by common consent, lest the rustics therein assembled should some day fall through upon other members of the congregation below.

Until the advent of the present Squire, the little weather-beaten church had stood small chance of badly-needed renovation. Its Vicar was a meek retiring man, whose awe of the stern master of Burgot Grange was both ludicrous and pitiable. In secret he cherished a dream of the interior as it should be; but to render that dream a reality a strong subscription-list would be required.

To broach to his only wealthy parishioner a scheme which would demand from him, as a preliminary, a cheque in three figures was beyond the meek Vicar's power. Even from his staunch friend Doctor Preece he hid the thoughts of his heart until the late squire had for some months been gathered to his fathers. Then, and not till then, did the Vicar unburden himself.

"I will discuss the matter with Miss Viola," answered the Doctor gaily.

During those months, Doctor Preece had faithfully fulfilled the parting injunction of his deceased friend—"You might give an eye to niece Viola—the niece I have never seen—for my sake," said Duke Burgot, as he lay dying.

In pursuance of that verbal trust, the Doctor and his charge had become cronies—allies—the firmest of friends.

He had conceived a sincere affection for her; and the quantity of sincere affection in the girl's existence was lamentably small.

William Burgot was proud of his queenly daughter; he admired her, indulged her, and deferred to her every wish, but hardly with paternal tenderness. Miss Burgot's lovely face, Miss Burgot's majestic figure, Miss Burgot's magnificent voice had been the talk of the shire ever since she burst upon it like a brilliant meteor, But the brilliancy was cold; it did not attract true regard.

Unstinted love, proffered by half the eligible swains in the country, lay at her feet; unstinted hatred was lavished upon her by less beautiful women, evoking only a smile of disregard or disdain; but Doctor Preece was her only friend.

He did not understand her; he fancied that, beneath the pretty scornful indifference and aristocratic repose she had adopted as to the manner born, there seethed a lava-tide of Italian passion.

He thought that there was a life within a life, the inner life being made up of a mystery and a purpose. What the mystery, what the purpose, it was not for him to ask, but simply to win the confidence of his dead friend's niece so effectually that, if ever she needed help, she might come to him.

In rough, honest fashion, ignoring the rebuffs with which she met his first advances. he made her understand that in trying to win her esteem and liking he was fulfilling his duty to the dead.

It was smooth sailing for Doctor Preece after that. He was surprised at the eagerness with which she acceded to his representations that the long-cherished desire of the meek Vicar's soul ought to be gratified.

He knew that, although a Protestant in creed, the girl's spiritual fervour was not fed by the cold ritual and austere services of the little gray church in the hollow.

He had heard her speak of the chapel in the monastery, its dim religious light, its kneeling, emotional worshippers, its incense and its flowers, and the rich waves of harmony which swept through it when old Spezzio laid his white fingers upon the organ-keys. He believed that she loved no other house of prayer; and he was surprised and touched to find that for his sake she could entertain such genuine interest in the scheme.

"Here is papa's contribution to head the list," she said, the second time the project was mooted, putting into the Doctor's hand that cheque in three figures for which the Vicar had not dared to beseech the late Squire. "I will solicit all the people I know for subscriptions, and we will make you up any deficiency by holding a bazaar and a concert."

So it came to pass that, within one month of the formal introduction of Lord Armidale to Viola Burgot, his lordship's name figured on the list for a subscription which was only second in munificence to that of her father; also that upon a certain day the village in the hollow wore quite a gala aspect, whilst the carriages of half the shire paraded its one long straggling street. The bazzar was in full swing.

On each side of the village school-room—a long, low, narrow room, its whitewashed walls hidden by many-coloured flags and by curiously and wonderfully made paper adornments—was a row of stalls, presided over by aristocratic maids and matrons, who played at shopkeeping with infantile delight and cheated their customers with serene composure or roguish glee. Dawdling from stall to stall, laughing, jesting, flirting, haggling, and disbursing with the best grace in the world the loose silver they had come there to throw away, went a well-dressed throng of ladies and gentlemen who would be quite content if, by way of value received for their money, they passed an enjoyable afternoon.

Doctor Preece was there, of course, acting as an amateur showman, inducting credulous people who were willing to pay a shilling for a peep into a mysterious recess in which about forty works of art with high-sounding titles were supposed to be on exhibition, whilst from behind the green-baize curtain which screened them came bursts of laughter to pique the curiousity of the outer world.

Mrs. Robert was there, and "dear Clara," attired exactly alike, in most becoming costumse, wearing dainty little caps, and looking more like sisters than ever as they presided at opposite stalls.

William Burgot was there, chatting with neighbouring Squires, and made much of by spinsters of all ages. Who does not know how to appreciate a middle-aged widower with fifteen thousand a year? In fact everyone was there, except Lord Armidale.

Bright eyes were looking for him longingly. "Dear Clara's" hopes were buoyant, for had he not renewed his visits to the Grange with more than the old frequency?

And was it not evident that the attraction was herself, not that frigid Italian adventuress, with her airs of an empress and her monosyllabic disdain, which kept barely within the bounds of civility? And had he not promised "dear Clara" after much entreaty, that he would certainly look in for an hour, if only to suffer himself to be fleeced for a good cause by her pious hands!

The "adventuress" was on the *qui vive* likewise. Besieged at the head of the room by a crowd of masculine adherents, to whom she unblushingly sold at fabulous prices button-holes of flowers and useless knick-knacks, she answered with ready repartee and badinage their insipid jests and compliments; but her deep-fringed lustrous eyes wandered over to the door-way, looking for a head crowned with sunny golden hair, a noble head, modelled after the ideal type of ancient Greece, although beauty of feature and graciousness of expression were tempered by an air of careless, but imperious command.

She saw it at length, visible above the dead level of the throng. Lord Armidale was exchanging frequent salutations, pausing here and there, but steadily approaching her.

"Does she love him?" thought Docto Preece; and the worthy man was perplexed. He saw her lovely face pale and harden, saw her hands tremble for an instant, saw the eager welcoming light in her beautiful eyes, but the light was cold and fierce.

"She is a curious enigma," said the honest man, with a sigh.

"Would you accord me the extreme favor of an introduction to the enigma? Any fellow would be charmed to study it," said a voice at his elbow.

The voice belonged to an upright soldierly looking gentleman, to whose personal appearance no exception could reasonably be taken, unless upon the ground that his bushy upturned eye brows and his scanty upturned moustache gave him somewhat the aspect of a middle-aged stage Mephistopheles. So thought Viola Burgot, when, after a moment's reflection, Doctor Preece asked permission to introduce Colonel Pettitt.

"I warn you, Mis Burgot," said the Colonel, with an urbane smile which, oddly enough, confirmed a slight prejudice the girl was conscious of feeling towards him, "that 'silver and gold have I none.' Fair banditti have extracted the last coin from pockets that are never too well supplied with cash. I requested the honour of an introduction because your name was once 'familiar in my ears as household words.' Twenty years or more ago, your father and I were bosom-friends."

"Did you know my mother?" asked Viola, forgetting her prejudice in awakened interest. Would he be able to tell her a little about that poor Italian girl-mother whose young life had been sacrificed that a babe might be born into the world?

"I had not that happiness. Your father and I were ensigns in the same regiment before he sold his commission. He was in Italy at the time I remember."

"He will be very glad to renew his acquaintance with you.

"To tell the truth," laughed Colonel Pettitt, "I need to be reassured upon that very point. When a poor man renews acquaintance with a rich one, the gladness is usually on the side of the former. I confess to disappointment at not seeing him here this afternoon. Twenty years could not so disguise an old friend that I should fail to recognize him instantly."

"Yet he stands within ten paces," said Viola, smiling.

"No!"—and the Colonel's eyebrows were elevated until he looked more like Mephistopheles than ever as he scrutinised all the masculine faces within the given distance. A gesture from Viola brought one of the gentlemen towards her.

"Papa," she said, "let me present you to an old acquaintance; Colonel—Colonel——"

She had forgotten the name; and the Colonel did not supply it. Extreme wonderment was written upon his features, while upon those of William Burgot was a kind of vague and troubled bewilderment.

"You must pardon my haziness of memory," apologized the Squire slowly. "A sunstroke from which I once suffered, whilst serving in India——"

"I do not remember it," said the Colonel sharply; "nor do I remember your features; my memory must be affected also. And yet, Burgt, we were like brothers during that year we served together in the old seventeenth."

With the words—as the two men stood gazing at each other's faces—there came into William Burgot's eyes a flash of recognition—of recognition, coupled with something that looked like fear.

"I remember now," he said slowly. "We were both young slim fellows in those days; but time has made me fat and round, whilst you are little altered. No wonder you did not know me, Pettit!"

"Not in the least," said the Colonel. The flash of recognition, confirmed by the spoken name, was surely evidence enough that this man was his old comrade! Yet why had he turned so pale? Why did his voice quiver? Why that look of apprehension?

"Nor I you, at first," continued William Burgot. "But, although your identity escaped me, and although my memory has of late failed me strangely—a fact I ascribe, on the principle that any excuse is better than none, to sunstroke in India—I have not quite forgotten the past. Do you remember that night in the trenches at Luckimpore?"

"Remember it!" cried the Colonel; and for a moment his resemblance to Mephistopheles was obliterated. "Why, man, you saved my life!"

"Don't mention it," said William Burgot, with a pallid smile. "Where are you staying?"

"At the one wretched inn this wretched village boasts."

"Then you must change your quarters to Burgot Grange. I will send a carriage for you at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. What do you say?"

"That I gratefully accept your offer."

"It is settled then. Excuse me now; there is a man at the bottom of the room to whom I must say something. We shall have plenty of leisure to-morrow to chat about old times."

"May I pass you? Many thanks," said the courteous, high-bred tones of Lord Armidale. But the Colonel did not hear. He was watching his old comrade's retreating figure.

The crowd was thinner now, and William Burgot's portly frame moved through it with ease; but he passed at once into the open air, stopping to speak to no man at the bottom of the room.

"Hang me if I understand it!" muttered the Colonel. "If he is William Burgot, what on earth is he afraid of? If he isn't William Burgot, how on earth came he into possession of the family property? How could he recollect me, or that affair at Luckimpore? And now I think I seem to know his features, and they are not unlike those of my old chum. Well, there is a secret somewhere, and I will improve the shining hours by ferreting it out. Secrets are mines of wealth sometimes to the fortunate holders."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Idleness of Girls.

A great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness or frivolous amusement, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that girls are growing up indolent and unpractised in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled in work all the while. "Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in many respects, say, the first, that her daughter never did any of the sweeping. 'Why if she wants to say to her companions, I never swept a room in my life and takes comfort to it, let her say it;' and yet the mother is sorrowing over the short-comings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor, deluded woman! "She did it herself instead." The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this practice; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in a true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household. And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is very mischievous in the extreme. "O, Hattie is so absorbed in her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework. The mother is the drudge; the daughter is a fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter—and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose.

The result of this is to form in the minds of many gifted girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they can live by some other means.

There is scarcely one letter I have received which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in training our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you, girls, that if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

Telegraph Cables in Sewers.

An important experiment looking to the disuse of telegraph poles in cities is being made in Washington, D. C., by the Mutual Union Telegraph Company. Having received permission to run their wires through the common sewers of the city the company began the work of placing the wires June 6. The wires which are needed for city service and for connection with lines outside the city are twisted cable form and covered with a non-conductor and waterproof coating. Outside the city limits these wires emerge from the sewers and join those placed upon poles. The cable made of the twisted wires is attached firmly to the arched roof or top of the sewer, and thus raised above all interference from water, except in case of floods. The cables are laid by men enveloped in rubber clothing and provided with safety lanterns, provision been made for conducting fresh air to the workmen by means of India-rubber tubes attached to their rubber suits. The wires are passed down through the man holes of the sewers.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch is said to be very handsome and fascinating, brave as well as clever, and, against the late Czar's orders, he married the lovely daughter of a postmaster when he was in exile at Orenburg.

Madame de Pompadour.

It was the day in Paris that saw the young King Louis XV. bring home his bride, the Polish Princess Marie. The strains of full "Te Deums" swelled out in long billows through the doors of the churches to meet the crash of military march and fanfare. The great city was one mass of brilliant, changeful colour, one echo of joyous sound, one tumultuous gorgeous holiday. At a window in one of the principal streets, at a safe distance above the thronged, moving, living panorama, a little girl of three was enjoying very fully and deliberately the spectacle.

This child's name was Jeanne Marie Poisson, but not as Jeanne Poisson is she known in history. The humble citizen name was to be swallowed up in the title of Marquise de Pompadour.

It was necessary, however, in course of time, for her and her mother to make a choice from among the many lovers who surrounded her. M. le Normand d'Etioles was one of Jeanne's warmest, most constant suitors, and he was accepted.

What Jeanne was doing in marrying M. le Normand Etioles, without caring for him any more than she did for her hairdresser, was just what all other girls of her age were doing around her—and so we can scarcely blame her for her proceeding.

Had it not been for certain splendid temptations which came in her way, Jeanne might thus have played a brilliant and innocent part in the story of Parisian society of that period. Perhaps in this case, we might know her now as an author or an artist; but a very different path from that was before her.

One night—a night which was to decide fair Jeanne's destiny—she went, dressed in character, to a masquerade ball. Louis XV. was there, as he fancied, incognito. He had seen and admired Madame le Normand d'Etioles at some public place where they had chanced to be together; and, masked though she was, he at once recognized her grace of shape and movement. The King, believing himself completely disguised, followed the lady, and soon contrived to get into conversation with her on a sofa a little apart from the rest of the company. The astute Jeanne, who was as quick-sighted as she was beautiful, knew, from the very first moment, who was sitting at her side, but gave not the slightest outward sign of such knowledge. As the gilded ball of playful gallantry was being rolled nimbly up and down between the two, there rose first in Jeanne's mind a waking whisper of what she might become.

A "*Maitresse en titre*" was as much at that time a recognized personage at the French Court as the Prime Minister of France himself. She was to the full as highly honoured as that dignitary, and, if she played her cards well, she might hold quite as much power in her hands. She who had last filled the office was just dead when the King and Madame le Normand d'Etioles met at the masquerade. Jeanne was by nature aspiring and ambitious, and the question flashed through her brain, "Why should I not take her place?"

With that question the first drop of temptation filtered into Jeanne's soul. She did not, as has before been said, love her husband. Her grasping brain was enticed and drawn on by the prospect of vast power which now opened before her, for already the whole woman felt instinctively that she was fit to reign. That little drop of temptation then grew until it swelled into a great wave, which washed her away from all home ties, and landed her at length in the royal palace.

Jeanne does not seem to have been carried away at this time by any very strong passion for her royal lover; it was hardly likely she could be, when we consider his great mental inferiority to hers. A thirst for power was what chiefly led her on. Still, throughout her whole career she was very faithful to Louis, and very true in her devotion to his interests and to those of France.

Louis XV., according to the fashion of sovereigns of the day, made short work in the appropriation and exaltation of his favourite. M. le Normand d'Etoiles was civilly told that he was no more wanted in France, and Jeanne was made Marquis de Pompadour, the name under which we know her.

When we set aside Madame de Pompadour's connection with the King, there can be no doubt about the lofty and brilliant part she played in the history of France of that period. She roused Louis from his natural apathetic sloth of character, and sent him out as the head of his army, to win glory for France and himself. She held the reins of the government very much in her hands, and managed State affairs with a clear-sightedness and skill that would have done honour to a gray-headed Minister. She was a liberal patroness of men of art and letters. She founded hospitals, and tended herself the sick in their wards. Her fertile, inventive faculties produced all kinds of new fashions in dress and furniture; trade flourished under her auspices, and her brain may be said to have kept going three parts of the manufactories in France.

Marguerite, the Young Queen.

She is the only royal person who sees her friends in the street. She has one of the most winning and sympathetic of faces. She is a blonde, has large blue eyes, a lovely mouth, and, without the aid of art, has a fair, fresh complexion. She is not at all an insipid blonde; she has character in her face, tempered with a gentle and lively expression. The Italians call her "La Gentilezza Italiana." She is 30, perhaps a little over, but does not look over 25. Royalty does not seem to weigh very heavy on her mind, and she seems to have changed the traditional, stately, queeny air of bygone queens for the happy, cordial, affable look of a happy and beautiful woman, securely reposing in the love of her subjects.

She has an unpretending way of going out shopping in an entirely unroyal way, and one of the pleasures of the American in Rome is to find herself shopping beside the charming Princess, who is often unknown even to the shopkeeper. She is noted in the street for the plainness of her attire. Her favorite jewellery is the marguerite—fashioned in the exquisite taste of Florentine handicraft.

PLATINUM is stated in the books to have the atomic weight 197.2; but Herr Seubert, after much research, concludes that its atomic weight is 194.46.

Princess Louise's Life at Rideau Hall.

She is, like so many English women, a good walker and a fair rider, and during her first winter here she could be met almost any day miles away from her home. She "did" much of the vicinity of Ottawa on foot, always *sensibly* shod and dressed, and in slippery weather carrying a cane. Almost invariably she wears a veil. It has been the subject of much comment, and the curious often complain that the public never sees her face. Her reason for wearing it probably lies as much in the fact that she suffers terribly from neuralgia as from any wish to thwart the curious gaze. Both the Princess and Marquis readily adopted winter sports, and many a merry snow-shoe tramp was organized from the Government House; and when the spring opened, and the rafts from the Upper Ottawa began to come down by hundreds, they enjoyed the grand and exciting fun of running the rapids above the Chaudiere Falls, and coming down through the "slides" upon these log rafts.

From this slight glimpse into it you see that Rideau Hall is by no means a Castle of Indolence. The Princess is a busy woman, and her range of duties is a very wide one. Her artistic pursuits are, without doubt, nearest her heart, and you often see her abroad with her sketch-book, filling it with souvenirs of her Canadian home. She has a snug little sketching box, which can be whisked about from place to place as she desires it. Fortunately for one of her artistic nature she lives in a region surrounded by loveliest views, and whichever way the eye turns, it is gladdened by some picture never to be forgotten.

The Princess is a communicant at St. Bartholomew's, the little English church at New Edinburgh, which stands near the grounds (the rector of which is chaplain for Rideau Hall), while the Marquis of Lorne comes into the city, and is a regular attendant at "the kirk." Her Royal Highness has always taken an active interest in church affairs, and to her the little church is indebted for a fine chime of bells. The children of the Sunday-school are regularly entertained at the Hall with a Christmas-tree and party. She visits hospitals, schools, and convents, and carries on all the work of a charitable lady in private life. Much of her good work is done in a quiet, unostentatious manner, which fully carries out the Biblical injunction; but a princess cannot hide from the public the work of one hand, even if she can keep it a secret from the other, and so we from time to time catch a glimpse of her true, kind heart.

All of these public duties do not interfere with those of a more domestic character. She, of course, has a small army of servants. There is a *chef* and *un garcon de chef*, and I would be afraid to say how many more *pour faire la cuisine*; there are maid-servants and men-servants for each particular kind of work, and a housekeeper to oversee them all. But, in spite of much aid, the Marchioness of Lorne is at the head of her establishment. She does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in. A story I have just heard about her makes her quite rival in housewifely attainments the queen of good King Stephen, who, from the "peck 'o barley meal," concocted that historical pudding so well known to the student of Mother Goose. A friend of mine was lately dining at Rideau Hall, and during the dinner she remarked upon the excellence of the oyster *pates* to one of the ladies in waiting to the Princess. "Yes," she replied; "they were made by her Royal Highness."

The immediate household at Government House consists of two or three ladies in waiting and several aides-de-camp. The military secretary and his wife occupy a handsome house near by, where the Princess often calls informally, or takes a five-o'clock "schoolroom tea" with the secretary's children.—ANNIE HOWELLS FRECHETTE, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

A Garland About the Earth.

Miss Marianne, an English lady, daughter of the late Frederick North, M. P., and sister-in-law of John Addington Symonds, may be said to have put a garland about the earth, if not a girdle. For the last ten or fifteen years she has been travelling quite alone all over the world, everywhere painting its rare trees and flowers with a bit of landscape to show their habitat. Bearing credentials from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs in London, the government houses in all the Colonies have been open to her and every facility afforded for the prosecution of her object in the way of guides, escorts and provision for her personal comfort. She has climbed mountains, been rowed down strange rivers or floated down, supported by inflated skins, and been driven through wild places in camel waggons, guarded by an escort of natives. During these travels Miss North has made more than 600 studies of trees and plants (some of which have been before unknown even to the botantist), and each picture containing a bit of landscape showing the habitat of the plant. This valuable collection she has presented to the Kew Gardens, where she has herself built a gallery for them. Miss North has just reached New York via California, Arizona, New Mexico, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and Borneo. In the last named island she was the guest of Rajah Brooke, nephew and successor of the late Rajah, Sir James Brooke, whose remarkable career forms such a romantic episode in history.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's Home.

He lives at Palace Station, seven miles south from the centre of the city. A little over a mile in a cab brought me to the house. It is delightfully situated on a piece of ten acres, sloping towards the south. Mr. S. showed me the fernery, the flowers and the garden. Then we went to the stable; and as he opened the door, Mr. S. said: "There, you may eat your dinner off any part of the stable you please, it is so clean." Nor was the praise extravagant; the straw in the stalls had, at its outer edge, a narrow rim of straw matting, so that, in a sense, it might be said that the stalls were carpeted. Over two of the stalls were the names of the occupants, "Brownie" and "Beauty." Mr. Spurgeon said: "My horses are under the law. They observe Saturday. On that day, they are never taken out, no matter who wants to go anywhere. So that when they carry me to town on Sunday, their Sabbath is not interfered with."

"If I was Governor-General."

"Now, if I was Governor-General," began Mr. Butterby the other morning, as he passed his cup over for a second cup of coffee, "if I was Governor-Geueral of the Dominion—"

"Which you aren't, you know," broke in Mrs. B. in an argumental and confidential tone.

"And not likely to be," added Mrs. B.'s mother, with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"No," assented Mr. B. pleasantly, "but I was just supposing the case—"

"Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B. snappishly. "You might as well suppose you was the man in the moon or the Man in the Iron Mask or—"

"So I might, my dear, so I might," assented Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling, "but that has nothing to do with it. I was merely going to say that if I was Governor-General of the Dominion I'd——"

"My!" burst in Miss Gertrude, aged 18, "wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa? Just to think how those Wheedletop girls would change their tune when I meet them, instead of throwing out their insinuations about people who consider it Christian-like to turn their last season's silk dress, so that they may have more to give to charity! But they might turn green with envy before I would ever——"

"Yes, and wouldn't I warm it to Sammy Dugan, just," chirped in Master Thomas, aged 12. "I'd go up to him an' smack him on the nose with a brick 'fore he knowed where he was, an' he dassent hit me back then 'oos it 'ud be treason, an' they'd hang him; and I'd slide on the sidewalk an' shy snow-balls at the p'leeceman, an' sass Miss Ferule, an' play hookey every day when it didn't rain, an' I'd—"

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection from her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in the land, let the next be who she would; and Lieutenant-Governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, an' I'd have balls twice a week and banquets every day, an'—"

"And I'd have the management of Rideau Hall, and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect.

"Not much you wouldn't," from Miss Gertrude; "not much if I keep my health and know myself, you wouldn't; not as long as I am Governor-General's daughter and—"

"Yah!" ejaculated Master Tom, "I guess the Governor-General's son would be the biggest plum in that dish? Wouldn't I be the Prince of Wales then—say? What'ud you know 'bout—"

"Shut up—all of you!" commanded Mrs. B. "I reckon the Governor-General's wife is the highest authority in the land! Anyhow, there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it, and I bet when the exercises were finished the survivors would not ask for any Parliamentary Commission to decide it over again! My! I'd like to see anybody—but, by the way, Mr. Butterby, what was it you was going to say you would do if you was the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada?"

"Resign as soon as the Lord would let me," said Mr. Butterby, calmly but determinedly.

And then a meditative silence fell upon the family and remained there until the meeting arose.

Two-Year-Old and Four-Year-Old Races.

Sir Francis H. Doyle, in Fortnight's Review.

Mr. Hall's Quibbler, in 1872, practically accomplished 24 miles within the hour. In 1756, Mr. Jennison Shafto, on 10 different horses, galloped 50 miles in 1 hour 49 minutes and some odd seconds. The four third-rate animals who drew old Queensbury's carriage in his well-known match in 1750 overpowered their jockeys at the start and ran away, doing the first four miles in 9 minutes, with wheels behind them; and finally, in 1760, the celebrated Mr. Johnson (whoever the celebrated Mr. Johnson may have been) rode one mile at York, for 100 guineas, standing upright upon his saddle. "He was allowed 3 minutes to ride it in, but he accomplished the task in 2 minutes 42 seconds." The name of the horse he elected to stand upon is not even thought worth mentioning. Why, then, are we to disbelieve every statement handed down to us about the pace of these old encounters—because it pleases Admiral Rous and his adherents to go on knocking our two-year olds to pieces, and to breed from fast weeds and cripples rather than stout horses, in order that 2-year-old races may be more readily won? Lord Stradbroke, at any rate, differs as much from his brother, so far as sound opinions in this matter are concerned, as Eclipse differed in racing power from his cadet, Garrick. This is what he says: "For more than 60 years I have had great experience in breeding all sorts of horses, and have taken great interest in their enduring qualities. I believe that horses have deteriorated of late years. My firm belief is that there are not now four horses in England that could run over the Beacon course in eight minutes, which in my younger days I have seen constantly done." If any confirmation of Lord Stradbroke's opinion be needed, America will furnish it. The Americans maintained our old English system of four-mile heats long after we had abandoned them; and though naturally, if we had kept upon the same lines, our horses ought to have retained their superiority, seeing that we intended to reserve all the best stallions, and, still more, all the best mares, for ourselves—to feed them, as it were, with the crumbs that fell from our table—still, Prioress and Optimist and Starch (to say nothing of magnificent old Lexington over the sea) brought home to all who could not keep their eyes close shut the disagreeable truth that they represented Dorimant and Shark and Highflyer and Hambletonian, over anything like a distance of ground, a great deal better than most of their English contemporaries.

THERE is now erected over the grave of George Eliot, in Highgate Cemetery, England, a handsome memorial stone. It is in the form of an obelisk twelve feet in height, and is a beautiful specimen of the blue or Aberdeen granite. The pedestal bears the following inscription in gold letters:

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."
Here lies the body of
"George Eliott."
Mary Ann Cross.
Born 22d November, 1819.
Died 22d December, 1880.

ANOTHER TICHBORNE.

A Man whom Gen. Barnes of san Francisco Believes to be the Real Roger.

The San Francisco *Examiner* recently published an interview with Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, the general purport of which is that the real Roger Tichborne has at length turned up, and has unfolded his story to Gen. Barnes. In the interview the latter confirms the report that the alleged Tichborne came to him for certain information as to how he could best obtain documentary evidence to show that he had never been in Rio de Janeiro, had never left there in the vessel Bella, and had never been wrecked and picked up by the Osprey, as stated by Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. Gen. Barnes subjected his visitor to a rigorous examination of several days' duration, during which he told so straight a story, including many points in which Orton failed, and other points that did not come out in the trial, and exhibited physically such identity with the lost heir, that Gen. Barnes says he has reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that either the true Tichborne has turned up or that the man in question is the most adroit swindler he has ever met in a long course of practice. The Duke of Sutherland and Dr. Russel also had an interview with the man, and a full statement of the case has been mailed to England.

Tichborne says that he has been for a great portion of the time in the United States; that he served through the war, was married in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is now living near San Diego, but will be in this city again in a few days. He says that his silence is the result of a determination on his part to remain incognito for a certain number of years, now elapsed, and this determination was brought about by a deep feeling of chagrin at the opposition to his marriage with his cousin Kate. The question of being able to establish his identity does not seem to give him the slightest concern, the sole object of his call on Gen. Barnes being to obtain evidence to show the falsity of the report regarding the Rio de Janeiro episode.

Fashion's Freaks.

Chambers's Journal.

When the French nation reached its height of folly and wickedness, just before the Revolution broke out and flooded the land with misery and bloodshed, all who desired to be considered connected with the aristocracy carried about with them at least one *pantin*. These were small wooden dolls which, by pulling a string, suddenly jerked out arms and legs, exactly like those which may be see adorning the hats of "swells" on a Derby day. The rage for them was immense. Nobles, gentlemen, and even grave ecclesiastics were to be seen carrying them about and playing with them. A somewhat similar rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. of France. When the body of Duc de Guise was found after the battle of Blois he had his comfit-box in his hand. In 1586 the ladies carried hand-mirrors attached to their chatelains, and, like Narcissus, were perpetually admiring their own charms. This excited the deepest indignation of Jean des Caures, a stern old moralist of the time, and he empathically menaced them with the extremest penalties of the other world. Who would have believed that so late as 1751 the dress of a dandy should have consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings! A satirical writer of about the same period gives a biting sketch of one of his contemporaries: "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff-breeches, without any money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a clump of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing." No doubt the same gentleman could paint a picture of the dress of our own time which would appear as ridiculous to the gentlemen with the green coats as his own does to us.

The Brush Light and the London Gas Company.

Vanity Fair.

It is said that the Directors of the Brush Company have found by experience that the absolute continuity of their light cannot be relied on, and that for some cause or other it is liable to cease suddenly. The effects of such a collapse in the streets of London would be extremely serious, and would be followed by a similar collapse in the shares of the electric light companies, and notably in those of the Brush, which stand at present at over 100 per cent premium—that is to say, the £10 shares on which £4 are paid, are quoted at £8 10s to £9. To guard against this disaster, the Directors of the Brush Company communicated, it is said, with the board of the gas company, and an arrangement was finally made that the gas company should keep up a full staff of men at all the points served by the Brush Company, and a full supply of gas at the mains ready to light up at any moment that this electricity might fail, all the expenses of the staff and the reserved gas to be borne, of course, by the Brush Company. The significant part of the business is that the gas company should thus stand by to assist the rival company, instead of leaving it to its own resources, and to bear the brunt of its failure, should it fail. Philanthropy is not supposed to enter into the considerations by which companies are managed, and it must be assumed that, if this rumor is correct, the gas company is so completely assured of the ultimate breakdown of its rival that it can, in the interests of the public, and at the expense of the said rival, afford to be magnanimous.

Microscopical Anatomy of the Eye.

The Spectator.

Dr. Lucien Howe, in giving a minute description of the microscopical anatomy of the eye, more particularly relating to the "layer of rods and cones," speaks of these as being, in reality, the terminal filaments of the optic nerve. These are shaken or acted on by the waves of light, and it is especially these with which we see. This undulation of light as it is termed, is the impression produced upon the retina by the wave-like motion of the particles of matter. The lengths of these waves have been measured, and it is found that no less than 36,918 waves of red light or 64,631 waves of violet light, placed end to end, would be required to make an inch. Again, from the speed of light, as it has been measured, it has been proved, says Dr. Howe, that at least 451,000,000 of millions of these minute waves flow into the eye and dash against the retina in each second.

THE GREEK BRIGANDS OF TO-DAY.

Superstition and Heartlessness of the Band of Aristides.

From the London Daily News.

The whole of the band of Greek brigand by whom Mr. Suter was recently captured were Christians, that is, they belonged to the Greek Church, and no less than seven had been in the Greek army in different grades, and had deserted therefrom. Notwithstanding that every day of their lives is passed in perpetrating the most henious crimes, yet these men never begin a meal without crossing themselves, and saying their prayers at night. On the Greek Easter Day Mr. Suter was surprised to find that each had his candle lighted, and that after presenting one to the prisoner they would not begin to eat till they had crossed themselves three times, each time the chief saying, "Christ is risen," and the remainder answering, "Truly he is risen," concluding the ceremony by kissing each other all round, including Mr. Suter.

Every brigand wears a charm, consisting of either a bit of blue glass or red silk, to preserve his flesh from being penetrated by bullets, and the faith they all put in these things surpasses belief. One anecdote is told of a member of Aristides' band who, during the Cretan insurrection, was exposed on the top of a rock to the fire of the Turkish troops. Presently he gave a shout and fell back, saying he was shot, but when examined nothing could be seen but a slight black mark where the bullet struck him. This was all account. ed for by a blue marble charm he wore, and several men swore to the truth of the above story.

One or two stories, as related to Mr. Suter by the gang round their evening meal, show their brutality. The chief of the band, Aristides, one day came across an old Turk out shooting, who had with him his piece of forked stick, which is used in order to obtain a better aim by resting on it the barrel of the gun. Simply for amusement, the brigand chief strangled the man, afterward placing him in a kneeling position, putting his fowling piece to his shoulder, and resting the barrel on the crutch in the most natural position, so that any passer-by would never suspect but that it was some peasant sportsman instead of a corpse.

Another anecdote was told with greater gusto. Niko, the chief of the band that took Col. Synge, caught a man near a saw-mill whom he thought he recognized. The conversation commenced thus: "Did not you once spy for me?" "Yes." "Did I not pay you five liras for so doing?" "Yes." "Did you not tell the soldiers in such and such a village that you had seen me?" "Yes." Then said Niko, "Take a bit of paper and pencil and write as I tell you: 'This is the way Niko treats traitors.'" After this was done he first sawed off the man's right hand so that he should never write anything against him; next he deprived him of his ears so that he should hear no more questions about the band, and, finally, he cut his tongue out to prevent him from telling tales. Then wrapping all these fragments in a handerchief, he bade him walk to the nearest village to present them with the note to the Pasha. The poor man, not daring to refuse, struggled on till he dropped down and died from loss of blood.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE condition of the Jews in Russia is improving somewhat. In one village in the district of Kieff the peasants have voluntarily compensated the Jews to the extent of 800 roubles for the loss they had suffered, the amount of money, though insignificant, being evidence of a return of humane feeling. Good effect is also expected from orders given by the Metropolitans of Moscow and Kieff to the clergy of those districts to preach against the persecution of the Jews.

HERE is a story for those little boys who have a mind to run away with the circus. Leotard Carlo was made a performer in the ring when he was only two years old, beginning as a posturant for riders, and afterward becoming expert on the trapeze. He wore the brightest of spangled costumes, smiled industriously while at work, and altogether was an object of envy to juvenile spectators. A few days ago a pitiably ragged and wan lad of twelve was caught stealing a drink of milk from a can in one of our city streets. Being arrested, he said that he was Leotard Carlo, that lameness had incapacitated him from gymnastic feats, and that for months he had been a starving, shelterless tramp.

THERE is a fox terrier which some time ago made his appearance on the London, Brighton and Southwest Railroad and attached himself to the conductors of the trains with such pertinacity that about eighteen months ago he was presented with a collar inscribed, "Jack, London, B. and S. West R. R. Co." One day he was watched, when his movements were found to be as follows: He arrived from Brighton by a train reaching Steyning at 10 50; there he got out for a minute, but went on by the same train to Hengeld. Here he left the train and went to a public house, not far from the station, where a biscuit was given to him, and, after a little walk, took a later train to West Grinstead, where he spent the afternoon, returning to Brighton in time for the last train to Lewes. He generally sits close to the conductor and looks out of the window.

THE English press is very flattering to M. Gambetta. The *Daily Telegraph* says he is like that "divinely gifted man" in "In Memoriam" "who makes by force his merit known, and moving up from high to higher, becomes on fortune's crowning slopes the pillar of a people's hopes, the centre of a world's desire." The *Daily Chronicle* says: "Those who have attacked and maligned M. Gambetta during his whole career now accuse him of leaning toward absolutism. We give no judgment. The future alone can show what is his programme. But the past we do know and can speak of. He has attained his present position by sheer force of intellect and directness of purpose. His past is not stained by violence and by perjury, like that of too many of his predecessors. He has stood in the breach openly at the head of his followers, and all the "fierce light" that has for ten years beaten on his path has not revealed a single spot on which his enimies could lay their finger and say, "That was a dishonest act," or "That was a crime."

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

DR. JAMES'

CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & McGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intremittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.

H. JAMES, M. D.

Furniture! Furniture! Furniture!

At and Under Belleville Prices.

Encourage those who knock high prices and ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.60 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

Call and see quality and prices

AT SCOTT'S,

next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.

Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by

THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Highest cash price paid for Deakens, Hides, Furs, &c.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Mineral Land for Sale

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to

WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
or to
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

FOR SALE IN MADOC.

THAT valuable Building Lot forming part of No. 1, situate on the south-west corner of Durham and St. Lawrence Streets, in the incorporated village of Madoc. Frontages on Durham Street, 72 ft. 6 inches, and on St. Lawrence Street (exclusive of a lane 12 ft. in width,) 218 feet 7 inches to Deer Creek.

This lot is situated in the centre of the business portion of the flourishing Village of Madoc, and peculiarly adapted from its unrivalled position for a first class block of buildings.

For terms, &c., apply to the owner,

MRS. JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, 5th March 1880. 154

Waltham Watches

are the most durable as well as the best timers made.

E. L. WEISS

has them for sale at low prices.

—:o:—

He has also a stock of Swiss Lever Watches on hand, in silver and gold, which he offers at great bargains. Gold Rings to suit all, from $1.50 up; also a fine lot of Silver Rings. A large and well assorted stock of Ladies' and Gents' electro-plated and filled or rolled Gold Chains from 80c. up to $9.00; also nickel and silk Vest Chains, fine plated mountings very stylish; a lot of silk and steel Chains cheap. A large and varied stock of Cuff Buttons and Studs at all prices and styles. Lockets and Charms of the best plate and elegant designs; also Necklets, Gold plated Bracelets, Plated Brooches and Barrs in great variety, and Earrings to match from 50c. up to $5.00, scarf Pins and Rings, very handsome, Silver plated Table Knives, Forks and Spoons, Rodger's make, the best in the market, Spectacles and Eyeglasses from 25c. up to $3.50; also a variety of cheap goods in black and pearl rate.

A Splendid Assortment of Clocks!

Time, Strike, Alarm and Calendar, in Nickel and Wood.

Call and examine goods and prices.

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

FOR SALE.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of the thriving Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, situated on Deer Creek, a

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY,

Consisting of three run of old Stock French Bun Stones, with custom and merchant bolts. The mill is driven by water about eight months in the year. There is also a first-class Steam Engine of 40-horsepower connected with it; a Saw Mill in good repair, with Circular Saw; six acres of land, with good Frame Dwelling and Shed. Title indisputable. For further information apply to the owner on the premises, or Madoc post office.

SAMUEL ROLLINS.

Madoc, Nov. 17th, 1880. 190

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

THE NEW

HYMN BOOKS

—OF THE—

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH,

FOR SALE AT

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

—:—

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

—:—

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

'Xmas Groceries!

—o—

FRESH VALENCIA RAISINS,
" SULTANA RAISINS,
" LAYER RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
" CANDIED PEEL,
" SPICES, &c.,
" LEMONS.

Diamond Brand Oysters

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

BEST QUALITY OF GOODS.

LOW PRICES.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Family Grocers and Wine Merchants,

VICTORIA BLOCK,

MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

FALL & WINTER OF 1880-81.

MY STOCK for the Season is now complete, and prices will be found as low as any other House in the trade.

All-Wool Tweeds from 45c up.
Winceys, Plain and Twilled, from 8c up.
Dress Goods from 12½c up.
Prints from 7c up.

BOOTS & SHOES AT LOWEST PRICES.

Hats and Caps from 50c up.

A Large Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

ALL-WOOL SUITS FROM $10 UP.

Tea from 35 to 60c., and all other Groceries at lowest prices.

CROCKERY.—WHITE STONE SETS FROM $2.50 TO $3.50

A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN ROBERTSON,
HARPER'S BLOCK.

MADOC, October 13th, 1880.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

FIRST-CLASS

All Wool Tweed Suits For $6.50.

Diagonal Suits $9.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April, 1881.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Nails, Iron, Steel,
AND
GENERAL
HARDWARE.
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 224. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 14, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

"The Dam" at the foot of Hog Lake having "gone up" owing to the vagaries of the "Comet" or "some other combustible matter," it has become in order for a few outsiders to sympathize with the owners of the old dam, or rather with those who expect to own it, for, as I am told, the actual owners are the "Trust and Loan Company." Now, a statement of the actual facts will show that such sympathy is misplaced. When the Wallbridges bought or "got possession" of the old Downey property at the foot of Hog Lake, there was a Dam up that had been built and used for a long number of years in connection with the Downey saw mill. They (the W's) decided to build a grist mill, and accordingly a large stone grist mill was erected at considerable cost, but they decided the water power was not sufficient then "held in possession," and the next step was taken—not to buy the right to flood lands around the Lake from the owners, but to build a dam back of the old one much higher and flood the lands whether the owners would or not. The W's had purchased no such privileges when they got possession of the Downey property, but in time Highwayman style took it and, being the stronger, let the other parties help themselves as best they could. We all know what that meant—*you must fight a family of Lawyers*—and the poor man felt he had no chance. So the lands were flooded—protests made and laughed at. Time rolled on and the timber on the lands flooded began to decay. Malarial and chill fevers followed and spread around the Lake and over the adjacent country. The unfortunate victims plead for the cause to be removed. They are told they were too ignorant to know the cause, and the dam remained up and the dam builders trafficked on the health of the people and on the water of the Lake. A pathetic (!) appeal was made to the Government of Ontario and the reply was, "the present Laws must be invoked. The old story—fight the Lawyers—and the traffic still went on. But, as the Heathen adage has it, "the Mills of the Gods grind slow but sure and fine." This right of possession, so unrighteously obtained, passed into the hands of the "Trust and Loan Company" by the way of no thanks, and they trade and traffic with the health of the people, and so ends the reading of the first lesson. But a Comet makes its appearance, and one dark night in some mysterious way, the dam "goes up" and the waters run out, and *now the people laugh*. Seriously, Mr. Editor, is it not really asking too much, does it not border on the ludicrous to be told we should feel sorry for what is done? Sorry for what? Sorry that the cause of sickness has been removed? Sorry that less than even handed justice has been meted out to the men who usurped other people's lands? Sorry for the trafficens in the health of this community? Away with such sentimentality! The knaves would like the rest of the world to be taken for fools. They are mistaken this time. The dam is down; let it rest in peace or perforce a greater calamity may happen. Allow me, Mr. Editor, just to say before I finish, would it not be well to make some arrangements as to the village dam? Mr. Rollins is an innocent purchaser, can't he be dealt with in some fair business way so we can have that nuisance abated?

Yours,
A CITIZEN.

It is thought that the first completed section of double track on the Grand Trunk will be that between Toronto and Belleville, and the second that portion between Stratford and Sarnia.

IN CHANCERY!

SHIPMAN VS. BAILEY.

PURSUANT to the degree made in this cause, and dated the 30th day of March, A. D., 1881, there will be sold by Public Auction with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, at SIMMONS' HOTEL in the VILLAGE OF MADOC, on

Thursday the 14th day of July next,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises the property of the late Thomas Bailey.

Parcel No. 1.

Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, & 14 on the south side of the allowance for road between the Townships of Madoc and Huntingdon; lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, & 14 on the north side of Jacob street, each containing ¼ of an acre more or less; Block "A" on the south side of said allowance for road, containing ½ an acre more or less; lot No. 15 on the east side of John street, containing ¼ of an acre more or less; lot No. 16 on the east side of John street, containing 22-100 of an acre more or less; lot No. 17 on the east side of John street, containing 19-100 of an acre more or less; lot No. 18 on the east side of John street, containing 1-5 of an acre more or less, all of said lots being described above according to a plan of part of Township lots Nos. 11 & 12 in the 14th concession of Huntingdon, made by Evans and Bolger, P. L.S., and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Hastings on the 21st day of October, A. D., 1880.

Also Village lots Nos. 50 containing ½ of an acre more or less, 53 containing 1½ acres, 55 containing 32-100 of an acre more or less, all on the west side of Durham street in the Village of Madoc, according to a plan of said Village made by Evans and Bolger, P. L. S., and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Hastings. These lots will be sold separately or *en bloc* at the option of the Master.

Parcel No. 2.

That part of the west ½ of lot No. 12 in the 14 concession of the Township of Huntingdon described as follows:—Commencing at a point in the southerly limit of the Road allowance between the Townships of Huntingdon and Madoc, and at the distance of 2 chains and 50 links measured westerly from the westerly limit of the gravel road leading from Belleville to Madoc, said point being also the north-west angle of lot No. 50 on the plan of the Village of Madoc.

Thence southerly parallel is the said gravel road leading from Belleville to Madoc, and and along the rear of lots Nos. 50, 51, 52, & 53, 10 chains and 54 links more or less to lot No. 54.

Thence south 88 degrees west along the northerly limit of said lot No. 54, 1 chain and 20 links more or less to the water's edge of th Mill Pond. Thence northerly following the water's edge of the Mill Pond and Deer Creek, to the southerly limit of the Road allowance between the Townships of Huntingdon and Madoc. Thence easterly along the southerly limit of said road allowance 1 chain and 90 links more or less to the place of beginning.

Containing by admeasurement 1½ acres, be the same more or less.

Parcel No. 3.

That part of east half of lot No. 11, and the west half of lot No. 12 in the 14th concession of the said Township of Huntingdon described as follows:—Commencing at a point in the northerly limit of the road allowance in front of said 14th concession, and at the centre of said lot No. 11. Thence north 74 degrees east along the said northerly limit of said road allowance 14 chains and 60 links more or less to the premises heretofore conveyed to Jacob Hough Bailey.

Thence north 14 degrees, west along the westerly limit of said Jacob Hough Bailey's land 28 chains and 40 links, more or less, to the north-west angle of said Jacob Hough Bailey's land. Thence north 59 degrees, east along said Bailey's land 3 chains and 10 links, more or less, to the gravel road leading from Belleville to Madoc.

Thence northerly along the westerly limit of said gravel road 11 chains and 81 links, more or less, to the mill property heretofore conveyed to one George L. T. Bull.

Thence south 88 degrees, west along the southerly limit of said mill property 11 chains, more or less, to the south-west angle thereof. Thence northerly along the westerly limit of said mill property 6 chains and 55 links, more or less, to the north-west angle thereof. Thence north 88 degrees, east along the northerly limit of said mill property 1 chain and 65 links, more or less, to the waters edge of the mill pond. Thence easterly and northerly following the waters edge of the mill pond and Deer Creek to the southerly limit of Jacob Street. Thence south 74 degrees, west along the said southerly limit of said Jacob Street 17 chains and 75 links, more or less, to the centre line of lot No. 11. Thence south 10 degrees, 50 min. east along the said centre line of said lot No. 11, 55 chains amd 69 links, more or less, to the place of beginning.

Saving and excepting thereout and therefrom the right of way of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway passing through the south-west angle of said above-described premises.

Containing by admeasurement 89 acres, be the same more or less.

Parcel No. 4.

That part of lot No. 11, in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon described as follows:

Commencing at the distance of 56 chains and 80 links on the side line between lots Nos. 10 and 11 from the south-west corner of said lot No. 11. Thence north along the said side line between lots Nos. 10 and 11 to the north-west corner of said lot No. 11. Thence east along the north side of said lot No. 11 to the north-east corner of said lot No. 11. Thence south along the side line between lots Nos. 11 and 12 to a post on the said side line between lots 11 and 12, planted at a distance of 20 chains and 94 links from the south-east corner of said lot No. 11. Thence westerly on the top of the upper ledge of the rocks, leaving 12 feet of rocks on the north side of the line, to the place of beginning.

The lots mentioned in Parcel No. 1 are well adapted for building sites, most of them being within the limits of the Village of Madoc.

On lot No. 53 in Parcel No. 1 mentioned is situated the residence of the late Thomas Bailey.

Parcel No. 3 is a valuable farm, and lies just outside of the limits of Madoc Village and but a short distance from the station of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway. The soil is good and a large Creek crosses the lot.

The purchasers shall pay down deposits in the proportion of $10 for every $100 of their purchase money, and the balance into Court within two months thereafter.

The properties will be sold subject to reserve bids fixed by the Master.

The other conditions of sale are the standing conditions of the Court of Chancery.

For further particulars apply at the offices of Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Barristers, Belleville; S. B. Burdett, Barrister, Belleville; Messrs. McGee & Jones, Barristers, Oshawa; or at the office of Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

Dated at Belleville, June 14th, 1881.

S. S. LAZIER,
Master.

BELL & BIGGAR,
Agents for McGee & Jones,
Vendor's Solicitors.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENT'ILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thomet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, July 18th,

At 8 o'clock.

C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

7 PER CENT.

We can now offer

PRIVATE MONEY,

on straight loans on farm property,

AT 7 PER CENT.

No commission charged, no foreign companies to deal with, and no delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of

THREE CAR LOADS

OF THE CELEBRATED

"Empress" Brand,

a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!

8c. A FACT! 8c.

OUR WONDERFULLY

CHEAP STORE,

Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as

TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,

Toys, Novelties, &c.

FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.

GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,

REID'S BLOCK.

G. BENNETT.

Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!

Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,

with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville. Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH. BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

Mrs. and Miss Christie

TEACHERS OF THE PIANOFORTE, Organ, and Vocal Music, will receive pupils after the 8th inst. For terms, etc., apply at the Rectory.

Madoc, Jan. 3rd, 1881.

PRIVATE FUNDS!

TO LOAN.

$25,000

Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from

7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,

according to the size and quality of loan.

NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.

NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.

Straight Loans only.

BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

A Short History of how Dominion Notes are Issued, Redeemed, Etc.

CHANGES IN THE BANKING ACT.

A Visit to "The Treasury."

From the Toronto Mail.

On the first of this month the amendments made to the bank charters during the session of 1880 came into force, and as some of these are likely to have a considerable influence on the volume of Dominion notes in circulation, your correspondent has been enquiring generally into the subject of the issues of notes by the Provincial and Dominion Governments, and in what way the system has worked so far, and proposes to lay before your readers the results of his investigations.

PROVINCIAL NOTES.

The first issue of Provincial notes by the old Province of Canada was made under authority of the Act 29-30 Vic., chap. 10, passed during the session of 1866, Sir A. T. Galt being then Minister of Finance. This Act provided that the Government should issue notes of such denominations as may be required, for the purpose of gradually assuming the whole currency, if satisfactory arrangements could be made with the various chartered banks. The arrangements proposed was that the banks should withdraw all their own notes from circulation and substitute for them provincial notes, the banks to be allowed five per cent. per annum on what the average amount of their circulation had been, and also to be relieved of the requirement of the existing Bank Act providing that a certain percentage of bank reserves should be held in provincial debentures. The Act required that the Government should hold a specie reserve of 20 per cent. on the first five millions of notes issued, 25 per cent. on the next five millions, 33⅓ per cent. on the next five millions, and 50 per cent. on all over fifteen millions. The Government was also to hold provincial debentures equal to the difference between the gold reserve and the total amount of notes issued. The Act came into force on the 1st October, 1866. It was not compulsory on the banks to withdraw their own notes and substitute those of the province, and only one bank—the Bank of Montreal—made the necessary arrangements with the Government and substituted provincial notes for its own. This arrangement expired, by limitation, with the bank's charter in 1871, and was not renewed.

GOVERNMENT RESUMING ITS POWERS.

There was a good deal of controversy at the time about the expediency of the Government issuing its own notes, and fears were expressed that this was only the preliminary step towards establishing a national bank of issue. Sir A. T. Galt repudiated any such intention, and said, "They (the Government) did not wish to control the banks, nor to be lenders or traders in money, but to use the machinery of the banks to effect a loan with our own people. They were but resuming a power which the Government undoubtedly had a right to resume when the interests of the country required it, and it was right the people should enjoy the profits of their circulation." The bills used under this Act were of the denominations of $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50, and $500, and by a return, dated 3rd July, 1867, it appears that the amount issued up to Confederation was :—

Payable at Montreal		$2,189,235
Payable at Toronto		1,123,458
		$3,312,693
Against which was held,		
Specie at Montreal	$ 451,000	
Specie at Toronto	243,333	
Debentures	3,000,000	3,694,333.
Excess of revenue		$381,640

During the session of 1868, after Confederation, the Act was extended to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the circulation somewhat increased, as by a return, dated 7th July, 1869, it was then $4,792,000, of which $3,202,727 was payable at Montreal, $1,205,273 at Toronto, and $384,000 at Halifax. These notes have now nearly passed out of existence, and although by the returns dated 31st May, 1881, $185,273 appears as outstanding unpaid, it is believed that a large percentage—probably more than one-half—has been lost or destroyed and will never be presented for payment, while the bulk of the balance is held by the banks. A provincial note is now quite a rarity, and very few are presented to the Assistant Receiver-General for redemption.

DOMINION NOTES.

The Act authorizing the present issue of Dominion notes is 31 Vic., chap. 46, and came into effect on 1st July, 1870, Sir Francis Hincks being then Finance Minister; and some amendments have since been made. The failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, the Commercial Bank, and some banks in the Lower Provinces, and the consequent depreciation of their notes and loss to the public, induced the Government to take greater precaution for the security of note-holders; and when the bank charters were amended, in 1871, not only were they required to hold a larger percentage of specie and Government notes and bonds, but they were not permitted to issue notes of a lower denomination than £1 currency ($4). This led to an increased issue of Dominion notes, and the Dominion Notes Act was amended so as to allow the Government to issue $12,000,000, on $9,000,000 of which 20 per cent. gold reserve was to be kept, and on $3,000,000, 50 per cent. Should any issue over $12,000,000 be made, dollar for dollar had to be kept in gold. This Act worked very well, and the issue rapidly increased until it reached the maximum which the Government could issue without keeping a dollar in gold for every dollar in paper issued. In the practical working of the Act, however, it was found that it did not quite satisfactorily obtain one of the results expected of it, which was to furnish the public at large with plenty of small bills which would pass at par in any part of the Dominion, and about the value of which there could be no doubt. The banks preferred to hold these notes instead of gold, and to keep up the circulation of their own $4 and $5 notes as much as possible, so that there was frequent complaints of the scarcity of small bills, and the difficult of getting them from the banks, which were not obliged to issue them unless they pleased to. To obviate this difficulty some

IMPORTANT AMENDMENTS

were made in the Banking Act passed during the session of 1880, and which went into effect on the first of July inst, and also in the Dominion Notes Act. The latter was amended so that the issue might be increased to $20,000,000, provided that not more than $1,000,000 be issued at one time, nor more than $4,000,000 in one year, the reserve to be held to consist of 15 per cent. in gold, 10 per cent. in Dominion securities guaranteed by the Imperial Government, and 75 per cent. in unguaranteed bonds of the Dominion, the Finance Minister having the power to sell the guaranteed and unguaranteed securities at any time, and purchase gold, should a demand arise. It will thus be seen that provision has been made for the immediate redemption of the whole issue in gold should such an unlikely and improbable necessity ever arise. This Act, by allowing the Government to hold part of the reserve in guaranteed bonds, released about $2,000,000 of gold which had been lying idle in the banks, and thereby saved interest on that amount. By the amended Bank Act the banks are required to hold at least 40 per cent. of this reserve in Dominion notes, and are not permitted to issue, or re-issue, any note for less than $5, or not being a multiple of five. Perhaps the most important amendment, however, is contained in sub-section 3 of section 12, which reads as follows :—

"Any such bank, when making any payment, shall, at the request of the person to whom the payment is to be made, pay the same, or such part thereof not exceeding fifty dollars, as such person may request, in Dominion notes for one or for two dollars each, at the option of the receiver." This, it will be seen, entitles any person drawing money out of a bank to

DEMAND $50 IN DOMINION NOTES,

which will tend to at once relieve the pressure for small bills and remove the difficulties now frequently experienced in making change. There is no doubt but that the increased issues of small notes will be of great service to the commercial community, and the fact that a reasonable quantity can always be demanded from any bank will be a very great convenience. There is one thing that must always be remembered with reference to Dominion notes. And it is this, that they are always at par in any part of the Dominion. Almost every other note issued in the Dominion is subject to a slight discount outside of the province in which it is issued, Ontario or Quebec bank notes being at a discount in the Maritime Provinces, and Nova Scotia or New Brunswick bank notes being at a discount in Ontario or Quebec, but Dominion notes are always a legal tender for their face value in any part of the Dominion. This is worth remembering by parties going from one province to another.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NOTES.

One and two dollar Dominion notes are familiar to everyone, but still it may not be quite unprofitable to say something about their general appearance. There are two issues of ones and twos, the issue dated 1st July, 1870, and that dated 1st June, 1878, known as the "Dufferin issue," from the fact of there being a vignette of the Countess on the $1 bills, and of Lord Dufferin on the $2 bills. On the ones of the issue of 1870 there is a vignette of Jacques Cartier, and on the twos vignettes of General Wolfe and Montcalm. Although all my readers are, doubtless, familiar with the ones and twos, probably very few of them have ever seen any of the larger denominations, $50, $100, $500, and $1,000, which are mostly held by the banks as reserve. To give some idea of the quantity of such denomination outstanding, I will give the last published return, dated 31st May, as follows :

Fractional currency	$ 148,099
$1 and $2	3,996,194
$5, $10, $20	77,355
$50 and $100	844,000
$500 and $1,000	9,186,500
	$4,252,148

Included in this amount is the $185,273 of outstanding provincial notes already referred to. To return to the description of the bills: The $50 bills have in the upper centre an allegorical picture of Mercury enlightening the world; the $100 bills have a fine engraving of the Parliment buildings; the $500 bills a vignette of the Queen, and the $1,000 bills the coat of arms of Ontario.

PRINTING THE NOTES, ETC.

The notes are engraved and printed by the British North America Bank Note Company; and are all very handsome specimens of both engraving and printing. The ones and twos are printed in sets of four each; that is, on each plate there are four $1 or $2 notes, as the case may be, marked A, B, C, D, and known by those figures as series A, &c., of Toronto, or Montreal, according to where they are made payable. The $50 and $100, and the $500 and $1,000 are printed in pairs, that is, the $50 and $100 are engraved on one plate, and so with the $500 and $1,000. The utmost care is exercised at every stage of the process of printing. The paper is especially prepared bank note paper, and each sheet is carefully counted before being given out for printing, and checked back when printed. Every sheet must be accounted for, and if the printer is unlucky enough to spoil or destroy a sheet he has to "account for it" by the simple process of paying its face value. On the notes being finished they are sent in packages to Ottawa for registration and signature, after which they are ready for issue. The packages of ones and twos uniformly contain 4,000 notes each; the other denominations vary according to the number required to keep a sufficient supply on hand. On receipt at Ottawa the notes are deposited in the vaults (of which I shall treat further on), and are countersigned and registered as required for issue. There is a separate book kept for each series of each place of redemption, as for instance, Montreal A, Montreal B, Toronto A, Toronto B, etc., and every note is entered with the date of its issue and to whom issued, and is marked off when it returns to Ottawa after redemption. The signing of the notes is done by five clerks. In the vault are five strong tin boxes, each just large enough to hold one package of 4,000 notes. These boxes are numbered from one to five, and are secured by patent locks, to each of which there is but one key, which is kept by the clerk having charge of the box. When a package is to be signed it is first counted and checked, then put in the box and handed to the clerk, and he is responsible for the package until it is all signed, counted, and found to be correct. The object in having the box is this: it usually takes two days or more to sign a package, and at the close of each day's work the clerk locks up signed and unsigned notes together, and deposits his box in the vault, so that no one has access to them but himself from the time he first received them until he has finished signing. Half a package a day is considered good work; but on one occasion some years ago when there was a sudden demand for $1 bills two of the clerks signed 4,000 each in six hours, a feat of which they were slightly proud.

HOW THE NOTES ARE ISSUED.

Dominion notes pass into general circulation—that is, those that do pass into general circulation, for large quantities never get any further than the banks—through three general channels, the Assistant Receivers-General, the Government savings banks, and the banks generally. There is an Assistant Receiver-General at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg and Victoria, and all payments made by them for interest on bonds, etc., are made in Dominion notes; so are all payments made by Government savings banks; and the chartered banks take large quantities at times as they need them for their reserve. Assistant-Receivers-General are bound to redeem in gold any Dominion note made payable at their office; but the Assistant Receiver-General at Toronto is not bound to give gold in Toronto for a note redeemable in Montreal. As a matter of fact, however, they do cash small notes when presented, no matter where they are payable, but larger notes have to be presented at the proper office for redemption. The reason for refusing to cash large notes, except at the proper office, is that it is considered that it would be unfair to the banks, who, if it were done, would be deprived of a part of their legitimate business, for parties wishing to transfer a quantity of gold from one part of the Dominion to another would not purchase bank exchange, as they have to do now, if they knew that Dominion notes would be cashed indiscriminately by an Assistant Receiver-General. To give an instance: no issue of Dominion notes redeemable at Winnipeg has yet been made, but the Assistant Receiver-General there redeems small notes—that in ones and twos—of any issue offered him; now, if he redeemed large ones also, any person wishing to transfer say $5,000 in gold from Toronto to Winnipeg, could so to the Assistant Receiver-General in Toronto, deposit his gold, take five notes of $1,000 each, present them to the Assistant Receiver-General in Winnipeg and demand gold, and go get his gold transferred from Toronto to Winnipeg without risk or expense himself, and to the manifest disadvantage of some bank, which would otherwise have ¼ or ½ per cent., or whatever the rate of exchange may be, on the transaction.

REDEMPTION, DESTRUCTION, ETC.

No note is ever issued more than once from Ottawa, but Assistant Receivers-General reissue notes as long as they are in good condition for circulation. Like the Magician they are constantly giving "new lamps for old;" for whenever a note gets worn out or mutilated it has only to be taken to the nearest Assistant Receiver-General, and so long as the signatures and number can be identified, he will give a new one for it. When a note is received which is unfit for further use, the Assistant Receiver-General cancels it by cutting off the signatures, and every month all such cancelled notes are forwarded to Ottawa for destruction. From Toronto and Montreal the average is about 40,000 to 50,000 notes each of all denominations sent in monthly, and from Halifax and St. John about 5,000 each. On receipt at Ottawa the notes are carefully counted, checked, sorted, and marked off in the books already mentioned. This work is done by a staff of twenty ladies, who work alternate months, that is, ten are on duty this month, and the other ten next month; they are paid by the day, and the work is satisfactorily performed. The notes are finally disposed of by being placed in a large furnace, under lock and key, and solemnly cremated in the presence of two officers of the department.

THE HOME OF THE NOTES.

By permission of Sir Leonard Tilley, your correspondent was allowed the privilege—never before enjoyed by a newspaper representative, or indeed by anyone else, except the officers of the department—of visiting the vault of the Finance Department, and seeing the manner in which the notes are kept. The vault is justly considered to be the most perfect and thoroughly fire and burglar-proof vault in the Dominion of Canada. When the present Government returned to power it was found that the accommdation for safe-keeping the notes, bonds, and other valuable securities of the Dominion was not so secure as their great value demanded; and therefore a new vault was built, which has now been in use for some time, and is found to answer excellently the purpose for which it was intended. It is about eight feet high, being divided into two stories, but having only one entrance, the lower storey being reached through a trap-door in the flooring of the upper storey. The lower storey is unused at present. The upper one is divided into two compartments, the smaller of which is devoted to the storage of unsigned notes, of which several dozen packages of each denomination are neatly piled upon shelves. In the larger or outer compartment, as it is the first one enters, is a large safe, made by Edwards, of Montreal, which is known as "The Treasury," and in that is kept all the signed notes, bonds, and other valuable securities. It may be as well to state here that no gold whatever is kept in the vault, that being all kept in the vaults of the Assistant Receivers-General, at the places where notes are made payable. "The Treasury" is one of Edwards' most perfect safes, secured by two combination locks, and is believed to be as absolutely fire-proof as it is possible to make a safe. Within it is a book in which its contents are registered, everything either taken out or put into "The Treasury" being duly recorded. There is no gas in the vault, which is not very dark, but a drop light from the gas in the passage without may be used if necessary. There are double doors to the vault, which were made by J. & J. Taylor, of Toronto, and are beautiful specimens of workmanship. There are no keys, the locks being combination ones, and each door has sixteen bolts, which are shot simultaneously. The doors are locked by different combinations, and the vault can only be opened by two clerks, each of whom has the combination of one lock. There is also a time lock to the outer door, which is set to open at a certain hour, and until that hour arrives combinations are useless. The clock can be set to run forty-six hours, so as to go from Saturday night until Monday morning.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

Formerly the charge of Dominion notes formed part of the department of the Receiver-General, but on the amalgamation of that department with the Finance Department the different officers connected with the Dominion notes became somewhat scattered, and the notes have not been under the control of any one officer. In view of the expected increase of issue after 1st July, it has been decided to form a branch to be known as the "Dominion Notes Branch," under charge of Mr. F. Toller, who has been appointed Controller of the Currency. Mr. Toller is a gentleman in every way fitted for the position, having been upwards of ten years in the Finance Department, and having previously had several years' experience in the Bank of British North America and the Bank of British Columbia. All the officers connected with the note branch will be brought together in the western wing of the Finance Department, and some improvements which experience has shown to be advisable will be introduced. I may say, however, that I do not believe there is any present intention of issuing any new denomination, or of changing the present notes in appearance.

In conclusion, I may say that the fears expressed by Sir Richard Cartwright and other "eminent" Grit financiers that the extension of the amount to be issued by the Government might lead to a sudden inflation of the currency have—like many other Grit fears and prophecies—no chance whatever of fulfilment. It is now thirteen months since the Dominion Notes Act was amended, and an increased issue provided for, and so far the actual increase has only been $1,647,419. On the 30th April, 1880, the issue stood as follows :—

Fractional currency	$ 121,307
$1 and $2	3,369,100
$5, $10, $20	83,222
$50, $100	732,600
$500, $1,000	8,298,500
	$12,604,729

By comparing this with the circulation on 31st May, 1881, given above, it will be seen that there is an increase of about $1,000,000 in notes of $50 and upwards, which is accounted for by the banks—which have nearly the whole of these denominations issued—having now to keep 7½ per cent. more of their reserve in Dominion notes than they were required to do under the old Act. The other increase is in $4 and $2 notes, about $600,000, and shows that the amount of additional currency, was needed for the business of the country. As the $4 bills of the banks are being retired since the 1st, a larger number of ones and twos are required to take their place, and the increasing prosperity of the country will undoubtedly give employment to a larger volume of currency; but the increase will probably be gradual, and it may be several years before the maximum of $20,000,000 is reached.

AGRICULTURE.

BY A PRACTICAL AGRICULTURALIST.

The Hay Field.

Timothy more than any other grass should be cut in full bloom; if allowed to ripen seed, the quality of the hay is inferior. If the haying is begun early enough, there may not be that rush and hurry so often seen upon the farm. Use the mower after the dew is off, and cut only as much as can be well cared for. Where the hay-tedder is used, and it is being yearly more employed, it should soon follow the mowing machine. Frequent stirring of the grass to give access of air, without its burning the surface in the sun, is a great advantage in the proper curing of hay. In most cases, grass cut in the forenoon, and stirred with the tedder, will be ready to go into cocks late in the afternoon. It pays to cock the hay, rather than leave it exposed to the heavy dew and hot morning sun. The sweating that partly cured hay undergoes in the cock, makes it more relished by the live stock. Hay caps are valuable, protecting the hay from injury by showers, and pay for themselves, sometimes in the protection they give in one hard storm.

Every summer we hear of deaths caused by the use of ice water; even the drinking of large quantities of cold water from the well, when one is overheated, is often injurious. It is better to drink moderately cool water frequently, than to wait until one is excessively thirsty, and then take ice water or even very cold well-water. Water may be kept sufficiently cool by covering the jug or or other vessel with cloths which are to be kept moist. Nothing is better in the hay field than the old-fashioned farmer's drink, "Switchell." This consists of molasses and water, with enough vinegar to give a pleasant sharpness; some ginger is usually added. This satisfies thirst and is always very welcome to the hands, who appreciate any such provision for comfort.

Flower Garden and Lawn.

The lawn to be orderly and fine, requires to be mowed at least once a week. The sickle should be used wherever the lawn mower can not go. It looks even worse than not to mow at all to neglect the portions near the shrubs, etc. The paths will need occasional raking to keep out the weeds. The edges should be trimmed at frequent intervals. Bedding plants should be out now, and if ornamental designs are attempted, they will need much attention from the start that the lines may be kept distinct. Neatness is the test of a good flower garden. A little well kept is much more satisfactory than a large place, but half way neat and clean, and a slovenly garden is worse than none at all.

"Our" Money.

Before the day of your marriage buy a nice bureau; have a fine lever lock with two keys put on one of the little drawers. Have it taken to your chamber, and when you conduct your wife to that room, hand her one of the keys and say to her: "Into that drawer I shall put all our money. It is *ours*, not mine. If you wish to know what we can afford, you may find out by opening that drawer. Go to it whenever you need money." You may be a wise man, you may be what they call "smart as lightning," but you will never perform another act as wise or as smart as this. I began my married life in that way, and have constantly looked back to it as the happiest step in my life.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

Dean Lake, of Durham, has married Miss Katherine Gladstone, niece of the Premier.

The Presbyterian Church in Comnock Scotland, desiring to replace its harmonium with an organ, held a raffle or lottery for the harmonium, selling 641 tickets at $1 25 each.

The Free Church Assembly of Scotland consisted of 738 members, yet the body was not considered unwieldy. The contributions of the Church to religious objects last year amounted to $2,900,000.

The yearly meeting of Friends in England reports 14,871 members, a gain the past year of 106. The rapid decline of the last half century stopped a few years ago and now a small annual increase is reported.

The Rev. George Dodds writes from France that the evangelical work there has doubled in three years and four months the number of its stations. A new meeting has just been opened at Versailles, and the work has succeeded beyond all expectations at Roubaix and Croix.

The Rev. Joseph Wan S. Taylor, a missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church at Gujerat, Southern India, expired suddenly in Edinburgh recently. Originally connected with the London Missionary Society, Mr. Taylor was a fellow-student of David Livingstone at Ongat.

The British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews reports receipts for the past year of $31,785, and expenditures of $32,835. It was stated that in results it had been the best year in the history of the society. The anti-Semitic agitation on the Continent was severely condemned at the annual meeting.

Four hundred and fifty missionaries in London last year made 3,143,801 visits, distributed 17,560 Bibles and portions of Scripture, and 4,004,612 tracts, received 2,188 new communicants, restored to communion 364, reclaimed 2,508 drunkards, rescued 500 fallen women, induced 5,746 to attend public worship, and sent 3,563 children to school.

The Presbyterian Assemby, of Wales, reports 118,251 members against 58,813 in 1851, with upwards of 100,00 adherents and 163,373 Sunday scholars. The denomination has to-day 1,334 chapels and preaching stations, and 957 ministers ordained and non-ordained. As many as 7,300 people were received into membership last year. The income was £157,348.

Mrs. Murray Mitchell, who has been visiting the English Presbyterian missionaries at Amoy, China, writes: "I am very sorry to say that binding the foot is as common and imperative a fashion as ever. It is not connected with religion, it is a purely social custom, and girls are supposed not be marriageable unless it is complied with. Even among the Christians it is hard to get it dispensed with."

The Rev. Herbert Pelham, son of the Bishop of Norwich, has lost his life by an accident in Switzerland. On Sunday he preached at Glion. At 4 o'clock on Monday he and his brother had three hours' mountain walk. They had just started back, at 8 o'clock, the Rev. Sydney Pelham leading, when, hearing a rush, he turned and saw the deceased falling rapidly headlong past him. When picked up, 80 yards below, he was quite dead.

The Rev. Fleming Stevenson was chosen Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Assembly which met in Dublin recently. Both the new and the retiring Moderator spoke with great regret of the very small number of candidates. This is partly because the inducements are so small. Dr. Stevenson said, with satisfaction, that the colleges of the Church were well equipped. The Theological Hall in Belfast had nearly $300,000 in endowment.

The Rowland Hill Memorial Fund Committee recently had an interview with Dean Stanley in regard to the remission of the fee of £250 asked for the erection of the bust in Westminister Abbey. The Dean explained that the payment, which had been fixed a long time ago, was devoted to the repair of the fabric of the Abbey, and, indeed, when he desired to erect a bust of his old friend, John Keble, he paid the money out of his own pocket.

The London City Mission employs 449 missionaries. At its recent annual meeting it was said that a "portion of the population of London is as irreligious as any of the tribes to be found in the remotest and most uncivilized quarters of the globe. It appears from some of the Police reports that in London alone there are no less than 30,000 regular thieves, 150,000 habitual gin-drinkers, and 150,000 persons living in systematic debauchery and vice."

Considerable excitement has been caused in Calcutta by an issuing of an order prohibiting preaching in the public squares without permission from the city authorities. The missionaries interpret this as a movement against their liberties and protest in strong terms against it. The Mayor, Mr. Harrison, says the only purpose of the order is to preserve peace and order in the public squares, and that all missionaries may have permission to use them for the asking.

Mexican Antiquities.

The most extraordinary discovery that has gladdened the hearts of Mexican antiquaries for years was made last Thursday by Capt. Eavans, of Chicago. Under a dilapidated Indian hut, which stood on the place that once formed the favorite garden of the Texcocan "poet prince," Netzanualcoyotol, Capt. Eavans found a stone slab, 8 feet by 6, covered with hieroglyphs, and near the centre of it a clearly cut calendar, similar to the far-famed "Aztec Calendar stone" which is now attached to the Cathedral in St. Louis and as to which, by the way, Senor Alfredo Chavero, an archæologist who has devoted three years to the study of the Aztec "Calendar stone," contends that it was simply an altar dedicated to the sun god, and he has written a work to prove the correctness of his theory. It may be that the discovery made by Capt. Eavans, taken in connection with the researches of the Mexican antiquarian, will lead to the development of interesting facts relative to the theogony of the Azteean and Texocan deities. Fortunately Mr. Bishop, who is here sketching, happened to join Capt. Eavans that day and made a sketch of the slab a few minutes after it was exhumed.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Tin Wedding Presents—Advertising Belles Waifs.

Can a young lady who is everlastingly knitting her eyebrows be called industrious

The Age of Discretion—The age when company airs can be put on or taken off as necessity demands.

When a woman arrives at the age of 35 without accumulating a husband, she enjoys attending one funeral more than a dozen balls.

"We Kissed Beneath the Moonlight" is the title of a new [song. Reckless creatures, don't you know "the heavens are telling?"

The latest sweet thing for the ladies is ivory heels on wedding slippers. When the first-born gets old enough to get into mischief the ivory heels should be removed.

"Won't you please play us something Miss Hammerandbang?" asked Fogg. "I should like to ever so much," she said, looking at her watch, "but really I have no time." "So I have heard, replied Fogg; "but we will overlook that, you know."

At the Summer Resort—First week, ladies, is given to showing your dresses; second week, to telling where you went last year; third week, to talking about the Browns, who have gone home; fourth week, to complaints of the house. After the fourth week, life at a summer resort is insufferably dull.

"Mr. De Lindsay is a man of scientific attainments," said his friend. "I believe you," she added smilingly. "He is a great inventor." "Yes; he's been engaged for some time on an apparatus for harnessing hydraulic pressure." "Indeed; but that isn't what I alluded to. Last night he told me he loved me."

Said Mrs. Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?" Edith—"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too!" Mrs. Smith—"Is she?" Edith—"Yes, m'm; she said she hoped you'd come to-day, and have it over with." Mamma blushes scarlet, but Mrs. Smith simply smiles.

A young man has just been married. On the evening of the happy day he observes the bride carefully restoring her bouquet of orange blossoms within a globe of glass prepared for the purpose. Much surprised, he inquires the reason. She, with a charming smile, replies, "But, my dear, I may be able to keep it for the next time."

A little pair of gloves that yet
Retain the smell of clover,
And just a tinge of mignonette;
I turn them vaguely over,
And wonder how the girl I kissed—
That night she promised to be true—
Could jam a number seven fist
Into a paltry number two.

Tin Wedding Presents.

The inventor who began to make tin wedding presents by wholesale, says the New York *Sun*, died in this city recently. He was born in London, and for many years carried on a wholesale flower business in Liverpool. Then he went into the tinware business in this city, in Forty-first street, near Ninth avenue. Although Mr. Musgrove first become a practical tinner, yet he remained a scientific florist at heart, and one day it occurred to him that he might bring flowers and tin together by making tin bouquets for tin weddings. He wisely chose such flowers for the purpose as are remarkable for pretty shapes rather than for color. Marigolds and asters, field daisies and buttercups, calla and tiger lilies, tulips, camellias, and roses were imitated faithfully, even to their stamens and pistils; but orchids, fuchsias, and begonias were too complicated in structure to be taken as patterns, while forget-me-nots, mignonette, and lilies of the valley were too delicate to be thought of for a moment. The arrangement of the tin flowers in a bouquet was after the manner of natural flowers, and the inventor conceived the happy notion of constructing a little tank in the tulip that crowned the bouquet, in which such perfumes as new-mown hay, heliotrope, japonica, or violet might be carried so that their fragrance should be dispensed by the wedding guest who carried the tin flowers.

Rival tinners in this city openly declared that the inventor was a vaporing sentimentalist. At the wedding, they asked, had not the presents always been of kitchen ware, useful and not ornamental? Why, then, try to get up mock fancy articles? But Mr. Musgrove replied that everybody liked fun at a wedding, and that he believed he could help it along. Common kitchen utensils which had been presented at the wedding, he added, are soon mixed up with the "boughten" wares, and thus the precious fact that they were presents from dear friends is lost to mind. Quaint and fanciful articles made from tin would be preserved as souvenirs.

So from time to time Mr. Musgrove invented new articles of tin suitable for tin weddings. His sons, who succeed to his business, now proudly exhibit a great glass case in the most conspicuous place in their manufactory. It is filled with gleaming samples of the curious wares. The designs number eighty. Among the most curious are baskets of tin flowers hand and buttons hole bouquets, such musical instruments as banjos, cornets, drums, trumpets, fifes, flutes, and violins; tin wheelbarrows and schoomers three feet long, with bellying tin sails; coal hods, flat-irons, hatchets and hand saws, fog horns five feet long, walking-sticks, cradles, watches, and chains such as Eph Horn used to wear on the minstrel stage, wedding cards, writing desks, brooches and breastpins, women's belts and sandal boots, fans, bracelets and feathers, ear-rings and epaulets, brushes and combs, chains and crosses, crowns and coronets, finger-rings and sleeve-buttons, spectacles, slippers and neck-ties, lockets and chains, napkin-rings, pitchers, cake baskets and card baskets, egg cups, birds, bells, knives and forks, quill pens, razors in a case, rolling pins and sugar tongs, spoons, and cakes. The cakes are made to represent wedding cake, and a bunch of tin flowers is soldered to the top. The cake, however, has no bottom, and it can be used to cover a genuine wedding cake. The most striking objects simulated in tinware are a man's silk hat and a woman's English walking hat. On one side of the hat is a wreath of flowers, while on the opposite side of the crown waves a tin feather. Two ribbons of tin hang down at an angle of 45 degrees behind, and in front is a tin pompon.

WONT PAY RENT.

Causes of Irish Discontent—Responsibility of the Land League.

Dub'in Cor. London Telegraph.

So long as you allow the "foinest pisanthry" to live on the land without paying for it, never ask them for rent, never talk of evictions—they are as peacable as the police can almost desire. They may clip off an ear or two from a neighbor with whom they have a dispute, or may let their native mirthfulness have play in the direction of houghing a landlord's cattle. They may even go to the length of killing a landlord or squireen, and it will not disturb the public peace. But supposing that a landowner having a heavily mortgaged estate, upon which not only he and his family, but his "sisters and cousins and his aunts" must all live too, and the income from which, at the best of times, never quite sufficed for his wants, ventures to talk of making the tenants pay, and goes to the length of threatening to evict those who could pay, but will not do so, then the government may count on having to deal with an uproar. It may occur in any village at any time; for, unless the government be prepared to say, "We will not assist the land-owner in obtaining his lawful rights in a lawful way," it must support the server of processes with policemen, protect those policemen with soldiery, and prepare for a fight which is fully sure to come off. That is the state of affairs in a nutshell. The Land League has encouraged the non-payment of rent. The tenants have jumped at the idea, and have resolved to pay none. Many of them could pay with ease if they would, and the landlords, knowing this, decide to evict them if they do not pay. A riot is the consequence, there is a fight, some people are injured, and wild exaggeration does the rest.

You hear of "awful massacres," of the soldiers charging the mob, of "many wounded," and "great excitement," and the natural inference is that the country is in a state of rebellion. It is no such thing. The people are in a bad state of mind, thanks to the agitators who have gone amongst them counselling them to pay no rent, and declaring that the land belongs to the people and shall soon be in the hands of the tenants only, and being in this bad state of mind they are ready for any folly. But did it appear conclusively proved to them to-morrow that they would have to pay the rent, no matter how much they resisted, there would be an end to all the trouble at once. Meanwhile, however, the Land League, which effects to deplore these "terrible scenes," only encourages the disturbance. Take the meeting held in Dublin the other day. After a violent speech by a Catholic priest, which wound up with a speech against the government, should it suppress the Land League, and the announcement that nearly £1,500 had been received by the League in shape of subscriptions during the week, chiefly from America, the secretary proceeded to read out a list of cases of evicted persons to be aided by money grants. Note what form the recommendations took. The people who had continued after eviction to prevent anyone else from taking the farms they had left, thus causing the ground to lie waste, were announced to be particularly deserving of support, and, like those whose names were read out to the Pickwickian Temperance Society, such persons were received with tremendous applause. Thus Michael O'Brien, evicted in September, 1877, who was stated to have carefully watched his farm and had kept it still waste, gained a regular eviction and £10 reward, his method of "watching" not being inquired into, of course; while Nicholas Noonan, turned away by Lord Ardilaun in 1879 under circumstances which any reasonable man would approve, received £5 for having kept a "grip on the land" ever since. These are but two cases of many; the list was of a piece all the way through, and some thirty or forty of these poor farmers got £250 or so divided among them. What was done with rest of the money I do not know—possibly that goes as a reward to whoever "keeps a grip" on it. For "keeping a grip" on anything is a great virtue in Ireland just now. Still, this is all very deplorable, for the Land League might put a stop to the agitation to-morrow if it so pleased. Were it once to advise those tenants who can pay to hand over the rent to landlords, the evictions would speedily cease, for the landlords are quite aware that it is not to their interest to press unduly the really impecunious.

The Old Horses and the New.

As soon as our three most illustrious Eastern colonists, the Byerley Turk, and Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin horse of unknown parentage, had established themselves and their families in the land, the breeding of the English race-horse may be said to have consumed itself. Older foreign sires helped to feed the descents for awhile; thus Brilliant has little or nothing to do with Byerley Turk, and King Herod is perhaps the last horse of renown who is a stranger in blood to the Godolphin. Still the three families were inextricably intertwined 100 years ago, and have gone on combining and recombining themselves ever since, so that for all practical purposes there are three genealogies, and three only, still in their pristine vigor. Setting aside exceptional animals, from 1750 let us say, to 1815, or thereabout, the English race-horse was perhaps at his best. The 2-year-old races, though creeping in during the latter half of this period, were not yet very general; there were, consequently, fewer wretches, and the good, swifter or not swifter, were of a more valuable sort and a richer national possession. * * * The real difference between the old set and the new set of animals seem to be this: That whereas the earlier runners thought nothing of contesting three four-mile races in a week, and kept their power of doing this year after year, the modern flyer who accomplishes three miles once in his career and does not break down until after he has ceased to be a colt is considered a prodigy.

A LARGE clothing establishment in Paris is employing with success a number of magneto-electric machines for the transmission of power from the basement to the top of the building.

THROUGH NORTH AMERICA.

The Varied Experiences of the Duke of Sutherland's Party.

Arrived at New York on their way back to England, the Duke of Sutherland and Dr. W. H. Russell have been subjected to the usual interviewing ordeal. When the party were here the illustrious pair were very uncommunicative, but in New York they have been gracious enough to unbosom themselves.

The Duke said:—"We have seen ever so much, and would have liked very much to remain longer in some of the towns to see more of the people. We pushed on to the Pacific coast, and gave a good deal of attention to the question of trans-continental travel. We reached the Pacific by way of the Southern Pacific road, and went 300 miles out of our way through a hot and comparatively desert region because the Atlantic and Pacific road was not finished. Rightly built and properly managed, that road should be an important part of your railway system. It makes a most direct cut for the Pacific, through a fertile region I am told, and it ought to develop a large local traffic, and do good work in connecting the East with the West. It should be a well-constructed line, capable of having trains run at high speed. I think these lines ought to get a large share of the traffic which now goes by way of the Suez Canal, between India and Great Britain. Such a way of reaching the Old Country would be very pleasant, as it would give one a view of this country and introduce a very agreeable variety. I think there would be enough passenger travel to keep four lines running across the western plains, and I have no doubt that all the lines now projected or in progress will turn out to be good properties. Here you see," said the Duke, unfolding a large map of the Western country, crossed in several directions with red lines to indicate the route over which the ducal party had travelled, "what a short route it is, and taking the entire line to the East, 500 miles of travel may be saved, and that is no slight jaunt. The present roads might be very much improved by increasing the speed. It is all well enough when the trains are going, but the long waits at the stations are annoying. Think of four hours standing on a siding! I think we lost a full day on the Southern Pacific by this dilly-dallying process. The roads, too, are not built specially strong, though that, I think, is a matter in which they will improve as the travel becomes heavier. Already they are taking out wooden bridges and putting in iron girders. The Pennsylvania road is a magnificent one, and is fully up, I think, to any of our first-class English roads. What struck me as a great novelty was the making of cast-iron wheels at Altoona, in the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It was certainly a very ingenious plan. The third rail, too, was very unique, and answered its purpose admirably, giving the road the effect of a siding, while in fact there was not a full siding."

"Did you see anything that could be introduced to advantage on the English roads?"

"Well, no; I cannot say that I did. Of course our carriages are not as comfortable as your first-class cars, but who wants a Pullman saloon car on our roads, where the longest ride you can take is for twenty-seven hours. One can get along very well for that time in such cars as we have, and I think that speed and safety are more important factors to be looked after. Here, where you may travel for a week on the rail, you need such conveniences as you have, and they answer the purpose admirably. I can best compare my trip for so many days with so much comfort, to a yachting trip. Call it yachting on dry land with wheels instead of a keel below you, and you express the idea capitally. It is so pleasant to be able to do so much work as is involved in travelling so many miles, and yet have no accompanying fatigue. If we had gone home by to-day's steamer we would have reached England after an absence of just ten weeks. In that time we would have gone over 20,000 miles, and we don't look much like weather-beaten or toilsome pilgrims. I regret that there should be such a want of confidence at home in your railroad plans and schemes. Out West at one place a pier had been built at much expense, but a railroad company wanted it out of the way, so they simply put a gang of men to work and tore it out by the roots as it were. They left only the stub of the pier, and there seemed to be no redress for the pier people. They seemed to think nothing of rooting up the pier." "No," said Dr. Russell, who was within ear-shot, "and they would think no more of rooting up the peerage." This drew a disapproving groan from the Duke, who continued:

"We had abundant opportunity of seeing much of your mining country, taking in Denver and Leadville and such places on our way. The immigration seems to be very large, but there is an abundance of room yet. Almost everywhere we went we met Englishmen and Scotchmen, and they seem to be doing well. On the Western border we saw many Chinese, and though the feeling is very strong in some quarters against them they seem to be a very necessary element in that conglomerate population; I don't see how it would be possible to get along without them. We shall not do much more railroad sight-seeing, but will take a look at the watering places. I should like very much to come back to America and get up into Oregon, and see the country there. I heard so much of it that my curiosity was very much excited. Now you ask me what struck me as most novel in my American experience. Well, the interviewer. He was everywhere, improving as we came nearer to New York. In one case out West the interviewer confessed that he regarded interest first, and truth afterwards, but he was an exception. It is not so here, and I cannot say that I complain of being interviewed. It is not one of the American novelties, however, that I would like to see introduced into England. You may keep that at home with your revolvers and your big stories, and we heard enough of both of these latter on our travels."

Dr. Russell said of his experience as a member of the ducal party:—"I want first of all to contradict a story which had been telegraphed far and wide, that we found a man in California who was the original Sir Roger Tichborne. The fact is, that General W. H. L. Barnes went down with us by rail for a visit to the horse farm of General Stanford, and during the trip the general told me that he had met a man who had made a long statement, in which he claimed that he was the real Tichborne heir. Extracts from the statement, which was a very remarkable one, were read, but they were not at all conclusive. The man had remained quiet all through the excitement of the trial in England, simply, as he said, because he had taken a vow that he would remain silent for a generation, or thirty years. That looks absurd. If it was his intention to be revenged on anybody the very poorest way was to pretend to be dead. It takes a live person to do the worrying, and the livelier, the better, it strikes me. Then the French used by this California Tichborne is not such as the real Sir Roger would have used. The investigation I made convinced me that the man was an impostor, or that his wounds received as a soldier in your army during the last war had affected his mind, and he was not responsible for what he did or said. It struck me as very strange that while the trial was on, and perjury was being committed right and left, he did not utter a sound. I did not see the man, but a photograph of him did not meet the idea I had formed of the real Sir Roger. It is not true that I sent any papers to England; but General Barnes said he would give me a copy of the statement made by the man for me to read on my way over. Whether I shall ever print a line of it I don't know. More than likely I shall not. I heard of the telegraphic story yesterday, when in Pittsburg, and I sent a letter to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* telling them that 'Bull Run Russell,' as they styled me, had not filled the part that the telegraphic story gave him. We have had a most lively time since we landed on American soil. First came the run to Philadelphia, Washington, and Richmond, then back to Washington, and by way of Harper's Ferry to Harrisburg, and from New York on to Boston. From Quebec, which we next visited, we went down to Montreal, and so on to Niagara Falls *via* Toronto. Our trip was then continued to Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Kansas City, Topeka, New Mexico, and Colorado. We visited some of the newly-opened lands in the West, and inspected the systems of farming, seeing the great farm of Mr. Close, in Kansas. At Santa Fe we were received by General Hatch, of the United States Army. When in Chicago we met General Sheridan and General McDowell, who arranged that the commanders of military posts in the West should afford us all facilities in their power for safe journeying. No escort, however, was needed at any time, but from all parties we received the kindest treatment. Five days were spent in the Yosemite Valley, and we went to a number of places about San Francisco. We came back by the Southern Pacific road, as we had gone, and then went up to Denver and down to Leadville. In Leadville we went down into the Morning Star mine, and at Denver, spent a day in the smelting works, visiting the Argo and Grant & Co.'s smelting works. We met plenty of men who had worked for the Duke at home, and while there was a great deal of curiosity, perhaps approaching to the verge of inconvenience, I cannot say that we were offended in any way. People would ask and ask again, 'Show us the Duke, or perhaps say in a somewhat stronger tone, 'Trot out the Duke,' and then with a good look they would remark as they turned on their heel and walked away, 'Well, that's a Duke, is it?'

"I cannot say that we were ever in danger, but we seemed to be in the wake of fire. At Denver they shot down Mr. Jim Moore while we were there. What struck us as novel was the perfect serenity of the persons not immediately connected with these operations. At Deming we were going out when a working-woman at the hotel gave us a little warning, saying, 'You had better have a care or they will make you throw up your hands for a 10-cent piece in a minute.' We were not molested, however. At Pueblo, on our way east, we met an Englishman on the train—a Mr. Maury—who had a novel adventure. He had been down to Colorado Springs, and was on his way to England. He had his ticket to New York and $30 to pay his way on the steamer. He stepped into a railway station coffee room to take a glass, when a stranger came in, took a glass of whiskey, and threw down a $20 note. The bar-tender could not change it, and Maury kindly took out his $30 to make change when the whiskey-drinker grabbed the money, and poking his revolver into the face of Maury, said: 'I guess you did not come by that money honestly; I'll take care of it. The man appealed to the bar-tender, who only said he could not interfere between gentlemen in their private affairs, and volunteered further to express his opinion to Maury that 'More than likely the other gentleman was right in his opinion." An appeal to the policeman at the station only got some further advice that if he did not wish to miss the train he had better get on, and he did so."

The Duke of Sutherland, accompanied by Dr. Russell, went to Wallack's Theatre in the evening, bought a couple of seats from the speculators, and occupied them during the evening.

Nose and Face.

A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or rather, the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face, and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact, it is rarely or never thus placed; it is invariably a little out of "the square," and the fact of its being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may, after all, be considered an abnormal one; the only absolutely true and correct organ being, in fact, that which thus deviates a little to the right or left.

A paper by M. de Grandimont on an experimental process for determining the sensibility of the retina to colored luminous impressions was read on May 23 before the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The instrument employed is called a chromatroposcope. The observer looks steadily at the centre point of a disk having apertures. At a little distance from the other end of the disk colored surfaces are placed. Gradually the sensation of color is lost. If then white substances are quickly substituted for the colored ones, the complimentary colors come out with great brightness and purity.

Before the Dictionaries.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Time was in literature when there were no dictionaries. Of course. Letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear, and there was no need for more. By the lip could be solved the mystery coming from the lip, for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near. It ended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts, had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools when scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught, and each, at some word, some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant corner-stone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling-block hindering him. The treasured manuscript was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll; laid open upon a desk, leaved, and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his manuscript afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic, poem, homily, Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this gloss, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble: and then, henceforth, and forever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made magically to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious Old World scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the New World dictionaries: and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.

A Practical Joke.

Temple Bar

One of Boisrobert's practical jokes which amused Cardinal Richelieu was, if not very brilliant in conception, at least very effective in execution. Mlle. de Gournay, the adopted daughter of Montaigne, and an old maid, had produced a book, on the success of which the poet Racan intended to congratulate her. His intention being known, two gentlemen about the Court resolved to call on her, one after the other, in the character of Racan. Both were pleasant and courteous, and when the second announced himself, on taking his leave, to be Racan, the old lady only said that young men would have their jokes, and that she was in any case "glad to have met two such handsome and agreeable gentlemen." No sooner had the second of these agreeable gentlemen left Mlle. de Gournay than the true Racan appeared. Mr. Besant writes: "He was neither handsome nor agreeable. Moreover, he was asthmatic, and was out of breath with the effort of getting up the stairs, so that he came in puffing and panting. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'excuse my taking a chair, I will tell you in a quarter of an hour or so why I came to see you—when I get my breath. Why the deuce do you live so high up? Phew—those stairs. Mademoiselle, I am obliged to you for the copy of your book.' Mlle. de Gournay was offended at this reference to her poverty, and turning to her companion—a daughter, as she proudly said of Amadis Jamyn, page to Ronsard—she said, 'Disabuse this gentleman, Jamyn. I have given no copies except to M. Malherbe and M. Racan 'Racan I am Racan.' 'Jamyn, be good enough to attend. This is a very pretty story, is it not? At least the other two were gentlemen. This fellow is a mere buffoon.' 'Mademoiselle, I am Racan himself.' 'I don't care who you are,' she cried in a rage; 'you are the greatest fool of the three.'" Then he took his own poems and offered to recite them, but she raged, and cried "Thieves!" until he ran away as fast as he could. Next day she learned the truth, and sent Racan an abject apology. Boisrobert used to represent the scene, imitating all the people concerned in it, and make not only Richelieu, but Racan himself laugh at it. To make up for this, he persuaded the Cardinal to give Mlle. de Gournay a pension.

Do not tell a man he lies. It is vulgar. Say that his conversation suggests to your mind a summer resort circular.

AN HONEST MAN.—A good story is told of a Brussels grocer, who, on being reproached the other day with giving bad weight, gave as a reason the very heavy expenses which he had to pay. The opinion having been expressed that this did not justify him in cheating his customers, the decent man replied, "Pardon me, sir; if I did not do so I should soon become a bankrupt, and I desire to remain an honest man."

A LANDLADY went to market as usual one morning and encountered the new clerk, an Irishman, who had been recommended for his intelligence in making bargains. "How are eggs to-day?" she asked blandly. "Scarce, mum, but betther than iver." "I mean how much are they a dozen." "Fifty cints," said Pat, fanning himself with a bunch of radishes. "Fifty cints! why I can get them anywhere for twenty-five." "It's wrong ye are there, mum," mildly remonstrated the insinuating Milesian, "thim's phat we call extry eggs. "There's a brace of foine chickens in ivery wan of thim."

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 14, 1881.

TORONTO AND OTTAWA R. R.

At the annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Company held in Toronto on the 7th inst., the following gentlemen were elected Directors:—Messrs. Wm. Gooderham, Jr., John Leys, H. P. Dwight, W. E. Scarth, N. H. Beatty, and George Gooderham, of Toronto; A. F. Wood, of Madoc; John Haggard, of Perth; and John Rochester of Ottawa. Mr. Gooderham, of Toronto, is President, John Leys, Solicitor, Joseph Gray, Secretary. Mr. Bailey, Chief Engineer, is pushing on the surveys and has already given notice that the plans for the counties of Peterboro, Hastings and Addington, have been duly fyled with the County Clerks as the law directs. Mr. Campbell is busy buying the right of way and work will be pushed forward with as little delay as possible.

THE VILLAGE MILL DAM.

In to-day's issue is a letter from "A Citizen" with reference to "the dam" at the foot of Hog Lake that met with the mishap from the "comet," or "some other combustible matter," a couple of weeks ago, of which we might say in passing that there is a very general opinion abroad that it would be worse than useless to rebuild the dam from the fact that the atmosphere is filled with a class of "combustible matter" that would *be sure* to explode in that neighborhood, and possibly not only injure the dam but buildings in vicinity. On this point we must say that "Citizen" is simply speaking the feelings of this community, and so far as we know without a single exception. But what we wished particularly to call attention to was what "Citizen" incidentally mentions, viz: the "village dam." With reference to this question we think it is a matter for serious consideration. We do not at all agree with a few who profess to believe that this dam is the real cause of the sickness here, but we do believe that this dam with the "cheese factory" and "cess-pools" that were in and around the village helped to make the sickness worse, and this we think is the generally accepted opinion. The cheese factory is "gone up," and the principal part of the cess-pools removed; yards and out-houses have been looked after; the dam at the foot of the lake has met with an "accident," and it remains now to seriously consider how best to remove any possible chance of the "village dam" doing us harm, and bring back to the village its old character of "one of the healthiest places in Canada." To this end we would make the following suggestions:—1st. Let a requisition be got up asking the Reeve to call a public meeting to discuss the matter. 2nd. We understand that Mr. S. Rollins, the present owner, is willing to negotiate for the keeping the water down to its original boundaries as a creek in the summer, say from April to October, thereby doing away with the harm arising out of the *dead* water in the basin of the pond. Let the meeting appoint a committee to negotiate with him and the parties around the pond whose land would be benefitted thereby, and report. 3rd. If anything like reasonable terms can be made, adopt and carry them out with as little delay as possible. It has been suggested "that the whole thing be bought out," but this would not do from the fact that it would seriously injure the business of the place to do away with the grist mill. What we understand Mr. Rollins wants is a fair compensation for the damage he would sustain by being compelled to use steam for two and a half or three months when he could use water if the dam was up. This seems fair—we believe it is fair. Will our public men look to it. We know "what is everybody's business is nobody's," and we must rely on those who have always come to the front to take this matter up. No time like the present, while the "spirit is upon the people."

THE ORANGE demonstration in Toronto on Tuesday was the most successful muster ever held in the Province. Upwards of fifty lodges were in the procession, which was witnessed by between 40,000 and 50,000 persons. The day passed quietly.

W. H. SCOTT, M.P.P. for West Peterborough, known to many of our readers in this section principally on account of his active promotion of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway a few years ago, and who was at that time suffering from a disease from which he has never recovered, died at the residence of his brother, Judge Scott, of Brampton, on Monday evening last. He was acknowledged one of the ablest men in the Local Legislature, and was a Liberal Conservative in politics.

TUDOR, ET. AL. COUNCIL.

St. Ola, 21st June, 1881.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. All members present. Minutes of former meeting read and confirmed.

Application of Mrs. Jackson relative to four deserted children left by their parents in her charge, was taken up from last meeting.

On motion of Messrs. Morton and Lavender, Hiram Gunter was instructed to furnish Mrs. Jackson with goods and provisions to the amount of $16, and present bill at next meeting of Council.

Application of George Hartley asking to be attached to Road Beat No. 10. Not entertained.

On motion of Messrs. Blackburn and Morton, the Collector's time was extended to the first day of August next, on condition that the Reeve and Clerk find his accounts satisfactory.

On motion of Messrs. Lavender and Blackburn, the Road Surveyor was instructed to survey a road starting from the east side of lot No. 10 and crossing lots Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 14 in the 19th concession of Tudor, and report at next meeting of Council, with the free right of way signed by the parties on whose land the road crosses.

Council resolved into Committee of the whole on ways and means, Mr. Peacock in the Chair.

On motion of Messrs. Gunter and Morton the appropriation of $200, County Grant, be granted to the following Road Beats to be laid out under the superintendence of the Pathmaster: Road Beat No. 2, $6; No. 7, $7; No. 8, $3; No. 9, $2; No. 10, $4; No. 11, $4; No. 12, $4; No. 15, $2; No. 16, $4; No. 18, $30; No. 19, $4; No. 22, $4; No. 23, $8; No. 24, $5; No. 28, $4; No. 29, $2; No. 31, $10; No. 32, $8; No. 33, $15; No. 34, $4; around Wadsworth's Lake, $15; Road Beat No. 37, $4; No. 38, $2; No. 40, $10; No. 41, $8; No. 42, $2: No. 43, $15; No. 45, $4; William Blackburn, $2.

On motion of Messrs. Morton and Lavender, the sum of forty dollars was appropriate to repair the old Hastings Road, a townline between the Townships of Tudor and Lake, on condition that the Council of Marmora and Lake grant a similar sum, and that the Clerk send a copy of this resolution to the Council of Marmora and Lake.

On Motion of Messrs. Gunter and Morton the following sums were ordered to be paid:—Hiram Phillips, Pathmaster for Road Beat No. 30, $3, being statute labor collected for said beat for 1880; School Section No. 3, the sum of $5.85, being school tax due on lots 29 & 30, in the 14th, and lots 27, 28, 29, 30, & 31, in the 15th concession of Limerick for 1880; and School Section No. 7, the sum of $3.50 on lots Nos. 1 & 2, in the 2nd, and lot No. 2 in 3rd concession of Limerick for the year 1878.

Council resumed.

On motion of Messrs. Blackburn and Morton, a Road Beat was formed commencing at east side of lot 16, to extend to lot No. 23, at or near the blind line between the 1st and 2nd concessions of Limerick, to be No. 47, and James Moore be appointed Pathmaster for 1881. Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Blackburn and Morton, Thomas Ham was allowed the sum of $20 for right of way and fencing road across lots 16, in 1st, and 16, in 2nd concessions of Limerick. The above order to be granted at last meeting of Council for 1881.

On motion of Messrs. Blackburn and Morton, Sylvanus Wright was appointed referee to equalize Union School Sections.

On motion of Messrs. Morton and Lavender, the Treasurer was instructed to furnish a new surety in place of Isaac B. Potter, he having left the country.

On motion, the Council adjourned until Tuesday, the 9th day of August next, to meet at the Orange Hall, Millbridge, at 10 o'clock a. m.

COURT OF REVISION.

Court of Revision met according to advertisement, all members present, and having been duly sworn proceeded to business.

The following cases were heard and the Assessment as on Roll confirmed:—George Hartley, on Real Estate; Thomas Howatson, on Real Estate; Henry Smythe, on Personal Property.

The following lots were assessed to William Lumb, in place of John Clarke:—Lots 11, & 12, in the 12th concession, and lot 10, in the 14th concession of Tudor.

George Smythe was asseseed for lot No. 33 in the 4th concession of Tudor, James O'Neal was assessed for lot No. 29 in the 1st con. of Tudor, in place of John Smythe,

Ralph M. Norman was assessed for lot No. 29 in the 19th concession of Tudor.

Several changes was made on the Roll, after which the Court closed..

MARMORA ITEMS.

Mr. Wiggins, Sen., has with the men placed under his command done a good piece of work on the road leading through the "Shannon Settlement," having removed several large stones and done some good grading also. This already meets with hearty commendations from his friends and the travelling public in general.

Mr. Gaujot, Superintendent of the Canada Consolidated mine has removed into the commodious house of Mr. A. Carscallen.

Dr. Jones has been appointed Physician, &c., to the same mining company.

A second bee was held on the 29th ult., to continue putting up the fence round the C.M. Church and Parsonage. It was well attended and considerable work was done.

Mr. H. B. Adshead, Teacher in the Wiley section, has unfortunately for the two or three weeks been very ill, and has in consequence been obliged to leave his duties undone, owing to overheating himself with too much pedestrian exercise on a warm day.

Mr. John Kelly, Jr., on the 28th ult., had a hair-breadth escape from death. He was working with the men placed in his charge on the roads when suddenly a terrific peal of thunder burst on every ear accompanied by blinding flash of lightning which either stuck himself and team or came in close contact with them, for both were hurled to the ground, the farmer was rendered insensible but with restoratives quickly applied soon partially recovered. The team upon coming too started off at a furious pace with the scraper to which they were attached, but were not long in being stopped by the tangling of the harness. Mr. K. was two or three days before he could attend to his labors.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TEACHER WANTED,

FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure. Duties to commence August 1st, 1881. Must hold a Third Class Certificate. Apply, stating salary, to

WILLIAM DWIRE,
Maynooth P. O.,
Hastings Road.

224-tf

COW LOST.

STRAYED from the village of Madoc on Saturday night last, a red mully milch Cow, with hole through one of her ears. Any information that will lead to her recovery will be thankfully received.

HENRY BULPIT.

Madoc, July, 13th, 1881.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe, Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at the Village of Bridgewater, on the 11th day of July, 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of said municipality.

Bridgewater, July 11th, 1881.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of the Township of Madoc, Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at the Town Hall, Madoc, on this 25th day of June, 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Clerk of said municipality.

Madoc, July 7th, 1881.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 5th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, once per week each way, between

St. OLA and THWAITE'S CORNERS,

from 1st October, next,

The conveyance to be made on horseback or otherwise.

The Mails to leave St. Ola every Monday at 12:45 p. m., and to arrive at Thwaite's Corners at 2 p. m. To leave Thwaite's Corners at 3 p.m., or on arrival of Mails from Madoc, and to arrive at St. Ola in one hour and a quarter.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of St. Ola, and at the residence of Mr. W. I. Thwaite, Thwaite's Corners.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
P. O. Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Kingston, 24th June, 1881. 224-3.

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

NOTE LOST.

LOST, on Friday, June 24th, between Madoc and Stirling, or at Madoc, a Promissory Note dated the same day, made by John McCaw, jr., in favor of the undersigned. The finder will please return to

ALEX. McCONAGHY,
Stirling.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,

Grocer and Wine Merchant,

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA

—AND THE—

Canadian North-West.

SALE OF LANDS.

The Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands for agricultural purposes at the low price of $2.50 an acre, payable one-sixth cash and the balance in seven annual instalments, with interest at six per cent., and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price, of $1.25 for every acre of such lands cutivated within three to five years following the date of purchase, according to the nature and extent of the other improvements made thereon.

The lands thus offered for sale will not comprise Mineral, Coal or Wood lands, lands with water-power thereon, or tracts for Town Sites and Railway purposes.

Contracts at special rates will be made for lands required for cattle raising and other purposes not involving immediate cultivation.

Intending Settlers and their effects, on reaching the Company's Railway, will be forwarded thereon to their place of destination on very liberal terms.

Further particulars will be furnished on application at the Offices of CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, at Montreal and Winnipeg.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

222-5

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of English Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

DR. NASH,

the visiting Physician, will be in

Belleville Office, on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

The Huffman House, Peterboro', on Wednesday and Thursday till 3 p.m., each week.

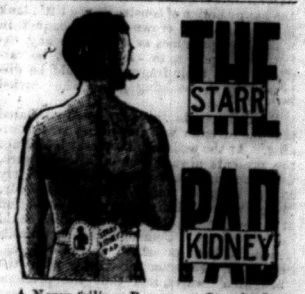
And the British American Hotel, Kingston, on Friday and Saturday until 4 p. m., of each week.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.



A Never-failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant Complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE

(*Condensed.*)

FROM DOCTORS, DRUGGISTS, MERCHANTS, & FARMERS.

Some of the additional home testimony received since publication of last pamphlet.

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Picton, April 20, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.

Yours, Dr. J. B. HORDEN.

Prices,—Child's Pad, $1.50. Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases, $3.

Obtain Pamphlet Testimonials from your Druggist *Free*.

Pads sold by W. GILROY, THOMASBURG, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD Co.,
21 King St. West, Toronto.

Servant Wanted.

A GOOD general servant girl wanted. Recommendations required. First-class wages paid to a satisfactory person. Apply to

MRS. E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc.

Our Handsome Victoria Photos
For Style, Tone, and Finish lead the City.
BROCK & CO., Photographers.

Position is Everything!
We claim the advantages of better lights, accessories and conveniences than any Studio east of Toronto. BROCK & CO.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—This cooling Medicine has the happiest effect when the blood is overheated and a tendency to inflammatory action is set up in the system; one Pill taken shortly before dinner does away with the indigestion, fulness, and flatuleney—indications of a weak stomach, or disordered liver. A few Pills taken at bedtime act as alteratives and aperients; they not only relieve the bowels, but regulate every organ connected with them, overcome all acrid humours, and encourage a free supply of all the secretions essential to our well-being. Holloway's Pills thoroughly cleanse and perfectly regulate the circulation, and beget a feeling of comfort in hot climates and high temperatures, which is most desirable for preservation of health.

Moveo et Proficio.—The public have so often been deceived by representations made through the advertising columns, that if an announcement is made offering unusual inducements, it is considered at once as a 'blow' and no further attention is paid to it. I believe it pays to advertise providing the truth is told. If the advertiser is not able to carry out the inducements offered to the public it is but a waste of money and printers' ink. I have this season endeavored to secure a stock of furniture suitable for a first-class trade and I think an examination will bear me out in asserting that I have the finest and most complete stock of furniture ever offered in Madoc. I wish the public to understand most particularly that I keep no auction or Cheap John trash in my ware room, but all goods made for a legitimate trade.

UNDERTAKING.

I keep as usual a full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds, and Undertakers supplies on hand, and will furnish as usual as low as can possibly be done.

MARSHALL MAYBEE.

—Warm!

—The comet has disappeared.

—Huntingdon and Elzevir Council proceedings will appear next week.

—Next week we expect to have more time and space to devote to local news.

—"The Mighty Dollar," is the title of an interesting article on our inside pages to-day. Read it.

—We learn that our late telegraph operator, Mr. Ed. James, has "struck ile" in the far west, having secured a good berth a few miles from Winnipeg.

—A meeting of all base ballists in this village is called for this evening in the REVIEW office, at 8 o'clock sharp. All interested in the game are requested to attend.

—Some young ladies and gentlemen of this village smoking cigarettes, were one of the attractions on St. Lawrence street one evening last week. Don't do it again, ladies.

Those who write for fame, for honor, or emolument, cannot do better than use pens made by the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company. Samples furnished on application by addressing their office, 26 John Street, New York.

—A leading Druggist in the west says: "I have sold more of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters in four months than any other medicine I ever handled. It seemes to please every time." For sale by all Druggists.

St. Peter's Church.

The Presbyterian Church pulpit of this village will be filled next Sabbath, July 17th, morning and evening by the popular minister of John street church, Belleville, Rev. David Mitchell.

Personals.

Hon. Billa Flint was in the village this week.

Mr. J. G. Corrigan, of Clyde, N. Y., a former resident of Madoc, has been visiting his brother in this village for some time past.

A Shocking Sight.

A small boy not over ten years of age, son of respectable parents, of this village, was observed yesterday morning staggering along one of our streets helplessly drunk! He had been induced to drink a quantity of beer left in a keg from Tuesday at one of the refreshment booths. The parties who gave it to him ought to be severely punished.

The R. C. Picnic.

The picnic held in Mr. Aylsworth's grove on Thursday last, in aid of the new R. C. Church, in this village, was very successful, the sum of $463 being realized. The following were prize winners in the various games:—Running hop step and jump—1st, G. S. Wilson, Tweed; 2nd, F. Dyer, Tweed. Running long jump—1st, G. S. Wilson; 2nd, F. Dyer. Putting heavy stone—1st, James Finlay, Tweed; 2nd, G. S. Wilson. Running race for men, 100 yards—1st, G. S. Wilson; 2nd, James Finlay. Running race for boys, 100 yards—1st, Bert Simmons, Madoc; 2nd, D. Ryan. The day passed off pleasantly and satisfactorily.

A Model Letter.

On Monday Mr. D. W. Wright, grocer, of this village, advertised in the Toronto *Globe* for a clerk, and up to Wednesday noon had received 28 applications by letter from all parts of the Province. The following was among the rest, and is a model for some of our young business men, which is too good to be lost, being written on a leaf torn out of a small pass book:—

DEAR SIR.—I seen your Advertisement in the globe My Salire wooild be verrey small to comence with I can furnish you with the Best off recomendations to My Onesty and Soberity My Age is 20 year iff you wooild be kind enough to Answer Me At once you wooild oblig Me verrey Mutch.

* * *

Please Excuse This Small Note.

—Do you feel miserable, tired, half-sick, no appetite and out of sorts generally? Dr Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters is just the medicine you want, a few doses will at once relieve you. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle, price 50 cents.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH!

How the Day was Celebrated in Madoc.

The memory of the "pious and immortal" William III., Prince of Orange, is undoubtedly each year being more deeply engraven in the hearts and affections of all true and loyal Orangemen, and to revere that memory and celebrate each succeeding anniversary of his signal victory over James at the Boyne in Ireland on the ever memorable 12th of July, 1690, with more enthusiasm than the last, if it were possible, appears to the outside world the one great aim and object of the Orange brotherhood throughout this and every other country where the Order is established. The 191st anniversary which took place on Tuesday last, was no exception to the above, to the Orangemen of North Hastings at least, their turnout and conduct on this occasion being more creditable and satisfactory we think than at any previous time. The day was all that could be expected or desired, the arrangements for their comfort were well carried out, and, as a matter of course, their enthusiasm was unbounded. And just here we must congratulate the Orange Society as well as the public generally, on the entire absence, so far as we could learn, of all that disgusting, insulting and imprecatious language toward their fellow citizens who hold a different religious belief, which a few years ago so distinguished gatherings of this kind in many places. In this respect we are glad to see that the true and noble principles of Orangeism—civil and religious liberty—are rising above the prejudices of the dark ages of the past.

The celebration in Madoc on Tuesday was undertaken by Loyal Orange District No. 2, North Hastings, and on invitation the various Lodges of District No. 3 joined them for the day. The turnout was very large, there being thirteen lodges and five lodges of Young Britons in the procession, over whom waved sixteen flags and banners. In addition to the fifes and drums with which nearly every lodge was furnished, and which were played with all the old-time vigor, the 49th Battalion Band, from Stirling, and the Madoc Brass Band furnished excellent music during the day. The following lodges took part in the procession:—

DISTRICT NO. 2.

L. O. L. No. 253, Allen Settlement, G. Rollins, Master; 285, Wannamaker's Corners, W. T. Brown, Master; 437, Queensboro, F. Thompson, Master; 517, Best's, J. Richardson, Master; 1133, Hazzard's Corners, R. Weir, Master; 907, Flinton, J. Brydon, Master; 321, Madoc, G. Kerr, Master.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

110, Stirling, James Martin, Master; 251, Halloway, Robert Juby, Master; 300, Huntingdon, James Dunsman, Master; 425, Huntingdon, James Downey, Master; 509, Rawdon, William Haggerty, Master; and 435, King's Corners.

YOUNG BRITONS.

"White" Lodge, Tweed; "Gerow" Lodge, Moira,; "Hearts of Oak" Lodge, Madoc; and West Huntingdon and Thomasburg Lodges.

The procession was a highly creditable one in every respect, and a marked improvement on many former ones that we have witnessed, the neat and tidy appearance of the Young Britons being especially admired. About four hundred members in all joined in the walk, and it is estimated that from 1200 to 1500 visitors were in the village. Three arches were erected in different streets, and evergreens liberally distributed gave the streets a shady and pleasant appearance, and all the more animated looking from the crowds of gaily dressed rural belles, bedecked with the brightest of ribbons, who pushed their tireless way up and down through the crowd. Temporary lunch stands were everywhere to be found, and all appeared to do a thriving trade.

After dinner the various lodges marched to Mr. S. Rollins' grove, where a number of prominent speakers were announced to deliver addresses. Rev. Mr. Smith, of Flinton, opened by prayer, after which the following gentlemen responded to the call of the Chairman, W. J. Allen, Esq., District Master, and delivered interesting and appropriate addresses: Revs. Messrs. Smith and Solmes, and Messrs. John Francis, John Best, A. F. Wood, E. D. O'Flynn, G. D. Dickson, of Belleville, Wm. White, of Tweed, and Wm. Johnson, of Belleville. On the platform we also noticed Revs. Messrs. Macfarlane and Dunkley, and many prominent members of the order whose names we did not get. Of the addresses our reporter has full notes, but as our limited space will not permit anything like justice being done, we are reluctantly obliged to omit them. They were, however, of an exceedingly interesting character, and were attentively listened to by those present. The meeting dispersed after three cheers for the Queen, the Grand Master, the Chairman, and the ladies, the lodges marching back to the village and dispersing for the day. During the day there were of course the usual number of rows inseparable from the gathering of such a large crowd together, but nearly all were outside of the influence of the members of the order, which is much to their credit. There was not, however, we are glad to say, nearly so much drunkenness as is usually seen, and the day on the whole passed off very quietly. For this result also, as well as the general success of the demonstration, the Orangemen of this neighborhood are to be congratulated.

We must not omit to mention that the procession during the day was in charge of District Master of No. 2, Wm. J. Allen, Esq., assisted by Samuel Tummon, Esq., District Master of No. 3, and other prominent members of private lodges, all mounted, whose names we did not get. The smoothness with which the order of the day moved along is highly creditable to their skilled management.

CHEESE MARKET.

INGERSOLL, JULY 12.—Ten factories offered 1800 boxes of cheese, being the last of the June make, except 600 boxes, being six days of July make. 1225 boxes sold as follows:—200 at 10½c: 265 at 10⅞c: 635 at 11c: and 125 at 11¼c. Cable yesterday, 53s 6d: to-day 56s. Market lively: all June cheese sold.

Liverpool, July 12.—Cheese 56s.

UNIFORM PROMOTION EXAMINATION, NORTH HASTINGS.

At the recent examinations for promotion to the Fourth and Fifth Classes, there were 82 and 50 candidates respectively. Of those who competed 34 have been promoted to the Fourth and 36 to the Fifth Class.

In the examination for promotion to the Fifth Class the highest number of marks obtainable was 560. To pass one-half of these had to be obtained, and in addition one-third of the marks assigned to each subject.

In the examination for promotion to the Fourth Class the total marks obtainable were 597. To pass one-half of these was required in addition to one-fourth of the marks assigned to each subject.

The following are the names of the successful candidates:

PROMOTION TO FIFTH CLASS.

	Marks obtained.
1 Willie Wootton, S.S. No. 8, Rawdon	402
2 Lizzie Kavanagh, S. S. No. 1, Dungannon	391
3 J. W. Blair, S. S. No. 6, Madoc	
4 William, Burke, S.S. No. 19, Rawdon	385
5 Willie Wood, Madoc Model School	383
6 Nina Comerford, S. S. No. 7, Madoc	360
7 Helen Houston, Stirling P. S.	355
8 Julia Fargey, West Huntingdon School	351
9 Rebecca Power, Bancroft School	346
10 Jesse Thompson, S. S. No. 6, Marmora	
11 Johanna Barry, S.S. No. 2, Tudor	339
12 George Mack, S.S. No. 8, Rawdon	
13 J. D. Knox, S. S. No. 13, Rawdon	
14 Anna White, Madoc Model School	335
15 Tait S. Butler, S. S. No. 6, Rawdon	330
16 Jenny Rollins, Madoc Model School	322
17 Sarah Cornel, Queensborough	
18 Lucinda Eagan, S.S. No. 7, Madoc	
19 Albert Lanigan, Stirling P. S.	317
20 Bessie Parker, Stirling P. S.	306
21 Bridget Connel, S. S. No. 15, Huntingdon	
22 Martha Waller, S.S. No. 19, Rawdon	305
23 Rebecca Doak, S. S. No. 7, Rawdon	298
24 Beatrice Cross, Madoc Model School	297
25 Edith Hogle, S.S. No. 17, Rawdon	291
26 George Kingston, West Huntingdon	
27 Mary Cain, S. S No. 19, Rawdon	286
28 John Godden, Stirling P. S.	284
29 Annie Roote, Stirling P. S.	282
30 Annie Chown, Madoc Model School	
31 Annie Countryman, Queensboro'	
32 William Donnan, Stirling P. S.	281
33 Elizabeth Wilson, S. S. No. 6, Wollaston	280

The following failed by a very few marks to attain the standard required, but their promotion has been sanctioned by the Inspector:

Ida Armstrong, S. S. No. 2, Marmora
Mina Wannamaker, Stirling P. S.
Geo. Barnum, Madoc Model School.

PROMOTION TO FOURTH CLASS.

	Marks obtained.
1 Alice Reynolds, S.S. No. 10, Huntingdon	472
2 Maud Kelley, S. S. No. 4, Marmora	418
3 Emma Clare, Moira	417
4 Hannah Chambers, S. S. No. 10, Huntingdon	397
5 Emma Caldwell, Madoc Model School	380
6 Ida Robinson, Moira	373
7 Edna Heath, S. S. No. Rawdon	371
8 Willie Foster, Moira	368
9 Janet, McDonald, Stirling P. S.	357
10 Willie Davis, Madoc Model School	354
11 Sarena Mack, S. S., No. 8, Rawdon	351
12 Ella Moore, S. S. No. 9, Madoc	349
13 Susan Loucks, S.S. No. 4, Marmora	
14 Samuel Donnan, Stirling P. S.	347
15 Fred Bleecker, S.S. No. 4, Marmora	336
16 Carrie Radford, S. S. No. 3, Rawdon	335
17 Etta Payne, S. S. No. 4, Marmora	333
18 Emerson Thompson, S. S. No. 19, Madoc	331
19 Charles Tivey, S. S. No. 2, Tudor	328
20 Agnes McGregor, S. S. No. 1, Tudor	326
21 Annie Say, West Huntingdon	319
22 Etta Jeffs, S. S. No. 4, Rawdon.	318
23 Maggie Hogan, S. S. No. 2, Tudor	313
24 Winnie Blount, Madoc M. School	311
25 Maggie McIntosh, S. S. No. 2, Madoc	308
26 Chas. Gunter, S. S. No. Tudor	301
27 Daniel Minchin, S. S. No, Rawdon	298

The promotion of the following who failed by a few marks has been sanctioned by the Inspector:

Victoria Kincaid, S. S No. 4, Madoc.
Bertha Harris, S. S No. 4, Madoc.
Hiram Smith, Stirling Public School
Lizzie Chambers, S. S No. 10, Huntingdon.

—In the hot months of July and August the Blood should be kept pure and cool with an occasional dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, a worthy family medicine. In large 8 ounce bottles 50 cents, at all Drug Stores.

—The intelligent printer got it into type that it was a "damnation" party, and the poor minister who had been afflicted with a donation party didn't kick a bit, or ask any of his sturdy congregation to go round and kill the editor.

Hon. Robert Reed, of Belleville, imported this spring 100 bushels of Scotch barley, weighing 56 pounds to the bushel. His object is to experiment in growing barley for the English maket, and he invites all interested to examine the crop as now growing on his farm, and when harvested.

ICE CREAM!

We have commenced to make our delicious
"WHITE MOUNTAIN" ICE CREAM
which we will be prepared to serve fresh, daily, throughout the season.

On Saturdays we make Strawberry and Vanilla flavors.

LUNCHEONS

will be served as usual. Fresh Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Cocoanuts, Candies, Pastry, &c., in good supply, also a choice selection of fine Cigars.

S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, May 19th, 1881.

FARMERS!

Before you purchase your

Machine Oil

Call and examine our

"EXTRA LARDINE,"

For Mowers and Reapers.

R. R. GASEMENT & CO.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

We keep constantly on hand a large and well-assorted stock of Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Groceries, etc., all of which we offer at prices that defy competition.

D. C. CLARKE.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN, AND Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 26

Notice of By-Law!

NOTICE is hereby given that a By-Law was passed by the Corporation of the County of Hastings on the fifteenth day of June, A.D. 1881, providing for the issue of Debentures to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, for the purpose of paying for the erection of an Iron Swing-bridge at the Town of Trenton, the construction of a gravelled road between the Villages of Madoc and Marmora, and the balance of the County Stock in the Grand Junction Railway Company; and that such By-Law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Hastings, on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon.

Any motion to quash or set aside the same or any part thereof must be made within three months from the date of registration, and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 25th day of June, 1881.

JAMES T BELL,
County Clerk, County of Hastings.

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEA SETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

FOR SALE.

IN the Village of Madoc, that commodious and valuable property, situate on the east side of Russell Street in said village, and owned by the heirs of the late James O'Brien. The property is well and favorably situated for a Cooper's establishment, as that was the business which was successfully conducted by the late owner, on the said premises for several years. Hard and soft water on the premises. This is a good investment for a good Cooper, as there is no business of the kind at present carried on in the village or vicinity. A good title can be given. Application may be made to Mr. Samuel Driscoll, Madoc village, or to Catherine O'Brien, relict of the late James O'Brien, Trenton.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

JOHN'S WIFE.

If I say "Yes" to thee, John, can I thy love retain?
For I'm no beauty, dear; there's plenty call me plain.
Lilies and roses don't blend their tints in my face;
I have no witching blue eyes, no wonderful grace;
But I have health, and truth, and youth, and I love no other but thee;
John, thou must take me all in all, or else thou must let me be.

I am no scholar, John; of art I could not speak;
I could not pose or dress, and look like an ancient Greek;
I'm not sesthetic at all, I do not paint or play;
Nor could I write tale or poem, no matter what the pay;
But I can keep the house-place bright, and I love no one but thee;
John, thou must take me all in all, or thou most let me be.

Come to my heart, dear girl! Give me thy sunbrowned hand.
Fairer art thou to me than the fairest in the land.
Dear little womanly woman! Love shall be my share.
Love is better than witching eyes or sunny hair;
Love is better than beauty or wit; love is better than gold.
For love is not found in the market-place; love is not bought and sold.

VIOLA'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "My Lady' Secret," "A Waif's Fortunes," "The Lady of Gormon Lea," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What have you for sale, Miss Burgot, to the lucky possessor of Fortunatus's purse?"

"Do you possess it, my lord?"

"Not exactly; but I am not so poverty-stricken a wretch as I once was," said Lord Armidale; and through the jesting tones ran a vein of meaning.

"Were you once a wretch, or poverty-stricken?" asked the girl, with an inflection of contempt which stung him to swift anger.

But the anger was impotent. He dared not answer the question, dared not allude to the past which she had elected to ignore. That it was ever in her mind, as in his, he knew full well; and he had educated himself to bear every taunt in silence, that his present humility might perchance atone for the old insult which he dared not ask to forgive, lest the mention of it should be esteemed a repetition.

"I am not poor now, and my purse is at your service. If I were Fortunatus, I would entreat you to share it."

He saw her eyes sparkle with triumph. Love lent him subtle intuition; he divined that, in spite of her coldness and disdain, his homage was sweet to her.

Never had he found her in the melting mood, never had she relaxed the vigilance with which she seemed to impress upon him that she held him as almost beneath her scorn; and yet he divined that she delighted in his torture; and he hoped—the wish being father to the thought—that, sooner or later, she would be content with the unacknowledged expiation, and forgive.

She might have brought him to her feet, he reasoned, by the merest *soupçon* of that hypocrisy some women practice so readily.

That she delighted to humiliate him he knew; but, if there were not behind the delight in his punishment a half-formed intention eventually to condone the offence for which it was inflicted, why could she not take her revenge and let him go?

One look of interest, of sympathy, of tenderness would bring him to her feet. He believed that she knew it, and kept watch and ward over herself lest that look should be bestowed.

He thought that she would like to have him there, pleading as for dear life, baring his heart to her, suing for pardon and for love; but he hoped that her desire to postpone the *eclaircissement* arose from an undefined wish first of all to punish him thoroughly for by-gone sin. He did not fathom the depth of Viola's revenge.

It was mapped out so plainly in that aching heart of hers, which he had rendered desolate.

It would indeed be sweet to pierce his soul with bitter poisoned words, with barbed darts that should hold and sting and rankle, as for five years had rankled the remembrance of that happy time in which, not content with befooling her, he would fain have brought her to shame. Her revenge would be all the sweeter for the thought that she had used no womanly arts to expedite it, that he had come blindly to his doom, in spite of her coldness, her indifference, her contempt.

It was pleasant to her already, although she had occasional misgivings as to the completeness of her power over him. What would it be in the supreme moment?

Sometimes she faltered, not in her purpose, but in the determination that she would not lure him to his fate. This very day of the bazaar, as he stood before her, frank and fearless, a king amongst men, she burned with impatience for the hour when, bowed and helpless, he should lie at her mercy. At her mercy—ay, her mercy should be such as, in the old days, he had meted unto her!

"You will come to the concert to-night?" she asked.

It was not an invitation, but the coldest of conventional inquiries.

"Will you be there?"

"I sing," replied Miss Burgot. "By-the-bye, that reminds me that I shall need a little respite. Dr. Preece, can you find a lady-substitute to take charge of my stall?"

"Let me escort you to the carriage," said Lord Armidale, offering his arm when the substitute had been found and thanked. And, with a flush of resentment, she accepted a courtesy she could not readily refuse.

Surpassingly beautiful she looked, as, with that flush still upon her cheek, she swept through the throng which drew aside to let them pass.

"A well-mated pair," murmured Colonel Pettitt maliciously to Miss Clara Dallas, who tossed her head and turned away.

"I did not answer your question about the concert," said Lord Armidale.

"I have forgotten it," replied Viola listlessly.

"I shall certainly be there. I would not lose the opportunity to hear you sing for anything you could mention, Miss Burgot."

By way of reply she gave him a glance, calm, supercilious, and questioning, as though to ask what possible interest she could feel in such an announcement. Nevertheless the certainty that he would be there recurred to her during the homeward drive more often than she would have liked him to know.

She thought of it as she sipped a cup of tea and trilled a snatch or two from favorite songs, rejoicing that her glorious voice was at its very best to-day. She thought of it as she gave herself into the hands of her maid to be robed in a costume Worth had sent down the previous day.

She thought of it as she drove through the twilight to the school-room; and, when the carriage stopped, he with whom her thoughts had been busy appeared at the window, waiting that he might be privileged to hand her to a seat.

It was to him she sang presently, when her turn came, and she stood forward upon an improvised platform to warble in the ears of these stolid well-bred English folk a song of the sunny South. They admired and marvelled at her self-possession; but in truth she was hardly conscious of their presence.

Once she had chanted this Italian lay, so full of fire and passion, to a crowd of herds and muleteers, and they had crowded round to kiss the hem of her robe and crown her with flowers like a goddess. That had indeed been a triumph; but she cared not at all for the gentle applause of phlegmatic islanders. She saw but one face in the well-dressed mob, and she set herself to move it with pride and love and admiration. She had her reward.

Then she went back to her seat, ignoring the tumult and shouts of "*Encore, encore!*"

Her name was on the programme for one more song, and that must suffice; she had no desire to cheapen herself for the sake of a little noisy adulation. All in good time her turn would come once more.

Once more she stood before them. It was an English ballad this time, simple and homely. After long deliberation, she had chosen it, thinking of him the while. Her eyes fell upon his face, eager, expectant, in keeping with the hush, the dead silence of the crowded room. One more she sang to him alone.

What did he think of it all? Through one verse he watched her, decked out in her bravery of silk and flowers and lace and jewels, which made her marvellous beauty yet more fair. Through one verse he hung upon the wondrous melting tones of her superb voice; then he covered his face with his hand.

And she, magnificent actress that she was at that moment, with a heart as hard as the nether millstone, rejoiced to think that every note echoed in his soul.

The concert was over. He came to hand her to her carriage, with his grand features, so noble, yet so delicately cut, all flushed and moved as her song had left them, and his blue eyes shining with unutterable love.

"You will let me come to you to-morrow?" he whispered. And she leaned back in her corner, pretending not to hear.

Mrs. Robert and "dear Clara" were with her, or she would have laughed aloud with glee. At last her revenge was near at hand. To-morrow, by that hour, he would have knelt before her, and the iron should have entered into his soul.

"If you please, miss," said a footman, when they reached the Grange, "the Squire would be glad to see you for a few minutes in the library."

A thrill of shapeless apprehension troubled Viola Burgot as she crossed the threshold of the room in which her father "would be glad to see her for a few minutes."

Illumined by firelight and lamplight, the library was yet in semi-darkness, for the lamp was turned low, and a shade concentrated the feeble radiance upon the table on which it stood. The long tiers of books had a grim and ominous aspect, and the girl shuddered as she mentally called them a regiment of the dead.

As William Burgot came forward to hand her a chair, the gleam of the embers showed that he was pale and agitated. Then he went back to his own seat, and his features became indistinguishable. Silently, Viola nerved herself to bear something as yet indefinite, but terrible.

"I want you to tell me, Viola," said William Burgot—and his voice sounded solemn and strange—"whether you have ever received from me less than a father's kindness and a father's care?"

"Never!" answered the girl impulsively.

Then her thought reverted to that old Italian life, when she had been allowed to rove as freely as a wild bird and to busy or amuse herself as inclination might prompt. Little paternal care had been shown in those days; but the freedom had been in harmony with her surroundings, and accorded with her sense of a general fitness of things; moreover he had been kind always.

"Never!" she repeated, by way of confirmation.

"Then it will surprise and shock you to learn that I am not your father, nor am I in any way related to you."

It was a cruel blow, but merciful in its directness. With a stunned feeling, Viola half rose from her chair and sat down again.

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

"My name is Charles Singleton. Do you remember the ruined cottage to which I took you one day and my description of the gamekeeper and his wife who lived there when I was a boy? Those people were my father and mother."

"Go on—go on!" murmured Viola.

"The man was rough enough, the woman was a refined and educated lady. What secret in her early life brought them together I do not know; but the ill-assorted union was not for her a happy one. Her greatest consolation was the task of educating me and fitting me for a better position. I repaid her care and fulfilled her ambition by running away from home to enlist as a private soldier. I had been two years in the ranks when the regiment was joined by a young subaltern, in whom I recognised my old playmate and foster-brother, William Burgot."

"My father?" said Viola interrogatively.

"Your father," he assented; and the girl gave a sigh of thankfulness.

It was something to be allowed to preserve her own identity as the kaleidoscope of deception was shaken.

"I was appointed his body-servant; and, whilst we outwardly preserved the distinctions of rank, we kept up in private the affectionate intimacy of boyhood. He took me with him to Europe upon furlough; and, when he married your mother and sold out, he bought my discharge. Within a year his wife died in giving you birth; within two years William Burgot died also."

"Why—why did you assume his name?"

"For your sake, and at his request. He was greatly troubled towards the last by the thought that no provision could possibly be made for your future welfare. It was not likely that his stern brother Duke would receive the child of a *mesalliance* which caused the estrangement. William had no income beyond the pittance of one hundred a year allowed him by the late Squire that he might not starve. It was agreed between us, when the ravages of his disease could no longer be ignored, that we should remove from the village where your mother died to a more healthy part of Italy, that we should exchange names, and that, when he was gone, I should contrive to receive the allowance, and should in all things take his place. It was not until I learned that the false William Burgot was expected to take quiet and undisputed possession of Burgot Grange and fifteen thousand a year that I awoke to the magnitude of the fraud."

"It was no great frand," said Viola; "they belong to me."

The false William Burgot's hand went up to screen his darkened face.

"Not so, dear child," he said. "They belong to Mrs. Robert and her daughter. You are by English law illegitimate."

"Illegitimate!" cried Viola.

"The marriage was valid enough in Italy, where your father proposed to end his days; but, when a Protestant Englishman marries a Roman Catholic foreigner, there are certain forms which must be complied with to legalise the marriage as an English one. From ignorance or carelessness, these forms were neglected. By English law you have no right to inherit your father's property or even to bear his name."

There was a long silence, deep and deadly, as though he had struck a blow to the heart. She did not gasp or moan or cry out; she bore the blow with stubborn fortitude, constraining herself to hold her peace until she could ask, in ordinary accents—

"Why keep this secret for twenty years, and tell it to me to-day?"

"Because I am very near detection. The Colonel Pettitt to whom you were talking knew William well as a beardless youth, and me as William's servant. He has forgotten me, but is astonished to find me so unlike his old chum. He is coming here to-morrow to stay for a few days, and I may possibly be able to hoodwink him through my intimate knowledge of his Indian experiences. To do so is the only chance to retain all that we have gained. Your woman's wit must advise and help me, Viola."

"I will not perpetuate a wrong," said the girl.

"There is no wrong. Duke Burgot intended the property to revert to William and to yourself, and your moral right to it is not affected by the illegality of your claim. However, I do not press for immediate decision; Colonel Pettitt will not be here till twelve o'clock to-morrow. Think the matter over calmly in all its bearings; only keep this in mind, if you retain your present position but a few months longer, you may then exchange it for a yet prouder one. It is evident to me, Viola, that you may be Lady Armidale."

"I wish you good night," she answered abruptly; and with that she rose from her chair, gathered her robes about her, and swept from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the morning after the bazaar. Mrs. Robert and "dear Clara" were discussing the events of the previous day, and the widow was growing excited.

"I tell you, Clara, she enforced, "you are letting Lord Armidale slip through your fingers, as you have done so many smaller fry. Until yesterday I confess I had hopes; but his pointed attentions to that haughty minx Viola dashed them all to the ground."

"I do not believe she would accept him."

"Ridiculous!" cried Mrs. Robert. "It is true she does not go purring about him with pretty airs and winning ways and soft speeches, as you or I would do; that is not her *forte*. Every woman to her style; and Viola's is to be grand and imperious and disdainful as an empress; the *role* suits her type of beauty."

"Beauty!" exclaimed "dear Clara," in angry protest.

"We cannot but admit that she is very lovely, my dear. Everybody says so—raves about it in fact; and what everybody says must be correct. But, as I was remarking, Viola does not go about purring about him—she affects superb indifference; but I have studied her closely, and I am convinced she intends to be lady Armidale. What girl in her senses would refuse such a match and such a man? The prize is lost to you, unless you can win it by some bold *coup*."

"Such as making him an offer and forcibly abducting him in the event of its refusal," said Clara, with bitter sarcasm.

"Dear Clara," retorted Mrs. Robert, in the most dulcet of murmurs, "since you think proper to turn the subject into ridicule, I will let it drop. At your age, I had accepted the most eligible of my suitors, had married him, and was a widow. I have worn well, and will probably do so; but a year or two hence you will find eligible suitors by no means plentiful."

"A year hence I shall be married" said Clara, with quiet decision.

"Indeed! May I ask to whom?"

"To William Burgot."

"William Burgot has never bestowed a thought upon you of a matrimonial nature."

"I know it."

"Dear Clara," responded the widow, with as much irritation in her dulcet tones as they were ever permitted to express—"will you or will you not leave this game of 'cross purposes and crocked answers'—and explain?"

"I think I will," answered her daugher, somewhat dubiously. "The very next time Lord Armidale calls, I want you to contrive that I see him alone, to put into execution that bold *coup* you vaguely recommended just now."

"And if it fails? He will very likely be here to-day. I thought I heard the sound of a horse at a gallop just now."

"If it fails, I shall fall back upon middle-aged William Burgot, with his fifteen thousand a year. If he had only a third of the money, I would marry him in spite of Viola. You must make the way smooth by affecting, in consulting with him, maternal anxiety on account of the variableness of my spirits, hinting——"

"Lord Armidale is asking for Miss Viola, ma'am. Can you tell me where I shall find her?" interrupted, at that instant, a somewhat simple footman, whom the master of the house had recently engaged, without first taking Mrs. Robert's opinion upon his merits. At the time she had almost resented the omission as a slight. Now she remembered it with thankfulness.

"I will tell Viola," answered the lady, sweetly, rising. "Wilkins, you can ask Lord Armidale to await her here."

So it came to pass that his lordship, crossing the threshold, saw a room which he took to be empty until a smothered sob arrested his attention. Then he saw a slender girlish figure lying at full length, face downward, upon the sofa, the girl's shoulders heaving as with suppressed, but almost uncontrollable emotion.

Miss Dallas!" he cried; but the figure did not stir. "Miss Dallas! Clara!"

He was close beside her now, Mrs. Robert—who, the coast being quite clear, was taking observations through the key-hole—observed with much satisfaction. But as yet his exclamations had won no response.

The mourner moved her head a little, as though to conceal her face yet more effectually. Just the tip of a shell-like ear and part of the contour of a peach-like cheek were visible now; and—quite by accident, of course,—a small white hand peeped out invitingly from amongst the folds of her dress.

He began to feel a very honest, genuine, manly compassion for a woman in distress; also, being a man, he was sensible that the situation was not without its charm, and that it would be rather a pleasant occupation to wipe away the tears of this pretty grieving' doll. Why, once upon a time, he confessed to an infinitesimal *tendresse* for the girl; and he still retained a sincere liking for her. So he took possession of the small hand, and was gratified to discover that it returned his pressure.

"Dear Clara, what is your grief?" he asked. "May an old friend claim the right to comfort you?"

Mrs. Robert, watching the scene from her post of espial, could not use both eyes and ears at the same moment; and, although she felt she would almost give the latter to overhear the dialogue, it was even more interesting to study the action.

Mrs. Robert was so engrossed by her study that she failed to detect the approach of the footman, who had not sense enough to beat a stealthy and noiseless retreat.

"If you please 'm——"

"What is it," inquired Mrs. Robert, with a face of crimson.

"If you please, 'm, Miss Viola is in the green-house."

"Thank you. I could not find her. Oh Wilkins, take away this mat and shake it. I think I dropped a shilling amongst the wool just now."

She turned away, sick at heart; for she read in the man's face the utter incredulity with which he received the order. Her spying would be the talk of the servants' hall, and it was a sad blow to have been detected in the meanness; so sad a blow that she could hardly console herself by the reflection how well "Dear Clara's" grand *coup* was succeeding.

"Call me Miss Dallas!" wailed that astute young lady, clutching convulsively the fingers which had clasped her own. "Why stab me in the heart with kindness which recalls too—too vividly days when no one had come between us—days when we were all in all to each other?"

Very gently, but very firmly, Lord Armidale disengaged his hand, and at the corners of his lips a half-smile began to show itself. The acting had been very good, and he had been completely deceived by it; but that last sentence, so unmistakable in its meaning, so exaggerated and untruthful, convinced him that he was a witness of acting only.

"Miss Dallas," he said, in that tone of easy and jocose politeness before which even true sentiment hides its diminished head, "I cannot accept the compliment you are good enough—in jest or irony—to pay me. But one woman in the world has ever been all in all to me, and that woman is——"

"Viola Burgot!" cried Clara snappishly.

"Just so. I am here, hoping to find her alone."

The brief silence that followed was more embarrassing perhaps to Lord Armidale than to the outstretched figure on the lounge.

When Miss Dallas spoke again it was in her ordnary accents, languid, conventional, emotionless, with only a *soupcon* of earnestness to vary their monotony.

"My lord," she said, "you are too true a gentleman, I know, to enjoy this morning's triumph. Will you try to forget it, and spare me the mortification of believing that garbled account is amusing the gossips of the neighborhood?"

"I will never speak of it in any circumstances."

"You are very kind and good, my lord. Viola is making the tour of the greenhouses; you will find her in one of them."

CHAPTER X.

There he found her, amongst green tendrils and spreading leaves and rich fruit-clusters; in her hand a bunch of purple grapes.

Purple grapes! For a moment his eyes grew dim, and he saw again an Italian sky and an Italian sea, a shattered column and a headless Apollo, an idle fountain, and in its shade a girl sleeping.

Then he came back to reality. No nut-brown southern maid was this, with shabby frock and bare foot—dainty and blue-veined—peeping from beneath it; but a proud patrician Englishwoman, whose pale loveliness of feature expressed nothing but aristocratic repose. As she gave him a slender hand, soft and white, and almost as cold as snow, he was tempted to wish that it were the hard brown palm of long ago.

Was the artificial existence in which she now lived and moved and had her being quite as grateful to her as the free wild life in which he saw her first? It was borne in upon him that she pined for something as he stood there, speaking to her mutely with the tender eloquent pressure of the hand. Could his love supply it? Why were there dark shadows under her beautiful eyes? What was the cause of the unnatural pallor of her cheek and the icy coldness of her little fingers? A weird and horrible fancy came to him about death in life. Would it not be well to break down this frigid unnatural composure, even though it were replaced by the anger and the scorn which startled him in the fair white moonlight long, long ago?

"Give me a peace-offering, Viola," he whispered. "I stole your grapes once, do you remember, as you slept in the shade? Give me a bunch now in token that you have forgiven me for that offence and all others."

Did she hear the pleading whisper? She made no sign as she stood there, listless and still, and let him draw the grapes from listless fingers.

"Oh, my darling—my darling, did we not love each other in the dear old days?"

She shivered a little—shivered in the stifling hot-house air; but otherwise her apathy was quite unmoved. At any cost, he thought he would rouse her; hot anger were far better than this.

"The love wronged and insulted you," he cried; "but it was faithful always. I went forth from your presence, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth. I dared not return, but I could not forget. I sought in many lands for one who might take your place; but I could not find her, Viola my beloved. I found many women—and some of them were beautiful—whose wealth would have redeemed from debt the lands I hold in trust for my children, but I could not marry. Oh, my dearest—my own dear love, do not let the past rise like a wall between us! Forgive me, and be my wife!"

At last she turned towards him, at last he thought she was moved by his appeal. He almost stretched his arms towards her with a quick instinctive gesture of invitation; but they fell again to his side as he looked into her lustrous eyes.

He had seen them glow with indignation, flash with scorn, sparkle with rage, and he would rather have encountered those three evils than have met that steady glassy stare. In the dear old days he had seen those glorious orbs melt with love. There was no tenderness, no human passion, no human feeling, in them now. Her lips moved, and he nerved himself to accept dismissal sadly, but with patient fortitude, as a man should do.

"Lord Armidale, I will be your wife."

It was so unexpected, that assenting rejoiner, that for an instant, in the reaction from his fears, he forgot the strangeness of her manner. He had possessed himself of her ice-cold hands, and he would have drawn her to his breast, but that there was no maidenly yielding, half-willing, half coy, to his embrace.

"You must spare me that for the present," not in hurried protest, but with listless measured calmness. Looking into her lovely face, he noted how haggard and wan it was, how distinct were the dark cirlces which told of sleeplessness and mental pain.

"Say that you love me, Viola!" he cried passionately.

She took a second or two to consider her reply. He could almost hear his heart throbbing in the stillness. When she spoke, it seemed to him as though with mental effort she was recalling an answer she had learned by rote.

"Once I loved you; now I have promised to be you wife. Once I wore my heart on my sleeve, and I suffered; now you will not see my heart until we are joined together by vows that cannot be riven asunder."

"And then? And then, Viola my beloved?"

She made an attempt to smile; there played upon her features a ghastly mockery of mirth, a counterfeited playfulness.

"Long ago," she said, "I told you you had yet to learn how an Italian girl could hate; and in my tortured heart I vowed to be revenged. The day I become your wife my revenge will have begun."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Kill or Cure.

Chamber's Journal.

A physician being summoned to attend a miser's wife in her last illness declined to continue his visits unless he had some legal guarantee for payment, as he knew by experience the slippery character of the husband where pecuniary obligations were concerned. The miser thereupon drew up a document, formally promising, after haggling over the amount, that he would pay to Dr. So-and-so the sum of——, "if he cures my wife." "Stop!" said the doctor. "I cannot undertake to do that. I will treat her to the best of my ability; but she is very ill, and I fear she will not recover." So the sentence was altered to "For attendance upon my wife, kill or cure," the paper signed, and delivered over to the physician. His skill was unavailing, and the patient died; but when the bill came in, the widower quietly repudiated the debt *in toto*. In vain was it represented to him that the doctor held his legal acknowledgment; so the latter sued him for the amount in perfect confidence of gaining the day. The miser did not dispute the circumstance in court, but requested to see the document, which he then read aloud with great deliberation. "And did you cure my wife, sir?" he asked, glancing over his spectacles at the plaintiff. "No; that was impossible." "Did you kill her?" Verdict for the defendant. Doctor sold.

Writing for the Public.

James Parton, in North American Review.

There is no work done in the world which expends vitality as fast as writing for the public. It is a work which is never done. It accompanies a man upon his walks, goes with him to the theatre, gets into bed with him, and possesses him in his dreams. If he stoops to kiss his baby, before he had reached the requisite angle a point occurs to him, and he hangs in mid-air, with vacant face and mind distraught, "What's the matter?" says Mrs. Emerson, in the middle of the night, hearing her husband groping about the room. "Nothing, my dear, only an idea!"

There was quite a row in the Blue Light Colored Tabernacle, between Uncle Mose and Deacon Gabe Snodgrass. "You is the biggest black rascal in Austin," said Deacon Snodgrass. "You is a heap bigger one, responded Uncle Mose, placing his hand on the ivory handle of his umbrella. "Bredderen, said Parson Bledsoe, "you talks as if dar was nobody else present 'ceptin yerselfs."

GEN. IGNATIEFF.

Incidents in the Life of the New Russian Minister of the Interior.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A domestic quarrel in Europe and a Bismarck in Russia," said Fuad Pasha in his last will and testament, "might change the face of the world." Of opportunities for domestic quarrel Europe has only too many, and if, as at least, one individual believes, Russia has found her Bismarck in Count Ignatieff, the face of the world will not long remain unaltered. Pending more extensive operations outside the Russian frontier, Count Ignatieff will find work enough to do in restoring some semblance of order and tranquility to that portion of the world's surface—as large, says Humboldt, as the visible area of the moon—which obeys the autocratic authority of the czar.

The new minister of the interior is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a slight stoop. He shaves closely, with the exception of a thick mustache, covering the scar said to have been left by the bite of a favorite horse, which, on taking a lump of sugar from his mouth, once nipped off a piece of the upper lip. Ruddy brown hair crowns a massive brow, below which eyes, described by his enemies as "excessivement malicieux, nu peu bigles!" look out through spectacles upon the outer world without betraying any sign of the emotion which is working within. Paul Ignatieff, his father, was an able member of the noblesse of no distinguished ancestry, but possessing talents on friends sufficient to make him governor-general of St. Petersburg. In that city, on the 29th of January, 1832, Nicolas Paulovitch, now minister of the interior, first saw the light, and there in the corps of pages he received his education. When 17 years of age he entered the Imperial guard, and after five years' service the commencement of the Crimean war found him with the rank of a second captain. He was attached to the staff of Gen. Berg, who was stationed at Reval keeping guard over the Baltic coast against the English fleet. The operations proved a fiasco. Cronstadt was only taken after dinner or in the pages of *Punch*, and, although Capt. Ignatieff received the Crimean medal, his share in the campaign did not include any fighting. Even at that early date he was noted for his amiability—a personal charm to which both Abdul Aziz and Lord Salisbury were destined subsequently to fall victims. As the Crimean war was drawing to a close he was dispatched to the amoor in the suite of Gen. Mouravieff, the governor-general of Eastern Siberia. When the Chinese broke out in 1860, Ignatieff, then a colonel, was dispatched to China as ambassador extraordinary to settle the Mantchuria question. He settled it with such adroitness that he added to the Russian empire a tract of territory of 170,000 square miles, and secured for Russia concessions as to trade, etc., considerably in excess of those which anyone at St. Petersburgh had hoped for. The young colonel—he was then only 28—who had achieved this brilliant diplomatic victory, adding with a stroke of his pen a region of the size of Spain to the dominions of his sovereign, was at once gazetted as general, and regarded throughout Russia as a rising man; an impression which was deepened shortly afterward by his marriage with the Princess Galytzin—a lady who, to judge by her portraits, retained her youthful beauty when at five o'clock on the 3rd of March, 1878, she superintended the labors of the wearied secretaries who were finishing the draft of the fateful treaty of San Stefano. For five years after his great stroke of good fortune in China he was employed in Asia, and then, to the amazement of the diplomatic word, the young adventurer was sent to fill the embassy at Constantinople—the most difficult post in the diplomatic service—when he was only 33 years of age.

When he succeeded Prince Lobanoff-Rostoffski, Russian influence at the porte was well-nigh at its lowest ebb. In less than two years the young Russian general effected a complete transformation in the position of affairs on the Bosphorus. He became the favorite adviser of the sultan, and the pashas, although they distrusted him, could not resist the charm of his manner and the easy-going assurance of his conversation. Whether or not he is of Greek descent, he has spent many years in the far east, and he dealt as an Oriental with Orientals. The Perotes spoke of him as "The Black Fox," and the Turkish diplomatists, out-witted in their own craft by the wily stranger, testified to their admiration by styling him "The Father of Lies." Supple, ready-witted, cool-headed, and unscrupulous, Gen. Ignatieff was at least no hypocrite. "It is my business to lie," he used sometimes to tell those who talked with him; "do not believe a word I say." And yet, like Prince Bismarck, many of his greatest strokes of statecraft were gained by telling the simple truth. His great achievement at Constantinople was the recognition of the distinct Bulgarian church, which was the pioneer of the establishment of the Big Bulgaria of San Stefano, which brought his diplomatic career to a sudden close. He secured this by opposing it. The Turks, under the blind guidance of the French ambassador, fell into the trap, and, to thwart Ignatieff, played the Russian game. "That poor man," said he contemptuously of the French ambassador when the fireman was signed, "has worked harder for Russia than I have." The Greeks were furious. Many even of the national party murmured; but Gen. Ignatieff knew what he was about, and in 1878 he succeeded in giving political shape to the ecclesiastical schism. He was one of the first to identify Russia with the Slavonic as distinguished from the Christian cause; and although for a time his policy was bitterly assailed, events showed that the astute diplomast had accurately interpreted the wishes of his countrymen and placed himself in accord with the movement of the time. At the same time that he fostered the Bulgarian movement he succeeded in gaining the confidence of Abdul Aziz and of converting Mahmoud Pasha, the grand vizier, into the devoted servant of the Czar. His arrangement was simple. "Russia alone can help you. England will desert you, if you trust in her. You had better have Russia as a friend than as a foe." Abdul Aziz believed him; and Mahmoud, nicknamed Mahmoudoff for his Russian leanings, was said to have been negotiating for the admission of a Russian garrison into Constantinople when the conspirators dethroned the sultan and embarked upon a policy of resistance *a outrance* to Russia and her allies. Gen. Ignatieff saw his plans demolished in an hour, and showed no sign of impatience. Resembling in many respects the earl of Beaconsfield, his imperturbable nonchalance never deserted him, and all through the troubled time that followed the Bulgarian atrocities he was ever self-possessed, wary, and vigilant, and, according to all accounts, more popular with the pashas, who believed he was laboring to destroy them, than was Sir Henry Elliott, who, to the best of his ability, was endeavoring to save them from their doom. After the war was over, when he dictated the terms of peace to Safvet Pasha, the old Turk could not help admitting that the "Father of Lies" spoke the words of truth and soberness when he said: "You had far better have trusted me. I told you the English would never come to your aid." During the war he fell under a cloud, being accused of having under-estimated the fighting forces of the Turks; but after the passage of the Balkans he came once more to the front, and the treaty of San Stefano was his handiwork. After signing the treaty he went to Vienna to defend what he had done to the Austrian court; but his mission failed, and with the treaty of Berlin he went into retreat.

After a sojourn on the estates, he was made temporary governor of Nijini Novgorod, where he attained a great reputation as an energetic and successful administrator. At that great commercial entrepot of Russia he succeeded in enlisting the energies of the people in the maintenance of order. He converted the roughs into the police of the fair, and proved to his own satisfaction and to the amazement of all who attended the fair that he could answer better for order by sharing his responsibility with the people than the most rigorous martinet that ever represented the autocratic power in the great fair. "I am going into my shell," he told his friends when he retired from active service; "but you will hear of me again as soon as the czarwitch comes to the throne." His prediction was fulfilled. One of the first acts of the new czar was to make him minister of the domains, from whence he has been promptly promoted to the ministry of the interior. His appointment has been hailed with joy by the national party, which for the last fifteen years has marked him as its chief; and, although the Austrian newspapers speak of him as "Austria's most dangerous enemy," he commands the hearty support of the organ of Prince Bismarck. A keen-witted, self-possessed, shifty, far-seeing man, he will need all his sagacity and all his courage to find some way of escape for the Russian government from the perils which encompass it on every side.

At Monte Carlo.

There are probably many cases of misery and suicide connected with this smiling hell of which the public have very little idea. If anybody has made up his mind to blow his brains out the administration will obligingly furnish him with sufficient funds to enable him to do so leisurely at a distance. But the number of suicides in the immediate neighborhood is very great; and a regular list is carefully compiled and published by those who have no good will to the "peculiar institution." Constant efforts are made, to which it is impossible not to wish success, to abolish it altogether. No doubt the French Government can put sufficient pressure on the Prince to compel him to do so. Already the little Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees is beset by two factions, the one wishing to abolish the public gaming tables and the other to retain things on the present basis. At the very time when I was visiting Monte Carlo a terrible tragedy happened, which I will mention, as it came within the range of my own personal observation. It is only an example, of which many similar instances might be cited. The case was that of a gentleman, of good family and position, a married man with a young family. He lived in one place after another, shifting his quarters from Nice to Mentone, and thence to some other locality. He ran up long bills; but as his name and family were well known he was treated leniently, and received plenty of credit. But it became perfectly obvious that all his money went in gambling. At last the patience of the landlord of the hotel was exhausted. The Police called on him to "invite him" to explain the circumstances of those large unpaid bills at hotels. Then the poor man was brought to book. He begged the officers to retire, and call again in a hour, as he had some matters of business to arrange. For nearly an hour he occupied himself writing letters to his wife and family, explaining the errors into which he had fallen. When the officers returned they found him quite dead: he had hanged himself behind his bedroom door. The story was told me by the landlord of my hotel at Mentone on the evening of my return, and I also saw a confirmation of the fact in the local papers.

Worms 300 Feet Under Ground.

The Gold Hill (Nevada) *News* reports the discovery of a queer species of worms in the face of the Lord Lorne mine, near Lower Gold Hill. The worms occur in a solid stratum of stiff clay, 700 feet from the mouth of the tunnel, and 300 feet below the surface of the earth, amid the vein matter of that portion of the Comstock. Superintendent McDougal found quite a number of them by soaking and washing the clay, and they are not defunct relics of antediluvian times, but are all alive and kicking, incredible as it may appear. These queer little subterranean worms are about three-quarters of an inch long by about an eighth of an inch in diameter, short and thick, resembling some species of grub. Each is incased in a very neat little shell of silicious material, corrugated and firm, of a bluish cast, like silver ore, with small round spots, having a metallic luster. At his forward end appears a vicious-looking little head, and six legs or feelers capable of being easily folded when he draws back into his shell. On the top of his head is a small helmet or cover, of the same material as the shell, so that when he hauls in for a snooze or self-protection his top-piece or helmet just closes the hole nicely. Why this hard shell covering or protective armor, or how it is that these very peculiar worms are found alive at such a depth in virgin ground, is not easy of explanation. Their presence can be accounted for on the score of some deep crack or disturbance of the earth at some time, yet what they are doing there and what supports them are a mystery, for the clay is no way rich, though it is wormy. They certainly are a great natural curiosity.

A TORONTO carpenter is so temperate that he will not use a spirit-level.

A PRINCE'S SCAPEGOAT.

How a Blue-Blooded Coward Doomed a Brave Man.

From the New York Dispatch.

In the year 1790, Paris was engrossed by a trial which is recalled to-day by the suicide of the last descendant of the man who suffered by it in Marseilles, where he has been living in poverty. That trial was that of the Marquis de Favras.

Thomas Mahy, Marquis de Favras, was born at Blois, in 1745. He had two brothers, the Baron Mahy de Cormere and M. de Clutenay. He entered the mousqueties in 1760, took part in the campaign of 1761, and became a lieutenant in the Swiss Guards of Monsieur, brother of the King. He married in 1774, gave up his commission, and went to Vienna, where he obtained the recognition of his wife as the only and legitimate daughter of the Prince of Anhault-Schaunburg. Being of a very adventurous spirit, he went to Holland and commanded a legion during the insurrection against the Statholder in 1787.

In 1789 he was a man of 45 years of age, an excellent type of the accomplished gentilhomme, and full of enthusiasm and yearning for hazardous enterprises.

After witnessing the revolutionary scene that took place at Versailles, he devised a plan for the liberation of the King; and he sought to carry it out with more zeal than prudence. If his plan was such as the spy Bertrand de Melleville reports in his memoir, it was altogether impracticable. The main object of this plan was to assemble an army of 30,000 royalists, who were to be enrolled secretly. Such an enterprise demanded a geat deal of money and the greatest discretion. M. de Favras took much trouble to procure the funds, and communicated his plan to many persons, who, in return bestowed on him more praise than money. Very soon three recruits who were in his pay, Morel, Turcati and Marquies, denounced him, and in the night of December 25, the Marquis de Favras was arrested at his residence in the Place Royale, by order of the National Assembly.

On the following day an unknown hand denounced a far higher personage than the Marquis de Favras as the leader of the conspiracy. An anonymous paper was circulated accusing the King's brother of being the soul of the plot. The Count de Provence appeared before the commune to deny the charge against him, but he did not exonerate the Marquis de Favras, who came to trial on February 18, 1790.

Public opinion had doomed him in advance. There were absolutely no proofs against him but the vague denunciations of his betrayers, but the Chatelet, on February 29, condemned him to be hanged after "amende honorable" before the portier of Notre Dame. He received the sentence coldly, and when the President of the Court recommended him to seek his sole consolation in religion, he replied:

"Pardon me sir; I have also the consolation which I find in my conscience." From the beginning of the trial the Chatelet was surrounded by an angry crowd, which loudly called for the death of Favras. While the sentence was being read to the accused the executioner was directed to erect a gibbet on the Place de Greve. Favras therefore left the court only to be taken straight to the scaffold, and no one seemed conscious of the terrible precedent which was thus being established.

So much hurry took place that as he was about to enter the cart the executioner remembered that he had not executed the full prescription of the sentence, and he told M. de Favras that he must undress. The latter did not answer; but when his hands were untied, he helped the assistants to take off his clothes, and appeared in the cart in his shirt, and with naked feet.

Loud cries burst from the crowd at this: "A rope around his neck!"

The prisoner made a sign to Sanson to obey, and did not even shudder when he felt the contact of the hemp which was to deprive him of life. He held a taper in his right hand. The cortege moved forward with the greatest difficulty through the dense masses. When it reached the square of Notre Dame the Marquis was made to kneel and pronounce the formula of amende honorable. M. de Favras took the paper from the hands of the clerk, and, after reading in a loud and distinct voice, he added:

"Ready to appear before God, I forgive those who have accused me. I die innocent. The people clamor for my death. Since a victim is needed, it is better that I should die instead of some other innocent man whose courage might fail him in the face of undeserved death. I am about to suffer for crimes which I have not committed."

When he returned to the cart his face was slightly pale, but he retained his fortitude to the last. On reaching the Place de Greve, M. de Favras asked leave to write his will at the Hotel de Ville. This document was published a few days after his death. It denounced no one, but one of the phrases contained an awful accusation against a person described by historians as the Comte de Provence. The time had now come for the performance of the last act of the tragedy. It was dark, and as the Greve was imperfectly lighted, lanterns had been provided on the scaffold. M. de Favras advanced with a firm step. The extraordinary courage he displayed touched some among the howling mob, but his enemies were in overwhelming numbers, and as he approached the ladder a man cried out:

"Allons, saute Marquis!"

M. de Favras took no notice of this supreme taunt; he ascended the ladder, and when he was high enough to be heard by the crowd he said, raising his voice:

"Citizens, I die innocent. Pray for me!"

He repeated these words at every step, and when he reached the top of the ladder, looking up to the executioner's assistant, who was sitting astride on the arm of the gibbet, "and you, do your duty," he added.

These were his last words. They had scarcely passed his lips when his body was swinging in the air. The cowardly Bourbons had sent another victim to the sacrifice.

PROBABLY the meanest man on record keeps a boarding-house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the garret lodgers first-floor prices.

Catarrh.

Die Lewis Monthly.

A man came to me with *Catarrh*, and after going over his disagreeable feelings, concludes with:

"And now, Doctor, can you help me? Can you cure me?"

"Yes, sir; nothing is easier! Or, rather, nothing is more certain (although it may take a little time), provided you are willing to what is needed."

"Why, Doctor, I am willing to swallow a whole apothecary shop if I can get rid of this miserable concern."

"My dear sir, medicines can do nothing for you; squirting stuff into your nose won't help you (although, of course, you must keep your nose clean); there is only one thing to do, and that is, LIVE UP STAIRS!"

"Live up stairs! Why, Doctor, I do live up stairs now. But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, sir. If you will live up stairs I promise that you shall get well in tilree months."

"Up how many flights?"

"Only one flight of seven steps. I will describe them.

"*First Step.* Eat wheat, oats, corn, fruits, beef and mutton, plainly cooked, in moderate quantity, and but two meals a day.

"*Second Step.* Breathe good air day and night.

"*Thiad Step.* Exercise freely in the open air.

"*Fourth Step.* Retire early and rise early.

"*Fifth Step.* Wear flannel next your skin every day of the year, and so dispose your dress that your limbs shall be kept warm. Bathe frequently.

"*Sixth Step.* Live in the sunshine. Let your bedroom be one which receives a flood of light, and spend your days either out in the sunlight or in a room which is well lighted.

"*Seventh Step.* Cultivate a cheerful temper. Seek the society of jolly folks. Don't be afraid to laugh.

"Go up this flight of stairs. Live above. Catarrh cannot crawl up there. Catarrh and other maladies are prowling about in the basement, and cannot reach the floor above."

A dootor sees a case of nasal catarrh, and he exclaims: "Now, here's a sick nose! The man is well in every other respect, except this square inch of surface in his nose! That is *very* sick." And he proceeds to squirt sundry vile stuffs into that nose. He charges into the front end of it, and into the rear end. Now a red fluid dashes in; now it is a black one; again it is clear and burns like fire, and anon scorching powders. No spot on the field of Waterloo was fought over with such desperate, fiery surgings as this inch in that man's nose. After infinite annoyance and disgust, to say nothing of the actual suffering, the patient finds the nasal discharge arrested, gives a flaming puff for the newspapers, and the next month begins his snuffling all over again.

Poseibly the doctor may have been honest and really thought the disease was in the man's nose. But if he is honest, he is a professional goose.

The Catarrh is not a disease of the man's nose. It's a disease of the *man* showing itself in his nose. You might as well doctor the stream down in the valley while the poison is distilling from the spring up on the hillside. You must doctor the *man*; and to cure him you need do nothing more than to tell him: "LIVE UP STAIRS!"

A ship's crew is seized with some fearful malady. They hang out a flag of distress. Another ship passes near the infected vessel. Its captain discovers the flag of distress. A boat's crew is sent to cut it down. The captain turns to his passengers with the triumphant exclamation, "We have saved them! All signs of distress have disappeared!"

A human body is diseas.d in every part. A flag of dietress is hung out in the form of an ulcer at the ankle. Some ignorant physician sees it. He covers it with a salve which compels it to close. Then he cries, "See, it is all gone!"

Influence of Color on the Diffusion of Seeds.

In a very large number of cases the diffusion of seeds is effected by animals. To this class, belong the fruits and berries. In them an outer fleshy portion becomes pulpy, and generally sweet, inclosing the seeds. It is remarkable that such fruits, in order, doubtless, to attract animals, are, like flowers, brightly colored—as, for instance, the cherry, currant, apple, peach, plum, strawberry, raspberry, and many others. This color, moreover, is not present in the unripe fruit, but is rapidly developed at maturity. In such cases the actual seed is generally protected by a dense, sometimes almost stony, covering, so that it escapes digestion, while its germination is perhaps hastened by the heat of the animal's body. It may be said that the skin of apple and pear pips are comparatively soft; but then they are imbedded in a stringy core, which is seldom eaten.

These colored fruits form a considerable part of the food of monkeys in the tropical regions of the earth, and we can, I think, hardly doubt that these animals are guided by the colors, just as we are, in selecting the ripe fruit. This has a curious bearing on an interesting question as to the power of distinguishing color possessed by our ancestors in bygone times. Magnus and Geiger, relying on the well-known fact that tha ancient languages are poor in words for color, and that in the oldest books—as, for instance, in the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Old Testament, and the writings of Homer and Hesiod—though, of course, the heavens are referred to over and over again, its blue color is never dwelt on, have argued that the ancients were very deficient in the power of distinguishing colors, and especially blue. In our own country Mr. Gladstone has lent the weight of his great authority to the same conclusion. For my part I can not accept this view. There are, it seems to me, very strong reasons against it, into which I can not, of course, now enter; and, though I should rely mainly on other considerations, the colors of fruits are not, I think, without significance. If monkeys and apes could distinguish them, surely we may infer that even the most savage of men could do so too. Zeuxis would never have deceived the birds if he had not had a fair perception of color.—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, *in Popular Science Monthly for July.*

A WRECKED WOMAN.

Josephine Ordz's Life from a Royal Court to a Morgue.

The story of the life of Josephine Ordz is one of the most romantic, and, withal, one of the saddest, that ever occurred outside of the two covers of a book of fiction. Josephine Ordz, in 1848, was young, beautiful and fascinating, a central figure in the brilliant society of Pesth, the Hungarian capital. Her father, Count Ordz, sent her, early in life, to a Hungarian convent, where she received an education that fitted her to shine with brilliancy in noble society. It was just at the time when Hungary revolted against the Austrian rule that Josephine became enamored with Count Karaly, a Hungarian patriot. Count Ordz was loyal to Austria, and Josephine had to chose between father and lover. She chose the latter, and when Count Karaly was arrested as a rebel she did everything in her power to effect his release. Karaly was sentenced to be hanged, but through the efforts of Josephine, who bribed an officer, he made his escape. They fled to France, were married and lived happily together until the husband died, leaving Josephine almost penniless. She was a splendid vocalist, and, changing her name to D'Orme Josephine, made her debut as a singer on the operatic stage of Paris in 1851. She made a brilliant success, and, in all the large capital cities of Europe where she made her appearance, her success was pronounced phenominal. The Austrian authorities forgave her for her disloyalty, and Josephine returned to Pesth the reigning contralto star of all Europe. In 1852 Josephine joined the famous Mario-Grisi opera troupe, which was under engagement to Max Maretzek for an American tour, and early in 1853 made her first appearance in New York in the old Academy of Music. Favored with fame, fortune, a beautiful face and figure and a romantic history, she was received with great favor by the American people. Her New York debut was unparalled in point of enthusiasm. She outshone Grisi. The audience went wild; some throwing rings, chains, watches and other valuables at her feet in their enthusiasm. She travelled all over the country, repeating the remarkable success she achieved in New York wherever she went. She next went to Costa Rica, Central America, and in 1863, in company with Fallini, the barytone, went to San Francisco, where she appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre. Though her stage successes were wonderful, the individual conquests which she made was more so. All the wealthy bachelors of the city knelt at her feet and laid their riches at her disposal. At the end of a year she left San Francisco for Australia, but was shipwrecked on a South Sea island inhabited by cannibals. All the other survivors were eaten, but she escaped through her wonderful singing, with which she pleased the chief. After a year's captivity she escaped and returned to San Francisco. Josephine then married George Evans, the musical director of the theatre, but, not living happily together, they were divorced. Josephine, during her career, became addicted to champagne drinking. After her divore she began to go down hill. She would drink all kinds of liquor and get intoxicated. She was not so exclusive in choosing her company as formerly, and her beauty and voice began to disappear. While on a spree in Sacramento she was thrown out of a carriage and crippled for life. Josephine, now but a spectre of the beautiful woman she once was, returned to San Francisco. Her money was all gone, and she turned to those who had fallen at her feet during the height of her success for aid. They spurned her and drove her from the rooms they once would have given thousands to have her grace. On the verge of despair, she would hobble on her crutches to the stage entrance of the theatre and beg of the actors for money. She next went to live with a disreputable man named Bower in a dirty three-story tenement house on Chestnut street. She would cook his meals, chop his wood and give all her money to him, for which she invariably received thanks by blows. At night the fallen Josephine played the piano in a Jackson street saloon, one of the lowest resorts in the city. For this she received the pittance of $1 50 per night—all of which Bower took from her to get drunk upon. On the night following Decoration Day Josephine returned home after midnight from the beer saloon, and hobbled up-stairs to one of the rooms in which she and Bower lived. She called for him, but receiving no answer, proceeded to an adjoining apartment to see if he was there. Soon afterward the inmates of the house were aroused by the sound of blows and the cries of "God help me! God help me!" and then a heavy fall upon the floor. Upon going up-stairs Josephine was found lying dead upon the floor by her neighbors. The body was taken to the City Morgue, where it lay in ghastly nakedness until an autopsy was held. Her death was reported to have been caused by "chronic alcoholism," but there were three terrible marks upon the head that could have been the means of death. The remains were buried in the Porter's Field, with no stone or tablet to mark the last resting place of poor Josephine Ordz.

An Iron Mountain.

The city of Durango, in Mexico, has a hill in its vicinity that is almost pure iron. It is two miles long, one mile wide, and 700 feet high. On its surface, uncovered and visible, are, according to estimate, two hundred millions of tons of iron ready to be placed in the smelting ovens that it is proposed to put up at the foot of the hill. A large part of the ore yields from 70 to 90 per cent. pure metal, and is easily worked and converted into steel. Wood for fuel in unlimited abundance is to be had near by, and good water is likewise accessible. Altogether, there seems to be no reason why Durango should not be a Pittsburg or a Birmingham in the near future, or even cast those cities of iron and flame entirely into the shade.

ANOTHER AUTOCRAT.—The King of Abyssinia cuts off the noses of those who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. The King is hated more than Theodore was. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the feet and hands off people who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. You can buy nothing without the King's order; and no one will shelter you without his order—in fact, no more complete despotism could exist. It cannot last; for the King will go on from one madness to another.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

DR. JAMES'

CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & McGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intremittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.

H. JAMES, M.D.

Furniture!
Furniture!
Furniture!

At and Under Belleville Prices.

Encourage those who knock high prices end ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.60 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

Call and see quality and prices

AT SCOTT'S,

next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.

Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by

THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Highest cash price paid for Deakens, Hides, Furs, &c.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Mineral Land for Sale

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN. BROAD.

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to
WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

FOR SALE IN MADOC.

THAT valuable Building Lot forming part of No. 1, situate on the south-west corner of Durham and St. Lawrence Streets, in the incorporated village of Madoc. Frontages on Durham Street, 73 ft. 6 inches, and on St. Lawrence Street (exclusive of a lane 12 ft. in width,) 218 feet 7 inches to Deer Creek.

This lot is situated in the centre of the business portion of the flourishing Village of Madoc, and peculiarly adapted from its unrivalled position for a first class block of buildings.

For terms, &c., apply to the owner,
MRS. JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, 5th March 1880 154

Waltham Watches

are the most durable as well as the best timers made.

E. L. WEISS

has them for sale at low prices.

—:o:—

He has also a stock of Swiss Lever Watches on hand, in silver and gold, which he offers at great bargains. Gold Rings to suit all, from $1.50 up; also a fine lot of Silver Rings. A large and well assorted stock of Ladies' and Gents' electro-plated and filled or rolled Gold Chains from 80c. up to $9.00; also nickel and silk Vest Chains, fine plated mountings very stylish; a lot of silk and steel Chains cheap. A large and varied stock of Cuff Buttons and Studs at all prices and styles. Lockets and Charms of the best plate and elegant designs; also Necklets, Gold plated Bracelets, Plated Brooches and Barrs in great variety, and Earrings to match from 50c. up to $5.00, scarf Pins and Rings, very handsome, Silver plated Table Knives, Forks and Spoons, Rodger's make, the best in the market, Spectacles and Eyeglasses from 25c. up to $2.50; also a variety of cheap goods in black and pearl etc.

A Splendid Assortment of Clocks!

Time, Strike, Alarm and Calendar, in Nickel and Wood.

Call and examine goods and prices.

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

FOR SALE.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of the thriving Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, situated on Deer Creek, a

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY,

Consisting of three run of old Stock French Bun Stones, with custom and merchant bolts. The mill is driven by water about eight months in the year. There is also a first-class Steam Engine of 40-horsepower connected with it; a Saw Mill in good repair, with Circular Saw; six acres of land, with good Frame Dwelling and Shed. Title indisputable. For further information apply to the owner on the premises, or Madoc post office.

SAMUEL ROLLINS.

Madoc, Nov. 17th, 1880. 190

JAS. WHYTOCK,
Grocer & Provision
DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

THE NEW

HYMN BOOKS

—OF THE—

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH,

FOR SALE AT

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

—:—

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

—:—

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

'Xmas Groceries!

FRESH VALENCIA RAISINS,
" SULTANA RAISINS,
" LAYER RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
" CANDIED PEEL,
" SPICES, &c.,
" LEMONS.

Diamond Brand Oysters

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

BEST QUALITY OF GOODS.

LOW PRICES.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Family Grocers and Wine Merchants,

VICTORIA BLOCK,

MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

FALL & WINTER OF 1880-81.

MY STOCK for the Season is now complete, and prices will be found as low as any other House in the trade.

All-Wool Tweeds from 45c up.
Winceys, Plain and Twilled, from 8c up.
Dress Goods from 12½c up.
Prints from 7c up.

BOOTS & SHOES AT LOWEST PRICES.

Hats and Caps from 50c up.

A Large Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

ALL-WOOL SUITS FROM $10 UP.

Tea from 35 to 60c., and all other Groceries at lowest prices.

CROCKERY.—WHITE STONE SETS FROM $2.50 TO $3.50

A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN ROBERTSON,
HARPER'S BLOCK.

MADOC, October 13th, 1880.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

FIRST-CLASS

All Wool
Tweed Suits
For $6.50.
Diagonal Suits $9.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April, 1881.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Nails, Iron, Steel,
AND
GENERAL
HARDWARE.
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 225. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 21, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MARMORA ITEMS.

A furious combat took place in the village on the 2nd inst., between two fiery pugilists, one a yeoman from the Green Isle, who likes a little refreshment sometimes in the form of aqua vitæ, and the other, an apparently sturdy Briton, who had informed his opponent that some of his words were not exactly bona fide truth. The latter sustained a defeat with several cuts and Bruises from his terrible foe.

Nearly all the teachers have been holding promotion examinations in their respective schools for admission to Junior and Senior Third Classes. Mr. M. Thompson held his on the 30th June. There were 7 candidates, 4 juniors and 3 seniors, the majority of whom passed creditably.

The larvæ of the Colorado beetle are now ravaging their favorite leaves, otherwise the potato crop, which now receives a good deal of attention, is looking well.

Capt. Miller, superintendent of the Dufferin mine, finds it difficult to obtain practical miners near by, so he had to send for some Cornish men.

Messrs. James W. Campion, John Downey, and James Wilkenson, Jr., left here on the 9th inst. for Winnipeg, en route for the apparently unlimited space of the North-western prairies, where they will form a portion of Mr. Bolger's surveying party.

The extensive drive of logs, &c., belonging to Messrs. H. B. Rathbun and Sons, and superintended by Mr. A. Airhart, one of their formen, is now passing by the village, and the head of the drive has gone through some days since.

L. O. L. No. 319, went to Madoc on the 12th inst.

Mr. S. Kelly, W. M., L. O. L. No. 319, met with a narrow escape towards the close of the 12th. As he was settling up with one of the drummers a man in a vehicle came behind him and knocked him down. Dr. Sutton soon attended to the sufferer and stated that one of his arm bones was cracked, but with proper care and attention he seems likely to soon recover.

A genuine ghost or bogle it seems was seen again in its old established haunts about half a mile from Mr. S. Johns' house by Mr. Feeny on the night of July 1st, who lives some four or five miles from the village and is not generally of a fanciful disposition or nervous temperament. It seems as if his horse also believes in the super-natural, as he was also much terrified.

We hear a great deal yet about ague, &c., with its attendant miseries.

Mr. B. Loucks had a narrow escape on the 3rd inst. As he was driving out to visit some friends near Eldorado, his horse became alarmed by a straw hat flying in its face, and started off at a lively rate throwing Mr. Loucks out, and, it is said, injuring him also.

Miss Carney, teacher for about a year past in Beaver Creek section, having terminated her career in Marmora at present, left here on the 5th inst. to present herself as a candidate for a First-class certificate in Toronto. It is to be hoped she may succeed.

Mr. James Crawford and his niece, Miss A. E. Shannon, who left here for New York, en route for Seeatle, Washington Territory, U. S., state that a short time before their voyage was ended several passengers were seized with yellow fever and small pox of a malignat type so that many bodies had to be hurriedly consigned to the deep.

ROOT AND BRANCH WORK.

Cure, not mere Alleviation.

Assuming, and rightly it would seem, that the *principle* of disease is the same in all cases, the celebrated HOLLOWAY, a man of scientific attainments, succeeded many years ago in producing two remedies suitable to the relief and cure of most diseases to which human nature is liable. Their popularity in this country is immense, and we question whether the distiguished inventor has a richer harvest field than Australasia within the world-wide circuit of his business operations. The Pills and Ointment are household remedies wherever permanent dwellings exist, and few of the roving adventurers in pursuit of wealth from the bowels of the earth are unfurnished with them. The singular adaptation of the Pills to all kinds of constitutions, as well as all classes of disorders, is one of their most valuable properties. In all complaints and difficulties special to the feebler sex, they seem to exercise the happiest influence. In the two great crisises of life, the dawn of womanhood, and the epoch which marks the point between maturity and decline, they have proved invaluable to women in every clime and country. Females, from tenderness with which they are usually brought up, from the murderous peculiarities of dress which fashion has forced upon them, from their delicate and sensitive organization, and the perilous position they occupy as immediate perpetuators of the race, are subject to ailments from which men are exempt, and it is indeed fortunate for the sex that a medicine which meets their wants and debilities has been given to the world. With Holloway's Pills and Ointment always at hand in her closet, every woman can be her own physician and the physician of her husband and children, if she have any, as well. No need of running for the doctor or besieging the drug stores; she has the whole pharmacopœia, in a nutshell. She can hold between her finger and thumb the talisman that will cure many disorders. We are not surprised that Holloway's remedies are popular with women of all ages, for they have proved their efficacy in the home circle, and know from observation and experiment their inestimable worth.

HUNTINGDON COUNCIL.

Moira, 27th June, 1881.

Council met on the above date.

All the members present.

The minutes of last session were read and approved.

Mr. Morton moved, seconded by Mr. Foster, that a By-law granting to Samuel Maynes of Hungerford that portion of the Townline road allowance north of where the county gravel road leaves the said line to the fourth concession line in Hungerford be passed after due notice thereof has been given. Carried.

Charles Collins applied to have liberty to perform his Statute labor on the road leading from his house to the main road. On motion of Mr. Robinson, his request was granted.

A communicstion from G. D. Wiggins, Clerk of Rawdon, with a copy of a resolution passed by the Council of Rawdon granting ten dollars to be expended on the townline between Rawdon and Huntingdon at the 8th concession, and ordering the Reeve of Huntingdon to expend a like amount therewith was on motion ordered to be received and filed.

A petition from E. H. Lidster and others was received asking for a grant of a hundred dollars on the road allowance west from King's Corners. Mr. Graham moved, seconded by Mr. Robinson that said petition be laid over. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Robinson, seconded by Mr. Foster, the following grants were made on roads:—$20 to be expended on side road between lots 16 and 17 in the 16th concession. On petition of Wm. Elliott and others, $30 on side road between lots 6 and 7 in con. 11, and on concession road between concessions 11 and 12 at lots 6 and 7; on petition of Robert Duggan and others, $30 on concession road between 11 and 12 concessions west from Christopher Jeffrey's; $15 to cut down a hill on a side road leading north from Francis Elliott's in the 11th con.; on petition of Wm. Poole and others, $30 on 6th concession road at lots 17 and 18 west of Wm. J. Wilson's; $15 on petition of Robert Johnson, to be expended on a road leading from his place, lot 18 in concession 8, to the Hungerford road; on boundary line between Huntingdon and Thurlow, in front of lot 10, the sum of $12 was granted on condition that Thurlow Council grant a like amount; $20 to be expended on Ryan's hill in 3rd concession.

An order was given for $8.50, being balance due Widow Nichol for support from the 9th December, 1880, to the 15th April, 1881—the allowance from that date being discontinued.

Council adjourned to meet on the first Monday in September.

Elzivir and Grimsthorpe Council.

Bridgewater, July 4th, 1881.

Council met at call of Reeve. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting and adjourned Court of Revision read and approved.

The last Treasurer presented his report as requested and it was laid over to compare with Collector's receipts.

On motion, the Auditors were notified to correct some errors which were discovered in their report; and Mr. Daniel Thompson was appointed as referee in equalizing the assessment of Union S. S. Nos. 2 and 3.

The Treasurer presented his statement of Receipts and Expenditure up to the 30th June, which were ordered to be received.

The Reeve announced that $100 had been granted by the County Council to this municipality, and after some discussion a motion was carried to dispose of it as follows: $40 on Stony Creek Bridge; $16 on crossway on road leading to Thos. Lindsay's; $1 to build culvert between 10th and 11th concessions, leading to Neal Reavie's; $5 on crossway between 9th and 10th cons., leading to Alex. Leveques; $10 to build bridge on road leading to John Grove's, under the superintendence of Mr. Mellroy; $15 on road between 1st and 2nd cons., between Kehoe's and McNamara's places; and the motion passed at last meeting granting $10 to T. Lindsay and $15 to P. Kehoe, was reduced.

Mr. Burns presented the petition of R. Lindsay *et al* for making a road between lots 10 and 11 in the 9th con., and it was moved and carried that if they would cut out and clear the road 24feet wide and roll it out by the 1st October the Council will make a reasonable grant to finish it.

On motion, the Collector and Clerk, assisted by Mr. Frank Thompson, were instructed to examine the Collector's Roll from 1875 to 1880, both years inclusive, and report at next meeting of Council the names of all parties who have not paid their taxes.

Council adjourned.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Indisputable Remedies.— In the use of these medicaments there need be no hesitation or doubt of their cooling, healing, and purifying properties. The Ointment stands unrivalled for the facility it displays in relieving, healing, and thoroughly curing the most inveterate sores and ulcers, and in cases of bad legs and bad breasts, they act as a charm. The Pills are most effectual remedy ever discovered for the cure of liver complaints, diseases most disastrous in their affects, deranging all the proper functions of the organs affected, inducing restlessness, melancholy, weariness, inability to sleep, and pain in the side, until the whole system is exhausted. These wonderful Pills, if taken according to the printed directions accompanying each box, strike at the root of the malady, stimulate the stomach and liver into a healthy action, and effect a complete cure.

NOTE LOST.

LOST, on Friday, June 24th, between Madoc and Stirling, or at Madoc, a Promissory Note dated the same day, made by John McCaw, jr., in favor of the undersigned. The finder will please return to

ALEX. McCONAGHY,
Stirling.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1183, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, July 18th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

7 PER CENT.
We can now offer
PRIVATE MONEY,
on straight loans on farm property,
AT 7 PER CENT.
No commission charged, no foreign companies to deal with, and no delays.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

Stoves & Tinware.
If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.
He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.
He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFULLY
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c.
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
G. BENNETT.
Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

Mrs. and Miss Christie
TEACHERS OF THE PIANOFORTE, Organ, and Vocal Music, will receive pupils after the 8th inst. For terms, etc., apply at the Rectory.
Madoc, Jan. 3rd, 1881.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Gold and Iron.
West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.
THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

A Revised Version.

Shine with irregular intermitted light, sparkle at intervals diminutive heavenly body.
How I conjecture, with surprise, not unmixed with uncertainty, what you are.
Located, apparently, at such a remote distance from and at a height so vastly superior to this earth and planet we inhabit.
Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedron crystal of pure carbon set in the aerial region surrounding the earth.

VIOLA'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "MY LADY'S SECRET," "A WAIF'S FORTUNES," "THE LADY OF GORMON LEA, &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"Fifteen thousand a year, a house like Burgot Grange—which to me appears as perfect as modern architectural skill can devise—and three beautiful women to make one happy in it. Your lot, Burgot, is about as blissful as the human imagination can conceive," murmured Colonel Pettitt slowly.

He looked more than ever like a stage Mephistopheles, as, holding a glass of ruby wine to the light, he half closed one eye, and the other peered, not at the wine, but round the rim of the glass, at his host. The bushy upturned eyebrows and scanty upturned moustache seemed to his *vis-a-vis* to question, with a sinister twist, the reality of the bliss of which he spoke.

William Burgot shifted uneasily upon his chair, although he answered with a light laugh and affected carelessness—

"I suppose one of the beautiful women will soon be trying to make another happy. I was told so in rather plain language this afternoon."

"By Lord Armidale?" said the Colonel. "By Jove! I thought as much when I saw the pointedness of that young fellow's attention at dinner, and I felt sure of it when he rushed away just now from the choicest claret I have tasted for a blue moon. I congratulate you, Mr. Burgot, with all my heart. Is she fond of him, do you think?"

"It would be odd if she were not—the finest, handsomest, grandest-looking gentleman in the shire, run after by half the women for twenty miles round. Why do you ask, Pettitt?"

"Because her manner is particularly cold and indifferent, that is all. Ah, we little thought, when we used to recken up our chances at Bungalore, that we should be sitting here at this instant, one of us the prospective father-in-law of a real live lord—eh, Burgot, my boy?"

For once Colonel Pettitt's speech was hearty and truthful, with no under-current of insincerity. Sitting at the table of this county magnate, drinking his wine, and contemplating his greatness, he forgot vague suspicions. Had William Burgot met that remark frankly and easily, they might never again have been aroused.

But, instead of doing so, he rose hurriedly from the table, upsetting a wine-glass in his clumsy haste, and exhibiting far more discomposure than the trivial accident warranted.

"I hate the very name of Bungalore; and it angers me to be reminded of those old Indian experiences!" he said. "It—it makes me think of the quarrel with my brother. Let us join the ladies."

With a perplexed but significant smile upon his rather handsome countenance, the Colonel followed. As they entered the drawing-room, Clara looked up with a little smile of welcome and drew aside the skirt of her dress, revealing a vacant chair.

"May I dare to interpret that movement as a gesture of invitation, Miss Dallas?" asked the Colonel, bending his head to whisper the interrogation.

William Burgot, too absorbed to heed the by-play or the bright responsive smile, marched to his favorite chair, and thither Mrs. Robert followed him.

"I have not yet had a chance to congratulate you upon our dear Viola's happiness," said the lady, in that soft low voice of hers.

"Thank you very much," he replied absently.

"I am sure you have my warmest sympathy. Only a parent understands the pure joy which one can feel in the bliss of a beloved child; and only a parent"—here Mrs. Robert took out a lace-bordered handkerchief and applied it delicately but effectively to the corners of her eyes—"only a parent knows the misery of seeing a daughter's affections blighted and a settled melancholy growing upon her."

"You don't mean to say, Mrs. Robert," answered William Burgot, with sudden interest and a faint recollection that he had more than once suspected Miss Dallas of "setting her cap" at the young nobleman, who was now his daughter's accepted lover—"that Clara has a sneaking kindness for Lord Armi——"

"Blind man!" cried the widow reproachfully.

"Who is it then? I do not know——"

"Of course you do not know!" exclaimed Mrs. Robert, with as much vehemence as a whisper could express. "But I ought to have known, William, that when a free woman and a free man are living on terms of pleasant and almost affectionate intimacy beneath the same roof, one of them—and generally, alas, the poor woman—comes in time to desire——"

But here the widow's voice faltered, and she appeared to weep behind her lace-bordered handkerchief.

"The women is in love with me," thought William Burgot, laying that flattering unction to his soul with masculine complacency. "But, my dear Mrs. Robert," he continued, "have you forgotten the Table of Kindred and Affinity?"

"The Table of Kindred and Affinity has been my preservation, William; but for poor Clara there has been no such safeguard."

"You don't mean——"

"Oh, no, I mean nothing—nothing, except that her poor cheeks get paler and paler and her fluctuations of spirits grow more and more marked daily; that when you speak kindly to her she brightens up and seems feverishly gay, and, when you neglect her, she looks simply wretched! Oh! I mean nothing; for not even to her own mother will she reveal the truth! But I have eyes as well as other people."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed William Burgot, aghast.

"It is not a match for you, of course. With your large income you look with contempt upon the money which will be hers when I am gone, and the five thousand poor Duke left her. I dare say we seem to be paupers in your eyes, William Burgot; but paupers have hearts, I fear, as my dear girl knows to her cost."

"But—but, Mrs. Robert, you don't think she really cares for me?"

"Ask her," rejoined the lady emphatically.

"I—I will think of it," he said.

At that moment he was asking himself whether, bearing in mind certain unpleasant contingencies, it might not be well to "hedge" against Fate by securing that modest fortune of which Mrs. Robert spoke with such vehement depreciation.

It was a model apartment, the drawing-room of Burgot Grange, quite large enough for three couples to be conversing out of earshot of each other. It would seem that the "feverish gay" mood was upon "dear Clara," and her manner towards the Colonel was decidedly suggestive of an incipient flirtation. Very different was the demeanour of the lovers whose vows of betrothal had that day been spoken.

Viola was seated at the piano, playing apparently from memory, for there was no music open upon the rack. Lord Armidale, in a low chair at her feet, had composed himself to listen. He watched the girl's beautiful face with a lover's admiration, but with perplexity such as an accepted lover ought not to feel.

Was he seeking a clue to the enigma in the sweet sounds that arose as the long white fingers swept the keys? She was thinking of her revenge. For it was not destined to be the less sure and deadly because William Burgot's revelation had modified its form.

She had intended to carry out her scheme as originally planned; intended to let him plead for her love and show her all his heart; and then to wound him with cruel words and bitter taunts and scoffing gibes, such as should pursue him—in memory—until they had avenged the bitterness of the hour when he insulted her in the fair white moonlight.

But would not that revenge be a brief triumph? Sooner or later it would transpire perhaps that she, being illegitimate by English law, was no better than an impostor; that she was not, in truth, a great lady and a rich heiress, but merely the poor Italian peasant-girl to whom he had in the first instance proffered light love and light fealty, as to one unworthy to be his wife. Discovering the truth, would not he congratule himself upon a fortunate escape?

Nay, this should be her revenge—to accept his homage, giving him nothing in return; to permit him a lover's torment, but not a lover's privileges; to treat him with cold and studied indifference until marriage vows had joined them indissolubly together; and then to reveal to him and to his world the successful imposture and taunt him with his shame.

Revolving her new design, she let her fingers stray into improvisation. Watching her wan, cold face, watching for the clue he needed, he sat and listened.

It seemed to him that in the rippling notes there were the song of birds, the dash of merry waves, the gladness of the sunshine, the laughter of little children. Then the gladness grew and grew until it was almost pain. There was a thrilling intensity in those broken chords, those little irregular pauses, those restless harmonies that changed ever before their full fruition. It seemed to him that her music was like the rapture of a human soul, imperfect as yet, but developing ever towards perfection. At length the rapture was broken by a crash of discord.

Then there was storm for a while, storm and struggle and wild fierce agony, until the storm died away to sheer exhaustion, and nothing was left of it long the low moanings.

They hurt him—those long low moanings, and once he thought of putting a sprightly fantasia before her and bidding her play it; but he changed his mind and waited, watching for the clue.

What did it mean, this march of the notes, gathering strength and swelling louder, clearer, to a burst of exultation? She stopped abruptly and her slender hands lay idle upon the keys.

"What have you been playing?" he asked.

"I have been playing my thoughts," answered Viola, with frigid composure.

CHAPTER XII.

In the Wye Valley the trees began to don their autumn livery. The weeks crept slowly by, but still Colonel Pettitt stayed on at Burgot Grange, like an "Old Man of the Sea" astride William Burgot's shoulders, declining to be removed.

The incubus grew almost unbearable, yet the unwilling host made no effort to dislodge his guest.

In occasional looks and tones, in allusions, pregnant with veiled sarcasm, to their ancient intimacy in India, William Burgot detected dormant suspicion; and he feared to arouse a monster which might turn and rend him.

As to the Colonel, he was perfectly content. The wines, the viands, the amusements, the society, were quite to his taste, and particularly the society. This middle-aged Mars had found in Clara Dallas a Venus to his liking, and he was madly in love with her.

Clara smiled sweetly upon her adorer and accepted his homage—when William Burgot was not present—most graciously. She was glad to have this second string to her bow, to be fitted and used, perhaps, if the first should snap. Failing William Burgot and his fifteen thousand a year, she might be glad to fall back on Colonel Pettitt and his half-pay, particularly if the half-pay were supplemented by a good private fortune. She prepared many dainty lures to entrap the Colonel into communcativeness upon the latter point, but without result.

He saw the lures, he was conscious of the mercenary nature of his goddess; he knew that, however sweet her smiles, however gracious her manner, she would not permit a definite declaration of his affection unless he could surround himself, like Jupiter, with a shower of gold. A charmed circle was drawn about her, over which no one might pass but he who was treasure-laden. He felt that if he should be rash enough to break through, it would be the prelude to a summary dismissal.

For the Colonel was poor, very poor, for a man in his position; and likely to remain so, unless in following up certain vague suspicions he might chance to find a royal road to fortune.

He was not jealous of William Burgot; for the Squire's manner towards Clara was not one to inspire mistrust or to afford Mrs. Robert occasion to felicitate hegself on the result of skillful diplomacy. He let the girl make court to him, in her playful kittenish way, whilst the Colonel smiled benignantly, as upon an affection of filial regard. But, remembering Mrs. Robert's overtures, and noting the continual endorsement of them visible in Clara's little attentions, William Burgot felt too disgusted to respond. It would be time enough, he reasoned, to pluck this over-ripe plum when the chance of starving became more imminent.

"What are your plans for the morning, Burgot?" asked the Colonel one day at breakfast.

"I think we might try the covers adjoining Armidale's land—in fact, I arranged last night that we should meet him at ten sharp."

"How delightful!" cried Mrs. Robert. "It is quite warm to-day out of doors. We can bring luncheon, and help you to demolish it. I do so enjoy those feasts in the open air!"

So it came to pass that at a given time there was a reunion beneath a noble old tree, hard by a belt of gorse. It was a picturesque scene—the glorious autumnal tints of the foliage, the heap of slaughtered game, the warm furs and gay ribbons of the ladies, the diversity of male attire—the gaiters and shooting-boots of the gentlemen, the velveteen of the keepers, the liveries of the servants.

All went merry as a marriage bell, until William Burgot, stepping carelessly backward, caught his heel against a protruding root, and came crashing down amongst the underwood, with a groan of pain.

"Are you hurt?" was the simultaneous ejaculation.

"There is something wrong with my arm," he answered, as half-a-dozen willing hands helped him to rise. "An awkward twist, I fancy, to say nothing of about forty thorns."

"Oh, let me help you to draw off your coat," cried "Dear Clara."

Very gently she performed the suggested service, and rolled back the white sleeve of his shirt to ascertain what mischief was done. A few pricks and scratches where the thorns had entered, a slight discoloration, was the extent of it. But all the lookers-on remarked a healed wound, scars which told how horribly the flesh must once have been ploughed up and torn. Colonel Pettitt regarded the scars with strained earnestness. When he spoke his voice was less loud than usual, and an odd quiver of quiet excitement ran through it.

"Only a wild cat could have given you those beauty-marks," he observed. "Once I saw a poor fellow's arm ripped open in a similar way. Do you remember the tiger-hunt of Jungapore, Burgot?"

Did he remember? William Burgot's face turned ghastly pale. For one instant he met the speaker's glance, then his eyes sought the ground.

"How ill you look!" cried Mrs. Robert. "Dear Clara, give the poor fellow some brandy in a tumbler!"

"I fear its a nasty sprain—the pain is intense," replied William Burgot, huskily. "You must all excuse me. I shall go home."

He did not wait for condolences or for remonstrances, but strode away. Clara hurried after him, with expressions of solicitude. Colonel Pettitt watched her with eyes that were full of triumphant amusement.

He drank much champagne and made jests as they ate the *al fresco* repast; and he shot very wildly afterwards, missing many birds without the slightest impairing of his joyousness. When the sport was over, and he and Lord Armidale were slowly returning to the Grange, they encountered "dear Clara" and Viola, who had come to meet them. As a matter of course, Lord Armidale took possession of his betrothed, and Miss Dallas and the Colonel were left to entertain each other.

They walked through wooded ways together, and they paused for a moment in a dell where the leaves had drifted together, to note how the great artist Nature had dashed her colors on the trees and made them beautiful. And, so strong is the magician Love, this middle-aged soldier grew young again; all the forgotten romance of his nature came surging to his heart. All through his after-life he would remember how, at that instant, dead leaves rustled about his feet, the wind sighed through half-denuded boughs, and the touch of Clara's hand upon his arm thrilled him with ecstasy.

"My stay at the Grange has been a very happy one," he said; "but the happiest experiences must have an end. To-morrow I go away."

"So soon, and so suddenly?" asked Clara. Her eyes, her reproachful tones, said much more, filling him with almost delirious joy, yet, in the height of his delirium, he recognized that he must not presume upon the tenderness they implied.

"I am called away on pressing business," he said. "I am going to Italy."

"On what errand?" asked Clara, with the most innocent and child-like directness.

"To develop a gold mine," said the Colonel, with jocose playfulness. "Until to-day, Miss Dallas, I have been a poor man; now I see a fair prospect of becoming a rich one. I believe my gold mine will produce not less than five thousand a year. In that case, would you like to go halves with me?"

Her looked into her eyes eagerly. In spite of the jocoseness, he was trembling with eagerness, and he saw clearly enough that she apprehended the serious meaning which underlay his jest. Clara Dallas became suddenly grave, and hesitated for many seconds ere she answered. Then, with a beaming smile, she uttered the monosyllable "Yes," and let him withdraw the gloved hand from his arm and press his lips to it passionately.

He broke into jest and laughter again after that; the homeward walk was a very merry one. When they reached the Grange he asked for his host, and was informed that William Burgot intended to dine alone in his study, having given orders that no one should disturb him.

So Colonel Pettitt, ere he entered to dress for dinner, asked for pen and paper and wrote a brief note.

"Dear Burgot,—I am called away hastily on pressing business, and I regret that, as I must leave by an early train to-morrow and you are desirous of an invalid's privacy, I shall have no opportunity to thank you personally for all your hospitable kindness. I am, for the moment, very short of cash; can you conveniently increase my indebtedness by lending me one hundred pounds?"

"Yours,
"M. PETTITT."

"There," murmured the Colonel, in triumphant soliloquy—"if that draws first blood, as I feel sure it will, I shall know that I am on the right track."

As he was trying his cravat, the servant returned, bearing an unaddressed envelope containing ten ten-pound bank-notes, bearing also the message that the Squire's arm was so painful that he could not hold a pen; but he was very sorry to learn that Col one Pettitt was forced to depart so hastily, and he would be pleased to entertain him again at as early a date as possible.

* * * * *

Dinner was over at Burgot Grange, and Clara was saying "Good-night" to everybody, in spite of the Colonel's whispered reproaches, pleading that she must really go and entertain their invalid for half an hour.

She found him in his study, lying back in an easy-chair, but with an expression upon his haggard face which denoted anything but mental ease. He felt that the game he had played so long and so skillfully was almost lost. But there was yet one move to be taken which might save him from utter ruin.

"Clara," he said, "do you know that Viola and Lord Armidale are to be married this day month?"

"No," she answered, in surprise.

"It was only settled to-day. Could we not arrange a double wedding?"

She looked at him earnestly, not quite sure of his meaning.

"Our wedding, Clara."

There was not a word of love—not a profession of attachment. Her thoughts flew back to that scene in the dell, only a few hours old, when the leaves rustled about her feet and the wind sighed through the branches, and the consciousness of a man's strong passion stirred her sluggish blood a little.

Certainly she should have preferred the Colonel; but William Burgot had fifteen thousand a year.

"Clara, will you be my wife? Will you marry me this day month?"

And "dear Clara," thinking she would take marvellously good care the engagement was not proclaimed until the Colonel had departed, answered—

"I will."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Peculiar King of Abyssinia.

Col. Gordon's Book on Central Africa.

I write in haste, but I will sum up my impression of Abyssinia. The king is rapidly growing mad. He cuts off the noses of those who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. The other day a man went to salute Ras Aloula. In saluting him his tobacco-box dropped out. Ras Aloula struck him with his sword, and his people finished him. The king is hated more than Theodore was. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the feet and hands of people who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. Several came to tell me this. I remonstrated with the king against his edict forcing men to become Christian from Mussulman. He said they wished it. I also remonstrated about the tobacco edict, but it was of no use. No man can travel without the king's order if he is a foreigner. You can buy nothing without the king's order, no one will shelter you without his order,—in fact, no more complete despotism can exist. It can not last; for the king will go on from one madness to another.

Orders were given that no one was to approach me; nor was I to speak to any. The officer who conducted me to the king, the second in command to Aloula, met his uncle and cousins in chains, and durst not ask them why they were chained. The king is a man of about 45 years, a sour, ill-favored looking being. He never looks you in the face, but when you look away he glares at you like a tiger. He never smiles; his look, always changing, is one of thorough suspicion. Hated and hating all, I can imagine no more unhappy man. Avaricious above all his people, who do not lack this quality, his idea of a free port is that fleets of steamers will arrive from the powers of Europe with presents for him, to which he will reply by sending a letter with the lion seal, saying: "You are my brother, my mother, etc. How are you?" Johannis is delighted with her majesty, because she called him her son. He carries with him all his great prisoners—the poor Goobasie, with his eyes put out, and the rest. At the great feast, on Sept. 27, he had one bullock killed for some hundreds of persons.

Beating a Lightning-Rod Man.

New York Sun.

"I never heard of a lightning-rod man getting the worst of a job except in one case, and I don't vouch for the truth of that. It is said that one of the craft drove up in front of a fine new and large house out west and told a man who was reading at the door that he ought to have lightning-rods on his house. The man said he hadn't thought about it. Then the peddler said: 'Have you any objection to my putting up a rod on the corner?' 'No,' the man said, 'I have not.' And, as the peddler's waggon was right behind him, the expert climber had the rod up in a few minutes. 'Now,' said he, 'that corner is safe,' addressing the man, who was still reading; 'but lightning might come along and knock blank's delight out of one of the other corners. Have you any objection to my putting up a rod on each of them?' And the quiet reader looked up from his paper and said that he hadn't any objection. When the job was done the peddler presented his bill. 'What's this?' said the man, yawning and folding his paper. 'Bill for the rods,' exclaimed the peddler. 'Rods! I didn't order any rods!' 'Why, certainly you did.' 'Not at all. I only said that I had no objection to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the county court-house. I don't even live in this county. Of course I had no objections.'"

COCKROACHES are recommended as good bait for black bass.

TICKLING TRIFLES.

A WATERSPOUT—A temperance lecture.

DRAWING from nature—pulling a tooth.

THE thunder is about the most reliable weather report.

AN old salt christened his anchor Sigh because it was heaved so often.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, "but," says Smifkins, "it imparts a pleasant warmth."

WHO says it's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

IT has been definitely settled at last that the reason why the pig's tail curls is because it's styed when it is young.

"NOTHING is impossible to him who wills.' Nonsense; it is impossible for the man who wills to get ahead of the lawyers.

THE czar has succeeded in maintaining absolute monarchy. But he is afraid to come out and see how it is getting along.

FIRST Musical Enthusiast—What sort of time did you have last evening at the concert? Second Musical Enthusiast—Oh, common and treble.

IF you want a broth of a boy, take me," said the Irish sailor to the cannibal king. But the king said he preferred him roasted. He wasn't fond of broths.

THE house fly can only see a distance of thirty-eight feet, but that never bothers him any. He always manages to keep within thirty-seven feet of everything.

"What can run faster than a good horse?" was the conundrum, and the man who had some trouble with his creditors guessed it at once: "The sheriff."

A CIRCUS proprietor has applied for the admission of his elephants to this country free of duty. On the ground, we presume that their trunks contain no valuables.

THE witness said that the laundrymen, very much ruffled, collared the boy and gave him a cuff, because he caught him in the act of stocking himself with the contents of the drawers.

AN old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said: "Wal, no, not for damages, I'se had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs!"

"I'LL buy no more sausages of Chopper," said her husband, as he threw his hat and coat upon the bed, tossed his boots across the floor and requested his wife to get him his slippers. "No more sausages of Chopper. He's a hypocrite. I saw him weeping over a dead dog to-day."

A NEW autograph album has just been made which conceals a derringer in the back, so that when the album is presented to the helpless victim, death stares him in the face until he has penned a beautiful sentiment and written a signature that his banker would refuse to recognize.

"Father," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you used to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?" "I suppose so," said his father; "why do you ask that?" "I don't know," replied Johnny, "only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments; that was all."

"How is it that you have so much time to yourself?" asked Pingrey. "Why, old Percentum has given me an interest in the business." "No, is that so? I congratulate you." "Oh, yes; he told me that he could get along without my services in the future; and I'm interested to know how he is going to do it."

IN a western village the mortal remains of an exchange editor were recently committed to the dust. A meeting of sorrowing friends was subsequently held, at which suggestions for an epitaph for his tombstone were received. One of them read as follows: "Here lies the body of one who in his way was as great as Cæsar." An account of the proceedings of the meeting appeared in the local paper next day, but the proposed epitaph was rendered in this fashion: "Here lies the body of one who in his way was as great as Scissors."

A Bear With a Strong Head.

From the Hot Springs Evening Star.

An enterprising and good-natured visitor at Castle Park, a few days ago, in generosity of heart presented the bear with a bottle of beer. Bruin ascended his throne, and, after uncorking the bottle, drank it, and appeared much refreshed and well satisfied. This amused the visitor to such an extent that he took a glass himself and gave the bear another bottle. The performance lasted about two hours, the generous visitor drinking his glass each time that his bearship put a bottle of the "hop-juice" under his belt. At the expiration of the two hours it was found that bruin had indulged in nineteen bottles of beer, and his friend had gotten himself on the outside of nineteen glasses of the foamy stuff. The only difference to be discovered between the two was that bruin was quiet and docile, and walked to the end of his chain with his usual dignified tread, while the man imagined that he was the Czar of all the Russias, and was momentarily expecting to hear an explosive missile burst about him. He was finally conveyed home "upon a shutter," while the bear quietly walked his beat and looked anxiously for the appearance of another funloving visitor who would "set 'em up again,"

There is a growing doubt among the ablest biologists as to there being any fixed relation between brain structure and mental function. Sir J. Lubbock has pointed out that, though the anthropoid apes ranked next to man in bodily structure, ants claimed that place in the scale of intelligence. Once he had watched an ant working, and it worked from 6 in the morning to 10 at night without intermission, carrying one hundred and eighty-seven larvæ to its nest. Prof. Calderwood said that it became apparent that anatomical structure was not in itself an adequate guide in determining comparative importance in the scale of organic existence, and that even comparative brain structure could not be taken as a sole test of the measure of intelligence. The whole order of ants presented quite exceptional difficulties for the theory of evolution, and also for the theory of intelligence, which seems to account for it by complexity of brain structure.

EMINENT PEOPLE.

What They Are Saying and Doing.

The Queen of Italy is summering on the Bay of Naples, to which city she is devoted, as her only child was born there.

Just before leaving San Francisco for Australia, Wilhelmj gave Madame Jennie Claus a valuable violin, made by George Gemunder.

The Rajah of Sarawak has had a very fine yacht built upan the river Clyde, which can be converted into a powerful gun-boat at short notice.

Garibaldi has raised this season a large crop of potatoes and cabbages on his little island of Caprera, which he distributes to the poor of Leghorn.

Fortune turned her wheel to some purpose in the case of the Hungarian painter Munkacsy, who was once a carpenter, but is now an Austrian nobleman.

Blue velvet striped with gold, peach pink with white jet, and blue satin with crimson crushed roses, are some of the toilettes of the Queen of the Sanwich Islands.

Mrs. Langtry, the London beauty, had an income of six thousand dollars, but beauty is such an expensive profession that she and her husband have become seriously involved in debt.

Gen. Moltke has of late years been able to obtain little sleep owing to extreme nervousness; his entire amount of sleep does not amount to over three hours every night. His health is much enfeebled.

The late Joseph Mackay, of Montreal, left an estate of $1,000,000, all of which, ex-$150,000 to a niece, is bequeathed to Protestant charities in Montreal, and missionary work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The French crown jewels are to be sold in London. It is asserted that Mrs. MacKay is resolved to have the "Regent" to present to the Pope, while Mme. Blanc of Monaco wants it for her daughter, Mme. Bonaparte.

The net income of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia is reported to be two hundred thousand dollars a year, while he pays his farm laborers eight cents a day for fifteen hours' work. Nihilism is one of the crops which such farming naturally produces.

Notwithstanding the large winnings of Mr. Lorillard with Iroquois at the Derby, and his successes with his other horses, he makes no secret that the expenses of his stables at home and in England, up to the present time, are over $200,000 more than his gains.

Never within the memory of living concert goers were so many pianists of the first rank assembled together in London—Anton Rubinstein, from Russia; Joseph Wieniawski, from Poland; Dr. Hans von Bulow, from Dresden; Sophie Mentes, from Vienna; and Heymann, from Holland.

At the recent state ball in England Mrs. Cornwallis West wore a diamond star in the centre of her forehead, which had the effect of making her look like a fairy in a pantomime. One of the prettiest toilettes—of blue satin, garnished with water-lilies and tulle—was worn by Lady Breadalbane.

Dean Stanley has made another and very popular innovation in the services at Westminster Abbey. On church festivals that do not occur on Sunday, instead of giving the audience the usual half-hour preachment, he is so thoughtful as to preach only ten minutes. The worldly journals heartily commend this new practice of the good but eccentric Dean.

General Ignatieff, the new Minister of the Interior, in Russia, whom the Turks called "The Father of Lies," is broad-shouldered, with a slight stoop; tall and closely shaven, except a thick mustache, which covers a scar left by the bite of his horse on taking a lump of sugar from his mouth; he has a massive brow, with ruddy brown hair, and eyes which squint a little, with a malicious expression, behind his spectacles, if we are to believe his enemies.

The Schloss, or castle, of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt is antique and solid, and has been the castle of the old Counts of Ellenbogen. A cottage with tiny windows was built into the fortifications of the Schloss, its owner having refused to sell; the air above its roof belonged to the lord of the land, but he had no power to take the cottage from the peasant, so he built his wall over it. It was here that the Duke of Edinburgh wooed the daughter of the Czar of Russia, and the castle was once the residence of the Princess Alice.

The Princess Louise knows other things than the polite ones sometimes supposed to be only permissible to royalty. In the clever article on "Life at Rideau Hall," in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, it is stated that the Princess does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in. A lady dining lately at the Hall alluded to the excellence of the oyster *pates*. "Yes," replied one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Princess, "they were made by her Royal Highness."

Archer, the jockey who won the Derby for Mr. Lorillard is quite a character in England. In 1876 he is said to have earned $60,000 professionally. In 1875 he won 172 races; in 1876 he won 207; in 1877, 239; in 1879, 197; and in 1880, 120. He is petted like a prima donna, and is the companion of sporting lords. He travels from one race meeting to another in a first-class carriage, has only to ride his appointed horse, and keeps a valet to assist him in changing his dress. His yearly income is greater than that of a Prime Minister. This "insatiate Archer" is not "sufficed" save with many races.

At a bazaar or fair held a few days ago at Bagshot, in England, Princess Louise and the Duchess of Teck, with Prince Leopold, sold busily at their stall. Princess Christian presided over the fruit and flower stall. The Duchess of Connaught did a brisk trade in terracotta busts of the Earl of Beaconsfield, among other things, while the Duke of Connaught assisted the ladies who dispensed American drinks. The costumes worn by the most distinguished persons present were models of simplicity. The Duchess of Connaught's gown, with tiny sprigs all over the surface, relieved with mauve silk and worn with a white hat, was as far from being pretentious as the Princess Louise's costume of white Holland, embroidered with crewels. Princess Christian wore dark blue, with white muslin apron and white bonnet.

WONDERFUL TESTS.

How People Can Breathe and Live in Noxious Gases.

From a London Letter.

Mr. Fleuss has recently given at Portsmouth, before officers of the Admiralty, an exhibition of his new diving dress and apparatus for enabling persons to live and work in noxious gases. A diving dress and helmet are only used by Mr. Fleuss for the sake of warmth and personal comfort when below the water, neither being in any way necessary to enable him to breathe. He carries below with him the raw material of life, in the shape of a supply of concentrated oxygen contained in a small reservoir or tank, which he slings over his shoulder like a knapsack. At every respiration he draws from his stock by means of a tube and mouthpiece; the exhausted gas, after being strained through a sponge saturated with caustic soda, returns to replenish the tank, the impure ingredients alone being permitted to escape. In this way the diver can remain under water for three or four hours, and can penetrate into situations which are impossible to the ordinary diver, who is compelled to drag a lengthening pipe at every step, and is always liable to the danger of getting entangled with the means which supply him with air. Mr. Fleuss descended into the Steam Basin, which he traversed from end to end without experiencing any difficulty, either as regards locomotion or breathing. On the following day he demonstrated his ability to work in smoke and poisonous gases. The test on this occasion was a remarkably severe one. A fire was kindled in the wastehouse with all kinds of dockyard refuse, the smoke given off being of the densest and most pungent description. Mr. Fleuss carried the same magazine with him as before, but divested himself of the diving-dress, his only protection being a pair of goggles which covered his eyes and fitted tightly upon his nostrils. Thus armed and provided he entered the smoke, in which he was willing to remain an hour or more, but at the end of half an hour he was desired to come out, as it was considered if he could remain in the midst of such fumes for that length of time, a longer trial was superfluous. On emerging Mr. Fleuss was apparently as fresh as when he began.

The Longevity of Animals.

A German paper states that in Lapland an eagle was shot and that "around its neck it had a brass chain, to which a little tin box was fastened. The box contained a slip of paper, on which was written in Danish: 'Caught and set free again in 1792.' The study of the longevity of animals is wanting in accuracy, but it does seem quite certain that the span of life of some few of the lower creatures is much more extended than that of man. The Hindus believe that an elephant lives to be 360, and there seem to be several authentic cases noted by Europeans of the animal having arrived at the mature age of 120. Camels are shorter lived, the ordinary breed living 40 years. Recent zoologists state that the swifter race of camels are even shorter lived. A horse at 20 is considered an old animal, indeed, but he has been known to do some service even when he was 35. Oxen are short lived, 20 years being considered as about their limit of life. Dogs rarely live beyond their fifteenth year. The stories about fish must be taken with a great deal of discrimination. That of the lives of carp extending over hundreds of years rests on very poor authority. It is quite certain that numerous species of fish, especially the salmon, are not long lived. When we hear, then, of trout 50 years old we might think that there were exceptions to the general rules governing the *salmonidæ*. The whale is said to live up to 500 years, a certain bone structure giving a possible clue to his age, but this does not rest on the best authority. As to the birds, certain kinds do live very long. There are a great many parrots, as well known in families as the men or women composing them, who have lived 50 year and over, and then been killed by an accident. There seems to be good reason to believe that a parrot in the South of France came to Marseilles when he was full grown during the First Empire, and is as hale and hearty and garrulous to-day as when he was contemporaneous with the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. A chicken will live from 10 to 12 years. A story some time went the rounds of a 100-year-old goose. Though swans of 75 years old have been known, it is not likely that geese outlive them. As to the eagle, he is known to be long lived, and 60, 70, and even 100 years may be found in the books as the limit of his life. The present bird shot in Lapland, if the story is to be believed, had been captured 91 years before. As he might have been of a certain age when taken, the account would make us believe he was 100. A remarkable longevity for an eagle is possible, but, on the other hand, it is quite certain that the tin box around this particular bird's neck would have rusted and gone to pieces in less than 10 years.

The One She Loved.

A pleasant incident in the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes is related. At a country fair for sweet charity's sake the ever popular postoffice was sadly in need of letters, when a lady, discovering the witty poet among the audience, requested him to furnish an epistle for the occasion. Quick as thought he took a sheet of note-paper, and between its folds placed a $1 bank-note; turning to the first page he wrote the following:

"Dear lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor page with trembling care,
But hush, oh hush thy beating heart,
The one thou lovest will be there."

In obedience to the poet's injunction the page turned, disclosed the attractive greenback of the value of one dollar, and to prove the truth of his assertion he made the following appeal on the page opposite the bank deposit:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter;
This is the one thou lovest well,
And naught (O would make thee love it better."

Anxious sister to brother George, who has just finished a sparring lesson: "Promise me, please, never to box again. If you want something for protection, learn to fence." George: Well, if I were ever attacked I might not have a rapier with me. She, triumphantly: "Yes, but you might not have your boxing-gloves, either."

AT THE CROSS.

A Daring Prospector Desecrates It with His Claim Board.

Leadville Chronicle.

John Dixon, the well-known prospector, Bohemian, and newspaper correspondent, has just returned from a long journey to the Holy Cross. His trip was replete with thrilling incidents, but none more fraught with interest than his experience in locating a claim literally in the Holy Cross itself. The mountain derives its name, as everybody knows, from two gulches or fissures crossing at right angles on its bleak and inaccessible face. Dixon had conceived the idea that there was an immense mineral deposit at the summit of the mountain, and formed the project of pressing to the cross itself, and there locating a claim. The undertaking seemed at first full of insurmountable difficulties. The cross loomed at least a mile and a half beyond the farthest point to which any prospector had ventured, and lay almost directly above an almost perpendicular precipice. Nevertheless, he started on his perilous journey alone, carrying simply his pickaxe and a few simple tools and provisions. From the very first he found the way almost impassable. Huge canons split the country in every direction. These he crossed by lowering himself down one side with ropes, and then, often by aid of notches cut in the earth, ascend the other. His progress was never faster than a slow walk, and ofttimes simply a crawl. After infinite perils he finally reached the bottom of a long, precipitous incline leading to the wished for spot. The cross had, upon near approach, lost all semblance to its appearance at a distance, and seemed only two long ragged gulches filled with snow. Toward the foot of the lowest of these was the point toward which Dixon pressed. For a time he managed to progress by crawling on his hands and knees, and then the cliff became so excessively steep that he was obliged to make a long detour in order to surmount it. Finally, creeping like a fly along a slender crevice that barely offered a foothold on the face of the precipice, he reached the foot of the cross, and to his joy observed the outcroppings of what appeared to be a vein of decomposed quartz carrying free gold. An instant's inspection satisfied him that it was a true fissure, and clinging to a tiny protection of rock with one hand, he drove his pick-axe into the yielding formation with the other. Securing a fragment, he allowed his pick-axe to fall, and heard it crash far below upon the rocks. He dared not even glance into the abyss that yawned beneath him, but with averted head crept back. A pound yielded over six ounces from the specimen secured, and the probabilities are that he will make a good thing of it.

A Vessel's Fight With the Ice.

The wreck of the Danish mail steamer Phœnix, which took place off the west coast of Iceland, was attended by very peculiar circumstances, which are thus described by J. A. Allen in *Nature*:

"The vessel (about 450 tons burthen) sailed with a cargo and mails from Copenhagen for Leith, the Faroe Islands and Iceland about the middle of January. Nothing particular occurred until after leaving the Faroes, when she ran into a severe gale, which rapidly increased to a perfect hurricane, while at the same time the temperature fell to about fifty degrees F. of frost (eighteen degrees F.). Such cold is not extraordinary in these latitudes in winter, but fortunately it is seldom associated with very high winds. Under the circumstances in which the Phœnix was placed every sea that she shipped froze, and the deck soon became covered with a foot or two of solid ice. As time passed on the continued action of the sea raised a perfect iceberg on the forward part of the vessel, while the showers of spray carried along by the steadily increasing gale covered the masts, yards and rigging with an ever thickening coat of ice. Two or three days passed without the least abatement of the storm, and then the half smothered steamer went over on her beam-ends. The crew succeeded in cutting away the masts, and she once more righted.

"It however was clear, the gale showing no signs of breaking, that the relief was only temporary. The ice continued to form on the vessel, particularly about the forecastle, where piled high above the bulwarks and overhanging the side, it threatened, by altering her trim, to raise the propeller out of the water. Under these circumstances, on the morning of January 29, Capt. Kihl decided to run the steamer ashore while daylight lasted. At some distance from the land she struck on a sunken rock, and the crew, taking to the boats, only succeeded with the greatest difficulty in reaching the shore, saving nothing but their lives, the English mail and a bundle of blankets which (when carried ashore) were found to be useless—frozen into a solid lump. Their situation in deep snow on the desolate coast of Iceland about one hundred miles to the northwest of Reykjavik, was very critical, and a party of two or three of the stronger sailors, under the command of M. Jaspersin, the first officer, proceeded in search of assistance. It was not, however, until about 3 in the morning of the 30th, after suffering great hardships, that the sound of a pony kicking in a shed guided them to a house. The farmers immediately turned out, and eventually the scattered crew, twenty-two or twenty-three in number, were picked up, some of the clever little Icelandic dogs proving themselves most valuable auxiliaries in the search. Many of the men, however, were all but frozen to death in the snow. From this time all possible attention was given to them; but one having both legs and arms frostbitten, died, another afterwards had both legs amputated below the knees; and the steward had three fingers of each hand. Hardly one escaped more or less injury from the effects of the extreme cold to which they had been so long exposed. Capt. Kihl and the bulk of his crew soon after succeeded in getting to Reykjavik, and on April 13, they sailed in the sister steamer, the Arcturus, for Copenhagen. The officers and men of the wrecked vessel are of opinion that had Capt. Kihl not decided on the 29th to run the Phœnix ashore in daylight not a soul would have been saved, as the gale did not moderate for several days after; and the steamer, buried as it was under an enormous mass of ice, must have foundered in the night."

Even if a man has two laws he generally wants a lawn-mower.

HOSPITABLE ERRORS.

Making a Guest at Home.

Detroit Free Press.

A short time ago I repeated to a neighbor a woful tale related to me by my friend Smith, telling how he had once lost a valuable inheritance by giving a "pleasant surprise," to a wealthy old aunt.

"I don't believe," said my neighbor, "that Smith's case is any worse than that of my friend Jones. From a different cause he has lost equally as heavily as Smith."

"How did that happen?" asked I.

"Jones' misfortunes," said my neighbor, "are traceable to his fatal fondness for making guests at home. He has always been a thoughtless, good-natured, easy-going sort of fellow to whom anything like ceremony was very irksome. His wife, too, is indolent and over run with children of every age and size, so it does not suit her to entertain company with style or formality any better than it suits him. When his Uncle Aleck returned from the West, after spending ten years in Colorado, they invited him to make them a visit, but did not disturb the tenor of their household ways for him, especially as he seemed to be but little better off than when he went away. Mrs. Jones, good, easy soul, said no doubt Uncle Aleck would rather be taken as a member of the household and therefore she gave him 'potluck' with the family, making no alteration in her simple bill of fare, on his account, which he, being a decided epicure, considered a great grievance. Mrs. Jones thought that hot bread and rich desserts disagreed with the children, and therefore she banished such things from her table, giving her family cold bread, and for dessert an occasional rice pudding. Worse than that, she invited him to sit in her chamber where she was surrounded by numerous children, and where the clattering of her sewing machine formed a monotonous accompaniment to disputing sounds of laughing, shouting, various, fretting, wailing, chattering, etc., that resounded in her room at all hours of the day, a state of things which the excessive fondness of her maternal heart caused her to consider endurable, if not actually enjoyable; but as a doting mother's heart is not a reflex of a crusty bachelor's, Uncle Aleck took a different view of it and regarded the children and their din as insufferable nuisances. On his second sitting in Mrs. Jones' room two chubby little fellows, Percy and Alfred, aged respectively 3 and 6, their innocent countenances suffused with molasses, ran up to him and wiped their hands (likewise suffused with molasses) on his trim and irreproachable suit of broadcloth, whereon he arose and hastily withdrew, never to set foot in the room again, muttering as he went: 'Cursed imps.' Mrs. Jones, imperfectly apprehending his drift through the din of her sewing machine, cried out anxiously, "Did you say 'Percy limps,' uncle? Sweet darling! he must have hurt his precious little foot!"

"Jones was Uncle Aleck's namesake, and had been his favorite nephew, but this severe system of making a guest at home proved too much for the old gentleman, so he did not remain long at Jones' house. Another nephew came and invited him, adding as an inducement, 'We will make you at home and treat you as a member of the family,' whereupon Uncle Aleck shook his head and said he did not think it would be in his power to accept the invitation. Afterwards he told me that the concluding clause of his nephew's invitation was an effectual barrier to his accepting it, he didn't care to be made at home, but greatly preferred being treated as a guest.

"'Preachers and moralists tell us,' added he, 'that we ought to treat members of our own family with more kindness, courtesy and consideration than we do strangers, but the fact is, we have not yet arrived at this millennial-like state of things, and until we do I would rather take the platform of a guest than of a member of the family when I make a visit. I prefer only to see the brightest and best side of the family life, without seeing or hearing anything to mar the scenic effect. I feel much the same way about it as I do when I am going to the theatre. I prefer sitting in a box or in the dress circle to going behind the scenes and having all the stage effects destroyed and its agreeable illusions dispelled.'

"A third nephew, Thomas Jones, appeared on the field and tendered uncle an invitation which was accepted, as he happened to strike the right chord with the old gentleman, assuring him that if he would visit him he would treat him as an honored guest. Accordingly when he visited his nephew Thomas, he was not introduced intimately enough behind the scenes to have the agreeable scenic effect dispelled. He sat in a charming and tasteful sitting room, from which the children were banished to the nursery, all unpleasant topics were dismissed or smoothed away in his presence, and his meals were sufficiently palatable and well-served to satisfy even an epicure. From that time forth the scale of his favor began to incline toward his nephew Thomas; still as he kept dark about his affairs, Aleck Jones did not know how much occasion he had to rue having made his uncle so much at home till about five years later, when he died, bequeathing valuable mining properties in the West to Thomas.

Nor was the loss of his uncle's favor and fortune the only evil results that had been brought about by Jones' fatal proclivity for making guests at home. When his eldest daughter, Mary Ann, grew up, she was a sort of night-blooming cereus, a red-headed, freckled-faced girl, who made up very well in evening dress, presenting quite a handsome appearance with her tall figure and well shaped arms and neck, but who, seen by day, except in a softened light and with every accessory of the toilet, was very homely, exemplifyng the truth of Mrs. Browning's lines:

"Colors seen by candle light
Do not look the same by day."

When she made her debut, Mary Ann was gotten up so effectively that the party of the occasion, Lieut. ———, of the Navy, marked her out by his attentions, and seemed disposed to follow her up afterwards. After a week's acquaintance with her, the Lieutenant found himself wavering in the balance. He was found in such a state of mind that a feather's weight would have turned the scale in either direction. In this state of mind he determined one morning to call on the fair Mary Ann and try to come to some conclusion as to whether he should follow her up or desist, according as the impending interview might impress him. He came at an unfashionable early hour, before Mary Ann had shut herself up.

"To adore with head uncovered the cosmetic powers." Her abundant red hair, which she was in the habit of darkening by the application of bandoline, and which she likewise softened by arranging in airy puffs and curls, was now brushed plainly back from her face, which was by no means so classically featured as to stand this severe style of coiffure. Her freckles stood out fearfully prominent in the glare of daylight, unsoftened by powder. She generally received her visitors in a dress of some soft shimmering hue that toned down her coloring and contour most becomingly, a pale blue organdie, an airy white muslin, or some other pretty tint and fabric selected by her artistic taste. But at this early hour she wore dark and skimpy calico wrappers, and she was now arrayed in one of the most uncompromising of these, busily engaged in dusting the furniture in the little family sitting room when her father's bluff, hearty tones, just outside of the door, broke upon her ear. "Oh, come in, do come in," he exclaimed, with fatal cordiality and hospitality. "There is no use in taking you into that stiff parlor. This is Liberty Hall, so just walk into our little family sitting-room." With these words he ushered in the gallant officer, who paid his last visit in the house that morning. Soon afterward he went on a cruise to parts unknown, and was never, never again able to pick up the thread of romance rudely broken by poor Jones, whose ill-judged fondness for making guests at home had occasioned him not only the loss of a fortune but of an eligible son-in-law. Mary Ann is still extant—as Miss Jones.

JE M'AMUSE.

Bees think there is no place like comb—honey comb.

Favorite flowers.—The Masher's—Two lips. The Fortune hunter's—Mary Gold.

The impecunious man who married an heiress always spoke of her as a capital wife.

Why is it wrong for a retailer to sell schooners? Because no man should serve two-masters.

He was not what you might call handsome,
Though his mouth was as red as a rose;
For straw (you will spell the word backward)
Surmounted the end of his nose.

"The mill will never grind with the water that is past," maybe, but the hand organ grinds right along with the airs that are past a couple of hundred years.

A Man who asserted last week that the world owes him a living was correct. He is now pulverising stone in the work-house ten hours a day to collect the bill.

An excited old maid in a temperance lodge a few evenings since, read an original poem, entitled "The Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," and the young men present gave her three cheers.

"Do you pretend to have as good judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, slowly, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours."

The man who invented the fifteen puzzle is now making patterns for the latest styles of oil-cloth. The rumor that he had been struck by lightning last summer was a canard, published by his friends to throw hired assassing off the track.

Village postmaster to his wife: "Here is a postal-card to Mr. Jones saying that his brother and five children will be here on Saturday. Now keep that card back till then, and I will be at the station, and when they find no one to meet them I will take them all over for $3."

Ah, now we shall begin to read of the murmuring sea, the silent sea, of the moonlit sea, of the restless sea, of the unruffled sea, and all that nerve-soothing panacea. It is pleasant, yea it is delightful, but it means $4 a day and everything "extra." Do not be beguiled by it.

"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general, who was somewhat bent from age. "It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile. "It is because all my life I've been leading young calves to the slaughter."

Englishman (arguing for the superiority of England)—But, my dear sir, you will allow that England is larger than Scotland. Scotchman—Larger? Not at all. Why, we have about twice as much land in Scotland as you have in England. We have had so much land in Scotland, we've been obliged to make it up into hills and mountains to fit.

X——, a very good but rather stupid fellow, met a friend the other day who asked kindly after his family. "Oh, they are all well enough," he remarked. "I only ask one favor of heaven; that they may none of them be more foolish than their father." "Take courage, my friend—heaven may grant your prayer. You are not asking for the impossible."

The authors of the new revision of the New Testament have rejected the story of the woman taken in adultery, abridged others, and changed the text of many a familiar verse. Yet the story will not disappear. It will stand as an idyllic sermon, preaching its truth more powerfully than if it were expanded into a dozen volumes. To get rid of such a story one would have to go tearing and mutilating the whole literature of the Christian era. Such poems and stories become absorbed into the romance and poetry of all times. The legends of the world's heroes, may, like the stories of mythology, lose their hold upon the imagination. But no amount of cold criticism or rational skepticism can overthrow them. The Hercules and the Apollo, the Venus and the Dido, the Napoleon, the Washington, the Nelson, of the imagination will survive the assault of every critic and historian that has attempted to destroy and reconstruct them. Their portraits drawn by the imagination cannot be rubbed out.

The young Duke of Portland's wedding present to his cousin, Miss Bentinck (who is engaged to Lord Glamis), will be a cheque for £10,000. This young lady's father would have succeeded to the Dukedom had he lived, as he was the elder brother of the father of the present Duke.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 21, 1881.

A YANKEE Doctor has been investigating the question of malaria, so prevalent in New England. He is happy to announce that "the march of malaria at present seems to be in a northerly and easterly direction, so that it may be expected soon to find a lodgement among the Canadians in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." Why can't he send it out into the Gulf stream?

THE Roman Catholic Church of Oka was burned in June 1877. Since then every effort has been made to bring the crime of incendiarism home to the Oka Indians. The perjury of the principal witness, however, was so clear that after several trials to convict, the Indians have at last been freed from suspicion. For this, the Indians are so thankful that great rejoicing has taken place at Oka. The poor Indians have been most shamefully treated, and the Government has at last thought fit to stop the prosecutions.

PERHAPS the most sensible mark of sympathy is the donation to Mrs. Garfield of $250,000 raised by the New York Chamber of Commerce. It fretted the President considerably as to what would become of his family in the event of his death, and fearing that his recovery might be retarded on this account, the millionaires and other wealthy men of the society came down handsomely. $40,000 was raised in five minutes in $5,000 subscriptions. The President had insured his life for $25,000 a short time before he was shot.

THE physicians' daily reports of President GARFIELD's condition have continued favorable since the Sabbath after the shooting, and there seems now to be a reasonable hope of his recovery. His splendid constitution, great courage and determination to live, have greatly aided the skilful treatment of his physicians, and if his strength only holds out he has certainly a fair chance to pull through. That he may do so is the earnest prayer of the whole civilized world. In his own words, murmured unconsciously in his sleep on Wednesday, "the heart of the nation will not let the old soldier die."

THERE seems to be little doubt that the Montreal Telegraph Company, following the example of the Dominion company, will in a few days pass into the hands of a foreign telegraph monopoly, controlled by JAY GOULD, of New York. Canadians generally will regret this. The telegraph service of a country is an exceedingly important factor in its national independence and development, and it is humiliating to Canadians that in this respect they are for the future to be under the control of foreigners. This change, we fear, marks but another long stride which monopoly is making on this continent, and which threatens serious consequences to the public interest in both Canada and the United States. The railway, telegraph, land and tariff monopolies that are being created—most of them unfortunately by the people's parliamentary representatives—will, if unrestrained, soon constitute a power and element of danger in the country which it may yet be necessary but very difficult for the people to overthrow.

IT IS rumoured that Lord Lorne will not long remain in Canada, and that he will shortly return to England and be created a duke. The princess, as is probably natural, prefers London to Ottawa, and her visit to England has been prolonged so much as to give credence to the report that she will not return, or that should she return it will only be for a short time. The jingo policy of attempting to create a court in Canada is a decided failure, but the Marquis has proved himself a good constitutional governor, and statesman, who will make his mark in English politics. He has had a difficult place to fill as successor to one of the most genial of governors, one who saw something to praise in every place he visited, but on the whole he has acquitted himself with credit. The latest rumour is that Sir Austen Layard is to be our next governor, and of whom the *Western Morning News* (England), in referring to the matter, says:—Sir Austen Layard has, it must be said, shown no capacity for government, and his arbitrary mind would seem to be out of place in the Dominion of Canada, which is so easily excited with any attempt on the part of the Governor-General to interfere with its proper freedom. But if he will have a place he must have a place, and in Canada he has a colony in which at present there is no shadow of difficulty, so that unless he creates a dispute for himself he should be able to get through his term comfortably.

"Temper is everything," and in the pens of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company the temper will be found all that is to be desired.

TORONTO AND OTTAWA R. R.

There has been much speculation for the last week in our village as to whether the rumor of the commencement of the road was true or not. It seems to be the fatality of all Railroad schemes to move slowly and with a degree of uncertainty at the first. This road has had its days of tortoise speed and beyond question has passed through atmospheres of very great uncertainty. So there need be no surprise at the credulity of our citizens. But, on Monday last, the 18th inst., a real start was made. During the previous week Mr. Campbell, of Port Perry, has been actively engaged in purchasing "Right of Way." On Friday, W. C. Nunn was here by order of the President making arrangements for hiring men and securing their board. Still the people doubted, but on Monday these doubts were put to rest by the presence of the contractors, Messrs. Carr and Wood, and Mr. Nunn, on behalf of Mr. Gooderham, the President. As work was to be commenced at once there was no time for ceremonies, but the contractors and Mr. Nunn thought it would hardly do to commence so important an enterprise without at least the countenance of those deeply interested in this locality. And then there was the old time-honored idea of "starting right," so it was at once noised around that the "first sod" would be turned, and in the course of half an hour a stream of citizens might be seen winding its way to the line of road on the farm owned by Mrs. N. Fretz, about half a mile from the village, where the ceremony was to take place. At about five o'clock, P.M., a large number of ladies and gentlemen had arrived at the point selected and everything being in readiness A. F. Wood, Esq., a Director of the road, stepped forward and stated that the object of the gathering was to carry out an old time-honored custom of turning the "first sod." There had been, he said, a good deal of distrust as to the road being built, and it was no doubt caused by the length of time that had elapsed since the scheme was first started, and the many rumors for and against it that had been put in circulation by the press. He hoped these doubts would now be dispelled. The gentlemen who had contracted for the five miles from this point were on the ground ready to commence work. They were men who understood their business, and intended to push it on vigorously. The name of the principal party interested, Wm. Gooderham, Esq., of Toronto, President of the road, was a guarantee that it had financial strength, and at least there would be no danger that all business engagements would be fully and honorably met. He said that Mrs. E. D. O'Flynn, wife of the worthy Reeve, had been requested to turn the first sod, but ill health had prevented and her place had been taken by her daughter, Miss Lillian O'Flynn, who would now perform the ceremony. Mr. Parr, one of the contractors, then presented Miss O'Flynn with a shovel nicely trimmed with ribbons, and the "first sod" was duly turned. Three cheers were then given for the Queen, and three for the new road, and the assembly dispersed. Among those present we noticed E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Reeve; Dr. Sutton; Dr. Loomis; Major Rawe; Wm. Mackintosh, School Inspector; S. D. Ross, Councillor; Thos. Cross; Joseph Caverly; H. Seymour; R. Empey; C. G. Wilson. Had there been half a day's notice there would have been a much larger attendance, but as we stated at the beginning, there was no time for delay. And now that the work is fairly commenced, we hope there will be no cessation until it is finally completed and another artery for trade and commerce opened up through Ontario. We might add for the benefit of the uninitiated that the line of road passes through the southern part of the village north of the town-line where it crosses the Madoc road, and south of Mr. Frederick Seymour's residence. It will be somewhat expensive getting through the village as it cuts angling through a number of lots, but we understand that Mr. F. Seymour has offered to give an acre outside the right of way for station grounds, and we think the tender likely to be accepted as the locality (near the gravel road) is likely to be the most suitable for station purposes.

SELLING LIQUOR CONTRARY TO LAW.

The reference made by the Magistrate, Mr. A. F. Wood, on Tuesday last to the facilities with which liquors are obtained contrary to law is a matter for serious consideration. We profess to no personal knowledge of how liquors are obtained during the hours prohibited by law, but a man must be altogether blind and the rest of his senses badly dulled if he cannot *guess* at least how some parties seek to evade and manage to escape the penalties of the Liquor Law. We often hear these matters spoken of, and we find that "the tricks of trade" practiced by some are very well known, and, we may add, generally condemned. It may seem to pay for a time to break and evade the law, but in the end the party who does it loses the respect of the community and public generally. We know there are those who "bluster" and "talk loud" when their attention is called to such matters, but we can assure them the *facts* are the same, and the public condemn just the same. It pays in more than one sense to keep the law. We believe there are those in our village who are engaged in the liquor business who try and wish to keep the law, but some one does not, is a matter no one can deny, or parties could not buy liquor on Sunday. It is a shame and disgrace that such is the case.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

House to Let.

THAT comfortable brick house, formerly occupied by Mr. Chas. Kirk. Good location, within five minutes walk of the post office. Hard and soft water convenient. Terms reasonable. Apply to.

JAMES KIRK,
Proprietor.

Madoc, July 21st, 1881.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 5th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, once per week each way, between

St. OLA and THWAITE'S CORNERS,

from 1st October, next,

The conveyance to be made on horseback or otherwise.

The Mails to leave St. Ola every Monday at 12:45 p. m., and to arrive at Thwaite's Corners at 2 p. m. To leave Thwaite's Corners at 3 p.m., or on arrival of Mails from Madoc, and to arrive at St. Ola in one hour and a quarter.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of St. Ola, and at the residence of Mr. W. I. Thwaite, Thwaite's Corners.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
P. O. Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Kingston, 24th June, 1881. 224-3.

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEA SETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Notice of By-Law!

NOTICE is hereby given that a By-Law was passed by the Corporation of the County of Hastings on the fifteenth day of June, A.D. 1881, providing for the issue of Debentures to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, for the purpose of paying for the erection of an Iron Swing-bridge at the Town of Trenton, the construction of a gravelled road between the Villages of Madoc and Marmora, and the balance of the County Stock in the Grand Junction Railway Company; and that such By-Law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Hastings, on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon.

Any motion to quash or set aside the same or any part thereof must be made within three months from the date of registration, and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 25th day of June, 1881.

JAMES T BELL,
County Clerk, County of Hastings.

ANOTHER

Grand Auction Sale

OF $3,000 WORTH OF

New FURNITURE

—AND 2 NEW—

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Will be offered at the Store we had our last Sale, two doors North of the Syndicate Store, Harrison's Block, or next door to George Ritchie & Co's, Belleville.

THURSDAY, 28th JULY, 1881.

20 Bedroom Sets, in Ash and Walnut, 6 Parlor Sets, in Hair-cloth and Fancy Reps, Extension and Centre Tables, Perforated Dining-room Chairs, Cane and Hair-cloth Chairs, Rocking Chairs, Hair-cloth Sofas, Fancy Flour Stands, Brackets, Music-holders, What-Nots, Walnut Sidboards, 50 Bedsteads, to be sold separate, Washstands, Enclosed Washstands, Mattrass and Spring Beds, Lace Curtains, Bedroom Sets, China and Dinner Sets, and a lot of Common Crockery for ordinary use.

SALE SHARP AT 11 A.M. TERMS for Furniture, Cash.

W. & D. PATERSON,
Trade Auctioneers, Syndicate Store.

Belleville, July 19th, 1881.

TEACHER WANTED,

FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure. Duties to commence August 1st, 1881. Must hold a Third Class Certificate. Apply, stating salary, to

WILLIAM DWIRE,
Maynooth P. O.,
224-tf Hastings Road.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,
Grocer and Wine Merchant,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

THE CANADA PACIFIC

RAILWAY COMPANY.

EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA

—AND THE—

Canadian North-West.

SALE OF LANDS.

The Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands for agricultural purposes at the low price of $2.50 an acre, payable one-sixth cash and the balance in seven annual instalments, with interest at six per cent., and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price, of $1.25 for every acre of such lands cutivated within three to five years following the date of purchase, according to the nature and extent of the other improvements made thereon.

The lands thus offered for sale will not comprise Mineral, Coal or Wood lands, lands with water-power thereon, or tracts for Town Sites and Railway purposes.

Contracts at special rates will be made for lands required for cattle raising and other purposes not involving immediate cultivation.

Intending Settlers and their effects, on reaching the Company's Railway, will be forwarded thereon to their place of destination on very liberal terms.

Further particulars will be furnished on application at the Offices of CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, at Montreal and Winnipeg.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. DRINKWATER,
222-5 Secretary.

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of Englan Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE, on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

DR. NASH,

the visiting Physician, will be in

Belleville Office, on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

The Huffman House, Peterboro', on Wednesday and Thursday till 3 p.m., each week.

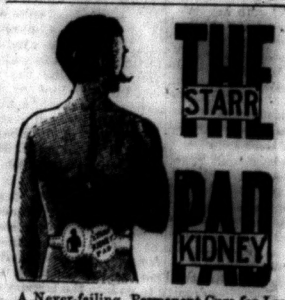
And the British American Hotel, Kingston, on Friday and Saturday until 4 p. m., of each week.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.



A Never-failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant Complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE

(Condensed.)

FROM DOCTORS, DRUGGISTS, MERCHANTS, & FARMERS.

Some of the additional home testimony received since publication of last pamphlet.

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Picton, April 20, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.

Signed, Dr. J. B. MORDEN.

Prices,—Child's Pad, $1.50. Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases, $3.

Obtain Pamphlet Testimonials from your Druggist *Free.*

Pads sold by W. GILROY, THOMASBURG, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD Co.,
31 King St. West, Toronto.

Servant Wanted.

A GOOD general servant girl wanted. Recommendations required. First-class wages paid to a satisfactory person. Apply to

MRS. E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc.

Our Handsome Victoria Photos
For Style, Tone, and Finish lead the City.
BROCK & CO., Photographers.

Position is Everything!
We claim the advantages of better lights, accessories and conveniences than any Studio east of Toronto. BROCK & CO.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

—Ague, with its attendant miseries, is still in vogue.

—Cheese is "booming." As high as 10 cents is being paid for good cheese.

—Servants are a well informed class. Key holes are not placed in doors for nothing.

—Vennor predicted cool and showery weather for this week. Not far astray.

—The "first sod" of the new Railroad was turned by Miss L. O'Flynn, on Monday last.

—Work on the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, commenced on Tuesday last east of the village.

—Dungannon and Faraday communication unavoidably crowded out of this issue; will appear in next.

—Mr. James Lahey, of Huntingdon, advertises a cow strayed on his premises. See posters for particulars.

—The height of human happiness: Sitting under your own vine and fig tree, reading your own REVIEW (with subscription paid up.)

—There was a remarkable change in the weather on Sabbath last, being quite cool and threatening rain which made its appearance in the evening.

—A leading Druggist in the west says: "I have sold more of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters in four months than any other medicine I ever handled. It seems to please every time." For sale by all Druggists.

—The two sermons, morning and evening, as discoursed by Rev. D. Mitchell, of Belleville, in St. Peter's Church of this place on Sabbath last, were both eloquent and practical, and were listened to with marked attention by a fair audience.

—In the hot months of July and August the Blood should be kept pure and cool, with an occasional dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, a worthy family medicine. In large 8 ounce bottles 50 cents, at all Drug Stores.

—Mr. Chisholm, we understand, has ceased the running of his stage between Madoc and Belleville, having disposed of his privilege to the Grand Junction Railway. He will, however, continue to carry the mail, and also parcels under fifty pounds weight.

—Do you feel miserable, tired, half-sick, no appetite and out of sorts generally? Dr Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters is just the medicine you want, a few doses will at once relieve you. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle, price 50 cents.

—In our morning's perambulation around the village we notice that industry characterizes the greater part of our citizens; even those of the "gentler sex," some of whom may be seen in the garden with hoe in hand at an early hour. Exercise invigorates our intellectual faculties as well as imparting efficacy to our bodies. Take exercise then.

Plenty of Work--Good Wages.

Mr. W. Gooderham, Jr., President of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, advertises for 100 men to work on the grading of this road near Madoc. Applications to be made at once to W. C. Nunn, Madoc House, Madoc. Wages, $1.25 per day.

Masonic Grand Lodge.

Dr. J. S. Loomis, W. M. of the Masonic Lodge in this village, attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge in Hamilton last week. We notice from the reports of the daily papers that he was elected District Deputy Grand Master for Prince Edward District.

Base Ball.

A base ball club has been organized in this village with about forty members. The boys evidently mean business as they have ordered a dozen bats and a quarter dozen balls; mask, gloves, &c., and are to go into practice at once. Local opponents get your muscles up.

Correction.

The following names were, in some way, omitted last week from the list of candidates for promotion to the Fourth Class. They failed to attain the regular standard but their promotion has been sanctioned:—Harry Sarles, S. S. 19, Rawdon; Michael Maloney, S. S. 9, Marmora; Isabella Montgomery, S. S. 3, Madoc.

Recovering.

Mr. Charles W. Peterson, barrister, of this village, was stricken with an unusually severe attack of malarial fever a few weeks ago, in consequence of which he was obliged to leave his business—and, in fact, the village. His friends will be pleased to read the following paragraph, which we clip from the last issue of the Colborne *Enterprise*:—"Mr. Charles W. Peterson of Madoc, son of T. H. Peterson, Esq., is at home for a season of recreation. We are sorry to learn that he has suffered somewhat severely from an attack of ague. He is now, however, rapidly recovering."

Who Owns It?

This is the way the Huntingdon Councillors settled the question of who was to keep that unfortunate child left with Mrs. Canniff, which caused Madoc township Councillors so much trouble this year. We take it from the report of Council proceedings sent by the Clerk to the newspapers:—"A Mrs. Canniff, of Madoc, appeared before the Council with a child said to be about two years old which she claimed was left at her residence last fall by some person living in Huntingdon. She stated that she had applied to the Council of Madoc for help for keeping the child, and that Madoc Council had advised her to bring the child here under a plea that it was said to have been born and its mother to have died in this township. The child being a resident of Madoc, the Council were of opinion that if any one was responsible it was the Council of Madoc. Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Foster, that Mrs. Canniff receive five dollars for her trouble and expense in bringing the child here and taking him back again to Madoc.—Carried. The Reeve agreed to get a legal opinion as to the liability of the respective municipalities under the circumstances."

CHEESE MARKET.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., July 19th.—Factory cheese from 10¼c. to 10½c.; the bulk bringing 10¼c.

LIVERPOOL, July 20th, 5 p.m.—Cable 54s.

MONTREAL, July 20th.—10c. to 11c.

In the western Cheese Districts, London, Stratford, Woodstock and Ingersoll, business in this line has been exceedingly lively for the past eight or ten days. The June make is about all disposed of, and first week of July is commencing to be moved. Prices ranging from 9¾c. to 10¾c.

Sale of Furniture.

In this week's issue will be found the advertisement of an important Auction Sale of Furniture by W. & D. Paterson, to take place Thursday, 28th inst., at Belleville, comprising about $3,000 worth. This grand sale is worthy of notice, as everything is new and of great variety.

M. E. Church Pews.

The families of the congregation of the M. E. Church will select their pews on Saturday next at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. All interested are cordially invited to be present. A kind invitation is extended to any desiring a pew either to come to the church on Saturday, or communicate with E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., or with the Pastor of the Church.

An Important Discovery.

A Prince Edward County farmer writes that he has found carbolate of lime to be as good as Paris green or London purple in destroying potato beetles. A few pounds dusted from a dredging box is enough for an acre of potatoes. The more widely this is known the better, for there has been no such terror added to farm life of late years as the introduction of deadly arsenical poisons into daily use. The number of cases in which human or other animal life has been lost through careless use of Paris green is saddening, and the worst of it is the casualties increase as the public becomes familiarized with the handling of the poison.

Another Comet.

Mr. J. M. Schæberle, of Ann Arbor, Mich., has discovered a comet in right ascension 5 hours, 48 minutes, declination north 38 degrees, 45 minutes. The comet was seen on the morning of the 16th inst., in the constellation Auriga by Prof. Swift. It is larger and more luminous than the one Prof. Swift discovered on May 1st. The comet is telescopic. This is the fourth comet discovered since May 1st. Prof. Swift thinks it is the comet of 1812. He reports that the new comet has probably not yet passed the sun, and may increase in brightness enough to be visible to the naked eye. Its motion is northwest, and can be found near Capella.

Appreciated.

A member of the 49th battalion band, of Stirling, which took part in the celebration here on the 12th July, writes to the *News-Argus* as follows:—"I wish to acknowledge, through the medium of your paper, the very kind and hospitable reception accorded to us by the people of Madoc on the 12th. Our trip to that place was a very agreeable one. I have to congratulate Madoc on the efficiency of its band. Every person knows the very great difficulty in keeping up the standing of a brass band in a small place; but Madoc seems to be an exception to this rule. Their band deserves special notice. Their general turn-out, and their rendering of difficult pieces, would be a credit to any place. I hope they will always be accorded that support by the citizens that they deserve. We would be glad to receive a visit from them, and will endeavor to reciprocate the courtesy we received from them while at Madoc.

Personals.

Mr. George Kirk, Head Master Madoc Model School, and family left on Monday last for a three week's rustication at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. E. D. O'Flynn and family intend starting on Monday next for the same place.

Mr. W. H. Jenkins, also of this village, left on Monday last for this favorable summer resort.

Mr. McMullen, of the Prince Edward Railway, paid this village a visit on Tuesday last.

Miss Cosbey, who, in consequence of a broken limb caused by a horse running away and being thrown out while on her way to attend the Teachers' Association at the Madoc Model school, has been under the skillful treatment of Dr. Dafoe, and has so far recovered from the accident as to allow of her being taken to her home on Sunday last, from the Windsor House, where she has been confined since the accident.

A Valuable Book.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America," from the publishers, Messrs. John Lovell & Son, Montreal. It is an invaluable work, containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of our 7,500 cities, towns and villages and places in the Dominion, and a vast amount of general information, which is simply indespensible to every business man, and to everyone who moves beyond or has to do with anything, beyond the limits of his own homestead. Besides containing a brief description of and how to reach every post office in the Dominion, it contains a key to every railroad and steamboat route, with the most convenient way of reaching every town and village in the country. That it is as nearly correct as is possible to make it we judge from the following description of the village of Madoc, which it contains:—

MADOC, or Hastings, a flourishing post village in Hastings co., Ont., on Deer River, and on the Grand Junction railway, 30 miles from Belleville. It contains 5 churches, a telegraph office, 2 flouring mills, 2 saw mills and a carding mill, a foundry, a tannery, marble quarries, about 30 stores, 3 hotels, and a printing office issuing a weekly newspaper. Madoc is noted for the gold mines with which the neighborhood abounds. The Malone mines, to the northwest, are being successfully worked. Recently a very rich discovery was reported about 11 miles north of Madoc, and the specimens shown were said to exceed anything yet exhibited in that locality. Magnificent deposits of iron also are found, which are being opened up and developed. Pop. 1000.

Magistrate's Court.

On June 25th, a complaint was made by Mrs. Mary Langley against her husband for brutal treatment, in which her arm was broken. A warrant was issued by A. F. Wood, Esq., and on July 2nd, the party accused was brought before his Honor at the Town Hall. Mr. Peterson, of the firm of Peterson and Peterson, appeared for the complainant and S. B. Burdett, Esq., of Belleville, for Langley. After some consultation the Counsel requested the Magistrate to adjourn the case until 13th July, that the parties might if possible effect an arrangement by which they could live apart, as it would appear they could not live peaceably together. The Magistrate consented to this, binding Langley over to appear. After the court broke up the two parties agreed to leave the terms of settlement with two neighbors—Messrs. Thompson and Moore, of Elzevir. On the 13th, Mr. Langley was again arraigned before A. F. Wood, Esq., as, after the two referees had agreed upon the terms of settlement he refused to be governed by them, and so the trial was proceeded with, the same Counsel appearing as before. Mrs. Mary Langley being sworn deposed that on the morning of the assault she was milking the cows when Langley took offence at something that was done and commenced calling her offensive names and on her retorting he ran towards her and struck her on the stomach knocking her breathless and followed this by a blow on the head with a heavy pail which she tried to avert by throwing up her arm, bringing the weight of the pail upon it breaking one of the bones of the arm. When she remonstrated he replied by saying he "wished it had been her d——d neck." Her evidence went to show that during a married life of seven years there had been but little domestic comfort. She is his second wife and there is considerable difference in their ages, and according to his wife's testimony Langley is of a jealous disposition. The Magistrate decided that the case was one that warranted him in sending it to a higher tribunal which he did by committing Langley to jail, whither he was removed by Constable Sills—no bail being tendered.

On July 5th, R. Simmons was summoned by W. H. Oldfield before Mr. Wood, for non-payment of wages. As Oldfield's own evidence showed he had not fulfilled his part of the contract the case was dismissed with the advice to put in the remainder of his time.

July 9th, John Wright, of Elzevir, laid complaint against Jerry Chambo, James Dultin and John Freebun, for cutting hay on marshes owned by Hon. B. Flint. The charge was only proved against Chambo who was fined $1 and costs. The others were dismissed.

July 18th, B. C. Sills, Constable, made complaint that Wm. Haggarty, of Rawdon, had interfered with him in the discharge of his duty in trying to quell a row in the village on the 12th. After hearing the case the Justice decided the charge sustained, as the evidence went to show beyond any doubt that Haggarty not only interfered with the constable but had assaulted him. Mr. Wood in giving judgement said it was deeply to be regretted that gatherings of this kind could not take place without disturbance, but in almost every case was attributable to whiskey drinking. He said there was no denying the fact, and he felt it his duty to state that he believed if the sale of intoxicating liquors could be prohibited, the necessity for peace-officers would almost cease. He had been looking over the record of some two thousand cases that had come before him in the last thirty years and found that fully three-fourths were directly or indirectly the result of indulgence in intoxicating drinks. He said the facility with which men addicted to excess got liquor was deplorable, notwithstanding it was contrary to law. No longer ago than yesterday a most piteable case came under his notice the complaint of a wife and mother in which she stated that her husband had been in a continued state of intoxication for nearly seven weeks, and on last Sunday was drunk all day from liquor purchased during the day. It was contrary to law—an outrage on a civilized community and a disgrace to the place.

He said under ordinary circumstances he should have felt it his duty to inflict the largest penalty the law would allow, but as there were some extenuating circumstances and a first offence as far as he was concerned he should make the fine so that with costs it would amount to $10.

The Tamworth *Echo* reports that a fearful row occurred recently between two men, originating in a difference of opinion as to who should bear the expenses of burying the corpse of the wife of one and the mother of the other. The statement of our contemporary displays an amount of meanness and depravity such as is seldom surpassed.

An old gentleman residing in Middleton, Ct., was working in his barn a few days ago, when he suddenly felt a pricking sensation in his groin, and making an examination discovered the point of a needle protruding through the skin. Procuring a pair of tweezers, he drew the needle out and found it to be intact. The needle was a large, old fashioned one, and was black and partially rusted away. He was at first unable to account for this, but finally chanced to remember that 28 years ago he attended a party, and when it broke up he was holding a needle in his mouth for the accomodation of a lady friend, when in laughing he swallowed it.

Movco et Proficio.—The public have so often been deceived by representations made through the advertising columns, that if an announcement is made offering unusual inducements, it is considered at once as a 'blow' and no further attention is paid to it. I believe it pays to advertise providing the truth is told. If the advertiser is not able to carry out the inducements offered to the public it is but a waste of money and printers' ink. I have this season endeavored to secure a stock of furniture suitable for a first-class trade and I think an examination will bear me out in asserting that I have the finest and most complete stock of furniture ever offered in Madoc. I wish the public to understand most particularly that I keep no auction or Cheap John trash in my ware room, but all goods made for a legitimate trade.

UNDERTAKING.

I keep as usual a full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds, and Undertakers supplies on hand, and will furnish as usual as low as can possibly be done.

MARSHALL MAYBEE.

FARMERS!

Before you purchase your

Machine Oil

Call and examine our

"EXTRA LARDINE,"

For Mowers and Reapers.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

(o)

We keep constantly on hand a large and well-assorted stock of Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Groceries, etc., all of which we offer at prices that defy competition.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,
Madoc and Stirling.

Madoc, June 16th, 1880.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Nuptials of One of the Turkish Imperial Brides with an Aid-de-Camp of Low Degree—Handsome Boudoir—Disordered Bed-Chambers—Oscar Wilde in His Glory.
Waifs.

Waifs.

THE college female commencements are miss representations.

AT a picnic party the other day the yonth who recklessly hugged all the girls was put down as a free and squeezy fellow.

GIRLS, don't think a fellow is a gentleman because he gives you a polite bow. Bowers are always knaves, so a euchre-player informs us.

FROM the steamer's deck she beheld a barge laden with cotton. "Ah!" murmured the fair Angelica, "my bosom friend is baled out."

RECIPE for becoming æsthetic: One dictionary of art terms, three oil paintings, and a job lot of old crockery ware. Mix. No brains required.

MISS LILLIWHITE, who is about to marry, remarked on Memorial day that she could sympathise with the brave boys in blue, having lost her hand in an engagement.

HE was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crowed in the yard, and leaning over, he said: "Chanticleer." "I wish you would; I am as sleepy as I can be." He cleared.

A PROVIDENCE girl, on being told that her false hair was coming off, replied that it was no such thing, as she didn't wear false hair. And then she went and looked in the mirror.

BROWN (Philistine)—"I heard it was all 'off' between you and Miss Roweshett." Wobbinson (æsthete)—"Ya-as. Incompatibilty of complexion!—she don't suit my furnitchar!"

THEY were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

THE winds were whispering low and the sentinel stars had set their watch in the sky as she leaned from her chamber window and tenderly asked: "Is that you, Henry?" "Courah 'tiz; pretty 'oman dozzen know 'er own hushband when ah' seezim."

"I CANNOT sing the old songs," shrieked an amateur soprano, the other night, and while she took in breath for the next line a young man who had looked in for a moment was heard to remark, casually, but emphatically; "You just bet you can't." It broke up the concert on the spot.

"GEORGE, do you love me?" "I did—you know how fondly—but—" "O George, how can you say 'but?' What has changed you?" "Well, Clara, I have a prejudice—a—a—what under the sun were you caressing that dog for?" "O George, how unjust to poor Fido! He is only a friend."

A BLUE-BOTTLE fly was bumping his head against the window-pane. "Jane," said the lady, "open the window and let the poor fly out." "But see what a pouring rain," said Jane. "You have a kind heart, Jane; let him go into the next room where it is warm, and when the shower is over let him out."

"WIFE!" exclaimed Job Shuttle in alarm, "there is a depth of infamy in your cooking. I've just swallowed no less than three cherry-stones from this pie." "What of it?" retorted the woman, a little nettled; "you don't expect a cherry-orchard will grow up inside of you, do you?" Silence that betokened an unanswerable argument.

EVEN children are interested in the story of M. Faure's wonderful invention of an apparatus for storing electricity. A Brooklyn boy, who had been listening to his father's reading of Sir William Thomson's letter on the subject, took advantage of a pause to remark: "Oh, won't that be jolly, ma? When your tongue gets tired pa can just hitch a cell to it and keep it agoin' the same as ever."

FOR nearly three hours they sat in the secret trysting place conjuring up the familiar images of love's young dream. At the expiration of that time her father appeared upon the scene with anger in his eye and a pitchfork in his hand. "Fly, fly," she exclaimed, "or you are lost!" But he had been sitting on a nounce of chewing gum that had treacherously slipped from her pocket, and he couldn' have flown if he had been a bald-headed eagle. Two years later she was wooed and won by another young man, but she always preserved the strips of Alfonso's pantaloons that her father bore home in triumph upon the prongs of the pitchfork. True love can never die.

A Sultana's Marriage.

The following description of the recent marriage of Naile Sultana, one of the two important brides, was furnished to the London *Standard* by an English lady who was an invited guest: "On our arrival at the house, a large building situated up a steep, narrow street not far from Delma Baghtche palace, we were ushered by half a dozen eunuchs through an ante-room, in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There we were requested to wait, as the sultana had not yet completed her toilet, coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng, when the stir without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom, a man of 24 years of age, short and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in a certain comeliness. Naile Sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's *selamlik*. This power of selecting a husband by inspection, as it were, is a privilege of princesses of the house of Othman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the sultana. Cases of this kind are rare, but one at least has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. Being rich, however, he sought consolation in keeping his discarded love in a separate establishment, a proceeding which is supposed never to have reached the ears of his royal partner. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple aid-de-camp uncertain of promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a general and highness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver piastres (in olden days they would have been golden liras) among the slaves. The bridegroom having passed into the sultana's presence, the ceremony of marriage was immediately performed, but only witnessed by the sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the imam tying them together with a rope, and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over, Mehemet Pasha escaped by a side entrance to avoid being mobbed and buffeted, according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited backsheesh. As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter-skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state, with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few Armenian ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down and kissed the hem of her garment, but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman of some 22 summers is Naile Sultana. She was dressed in a loose-fitting Turkish robe of rose-colored silk, slashed with gold, while a long white gauze veil, likewise embroidered with gold, drooped down from behind the litle cap that surmounted her tightly-drawn up hair. On her shapely hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single-button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her toilet was far less perfect than we had expected. Throughout there have been no amusements beyond a band playing European music in the court-yard. The whole affair was a confession of the economy now necessarily reigning at the palace."

Handsome Boudoirs.

The room of many a girl which used to be a perfect cobweb hall is now, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, receiving the utmost attention at her hands. She often makes the walls hideous with Oriental monstrosities in art or adorns her dressing-case with frights in needlework and paintings of her own; yet along with much that is far from admirable in the present passion for household decoration there are some peculiarities and effects that are extremely commendable. The love of home will be strengthened by the habits of industry and patience cultivated by our women in the efforts to make their home beautiful. As picture dealers and buyers insensibly educate themselves in art by familiarity with what is truly beautiful and worthy, so the feminine household decorator will learn by numerous mistakes to distinguish between what is artistic in her work and what is not. Even serious mistakes, made at a considerable expense of time and money, are educational in their tendency, both to the art amateur and the household decorator. Every woman who tries to beautify her home is as truly an art amateur as the man who indulges his liking for pictures, statuary and other costly works of art. When we began, two or three years ago, to adorn our houses with Japanese tapestries, fans, umbrellas, screens, and banners, we had no dream of where it would lead us. The taste for color and variety has grown upon us until now we reject all that is cheap, mean, gaudy, and offensive in such objects, and, studying our decorations carefully before purchasing, we give variety by adding embroideries, table-scarfs, chair-scarfs, (the new name for tidies) straw and willow baskets, in all sorts of pretty and fantastic forms, and decorated with ribbons, embroideries, velvet, plush, and satin bands and bars, with tassels, balls, and acorns of colored wools and floss silks. Besides, there is a multiplicity of forms into which porcelain, delf, and glass are manipulated to aid in the work of making homes more ornate and attractive. Of course, this sort of thing can be easily run into absurdity. For example, take the girls who are elaborately painting that necessary piece of crockery which they see when, before going to bed, they look for the hidden man. They mean well, and the results of their labors are often dazzlingly beautiful, but they nevertheless ought to be discouraged. But they can be forgiven that particular vagary, and commended for turning their general attention to beautifying their homes.

Married in a Borrowed House.

A few days ago, says the Troy *Times*, a man and woman of respectable appearance presented themselves at the front door of a residence in Troy and asked to see the gentleman of the house. The pair were ushered into the parlor, and soon the gentleman sought presented himself. The stranger arose, and, in gentlemanly tones and well-chosen English, said that he and the lady accompanying him had called to be married. The gentleman of the house is not a minister of the gospel, neither does he hold any civil office that entitles him to make a loving couple man and wife.

The stranger continued, however, that he did not expect his listener to perform the marriage ceremony, but simply asked the privilege of having it performed in the house. He explained that his people lived in the same part of the old country as the ancestors of the gentleman of whom he was asking the great favor, and that he and his bride to be, came from a distance to be married in Troy, but they had no friends or acquaintances here. Strange as was the request, it was granted, and a prominent minister sent for. The ceremony was quickly performed, and all were content. The newly-married pair left the house with profuse thanks to the gentleman who had so kindly loaned his parlors for the ceremony. An investigation of the couple's statements was made, and the young man was found to be all that he represented.

The Great Maudle.

I was at an "at home" yesterday and saw æstheticism in its glory, although it is to be observed that many devoted disciples of the guild, unable to resist the pressure of public ridicule in the papers and on the stage, have gone over to the Philistines. Oscar Wilde was, however, there, and in his glory, for his long hair and sickly-green cravat had a unique coat and a pair of trousers to keep them company. "His trousers, are, indeed, 'too too'" whispered my neighbour, "for there is material enough in them to make four pair!" The great Maudle was flopping on a divan, his hands folded, his eyes upturned, while a "precious" creature in kindred "art colors" communed with him. Presently, while a long-haired being played upon the violoncello, and ere a young lady had burst forth into a rapturous German lied, I noticed in the hall-way a decidedly pretty girl who had just arrived. She was trying to take off a Newmarket coat which fitted her so closely that one of the buttons burst as she did so, and this Newmarket coat—oh, "precious" incongruity of cut and material!—was made of "crushed strawberry" hued cloth. When, with the assistance of the page and her friends, she had succeeded in disembarrassing herself of this garment, she stood revealed in a "quite too too" robe of palest green cloth, trimmed with olive velvet, and made in the exact style as that worn by Marguerite in "Faust," down to the chatelaine pocket and the old silver clasp and girdle. Top this with an unmistakably nineteenth century bonnet, and foot it with boots of our day, and you may well believe that this lovely but misguided girl looked as though she had just stepped from some such extravaganza as "Le Petit Faust." The hostess did not on this occasion—and does not—encourage this style of attire by personal emulation. Like the Baroness de Chamber in "Frou-Frou," she lets other people make themselves ridiculous.

Steam Whistles in a Fog—Curious Phenomena.

Norwich, Conn., Bulletin.

Captain Shirley, of the steamer City of Lawrence, of the Norwich and New York Transportation Company's line, reports a strange phenomenon on the Sound during foggy nights, which is worthy the investigation of scientific men. He says that when the steamer City of Lawrence was three or four miles east of Stratford Shoals light, on the night of the 12th May, he heard a whistle which sounded off the starboard bow. He blew the whistle of his boat several times, but could get no reply. He stopped his boat, blew three whistles, and was delayed three minutes, when the steamer State of New York suddenly appeared, blew two whistles and passed him on the left. On the same night, when near Faulkner's Island, the State of New York whistled to the north of the Lawrence. She blew two whistles, and the New York returned one blast, and she passed to the southward. Capt. Shirley did not hear her whistle from the time that he heard her first blast until she passed him. Whistles were heard to the eastward, but not to the westward that night.

Sunday night, when the Lawrence was two miles from Bartlett Reef lifeboat, the bell was heard plainly, but when the Lawrence had got within a mile of the lifeboat they lost the sound until within an eighth of a mile of it, when they saw the glimmer of the light. The same phenomenon occured off the Cornfield light.

The water was calm, and a light northeastly breeze was blowing. When off Huntington, on the same night, Captain Shirley heard a whistle blow four or five times. It then grew fainter and fainter, until it could be no longer heard. He thought that it was a steamer going away from him. After running for two or three minutes, he heard a whistle close ahead on the starboard bow. The Lawrence blew three whistles and backed, and had to hail a large tug with barges in tow to leave their helm to their starboard to prevent a collision. The tug passed the Lawrence with about ten feet of lee room. Capt. Mott, an old Sound navigator, remembers the occurence of similar phenomena on the night of the collision between the steamers Stonington and Narragansett, in June, 1880.

Why the sound of whistles is not conveyed as well on a foggy night as on a clear one is a problem to be solved. It cannot be attributed to head winds or heavy seas, for the sea was calm and the air almost motionless. The signals at Huntingdon and Execution lights have been heard over fifteen miles against a northeast gale. The navigators of the Sound are anxious to have the phenomena explained.

Drifting Half a Year.

The following report of the rescue of nine Japanese sailors by the Pacific steamship City of Pekin, is printed in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of June 30: The Japanese had been blown out to sea in a storm which occurred December 9, 1880. They lost their masts and rudder in the storm, and had been drifting at the mercy of the winds, they knew not where. After their own provisions were exhausted they subsisted on their cargo, mostly beans and dried fish, and such rain water as they could catch during the six months which had elapsed since the typhoon occurred. They had burned most of the small woodwork, doors, berths, windows, etc., of their vessel for fuel, and were on short food rations, 40 beans per day for each man being the allowance. Their fire, when put out from time to time, they had rekindled by rubbing two pieces of wood together. They had given up all hope of ever seeing land or anything human again, when, on Saturday, the 28th of May, in latitude 36° 37' north, longitude 143° 54' east, about 300 miles from the Bay of Yeddo and Yokohama, they sighted the Pekin on the wide waste of water. Captain Berry, in answer to their signals of distress, bore down and sent one of the boats off with an officer and the doctor to examine into their sanitary condition, and the poor souls were soon landed on her deck. One of their number had died the day previous from exposure, hunger, and anxiety.

ALTHOUGH only 19, Alida Mayer has had a great amount of matrimonial trouble. She married a wealthy oil speculator at Corry, Pa., three years ago, and soon deserted him, stealing $5,000 of his money. She then went to live in Buffalo, where her beauty quickly won a second husband; and she lived happily with him, but only for a few months. The first husband found her by means of detectives, and she was compelled to fly without being able to steal more than a few hundred dollars from the second husband. In Chicago she married a third husband; but there she was again prosecuted, for the first and second husbands joined in the pursuit, and she had to hastily quit the third before she had robbed him at all to escape arrest for bigamy and larceny.

SHE complained to her milkman that he did not give her good measure; and he said it was the fault of her pitcher—he filled it chalk full always. She admitted it was so, and told him she was glad he spoke the truth at all times.

A Short Sermon About Matrimony.

Dedicated to Young Women who want Husbands.

From Dio Lewis work, Our Girls.

Girls, if any of you have made up your mind that you "*wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, there!*" skip this little sermon, because it will have no interest for you.

Men will shut their ears if they have a spark of delicacy, for every word of this is *private* and *confidential*.

MY TEXT.

The text or rather the occasion for what I am about to say on the subject of marriage, was this:

About a week ago, a young woman of twenty-six (she said twenty-six, so I am sure about her age), came to me in regard to her health; and after our professional convention we fell into a pleasant and general chat. She was delightfully frank, and said, while we were discussing the ever fruitful subject of matrimony:

"I wish I was little."

"That is too bad," I replied. "I have been admiring your grand, queenly proportions ever since you entered; and now you spoil it all by showing that you are not grateful."

"I can't help it; I wish I didn't weigh more than eighty pounds, and wasn't more than four and a half feet high."

"I am shocked! Do tell me why you wish that."

"To be frank, the reason is just this: men are so fond of saying, '*My little Wife*,'"

I laughed, thinking it was intended as a bright speech; but her flushed face assured me that she was uttering her very heart. "Go on," I said, "tell me your thoughts."

"My thoughts are just these; and I believe they are the thoughts of all unmarried, marriageable women. I long for nothing this side of heaven so much as to bury all my uncertainties and anxieties in the love of a husband. Eagerly would I make any sacrifice to secure his precious treasure. But I fear there is nothing left for me but to be sneered at as an old maid. So, while I might otherwise be grateful for what you choose to call my queenly proportions, I can only wish I was one of the little women whom men fancy."

I will not repeat any more of this conversation, and my lady friend will excuse this, as it furnished a text for my little sermon. Only she and I will know to whom it refers.

I wonder if it is improper to speak plainly about that of which so many are thinking. I will venture a little. My hair is of a color which might introduce me to you in the character of a father. I shall speak very plainly. It cannot compromise anyone, for as I told you, this is all *private* and *confidential*.

YOU WANT HUSBANDS.

Don't deny it; it is silly. It is like the earnest declaration of the mother who is managing her daughters through Saratoga, Newport and an endless round of parties, but who constantly declares, in the most earnest way, that she has no more girls than she wants, that she could not consent to lose one of them, and who, at length, when pressed to part with dear Arabella, gives a reluctant and painful assent, and who may be seen on the wedding day penetrated with inconsolable grief at parting with that dear child. Girls, don't join in this farce. You want husbands. You think of them by day and dream of them by night. You talk of little else. Think on and dream on. Even if you never get them it will make you better and nobler to think about them. On our side of the house we are all thinking and dreaming of you, and, although we may never marry, our hearts will be warmer and purer for having been filled with thoughts of you.

WHY MEN DO NOT PROPOSE.

In entering upon this most important and delightful relation, we men are expected to take the overt initiative. You are perplexed and grieved that so many of us hold back, and wander about, homeless bachelors, all our lives, leaving you to die old maids. Let me whisper in your ears. *We are afraid of you!*

As I am out of the matrimonial market I will let my friend Robert, who is in said market, explain. Robert is a splendid fellow, and anxious to have a home of his own. He declared in my parlor the other evening that he would prefer ten years of happy marriage life to fifty years unmarried.

My wife said; "Well, Robert, if you cannot find a wife, you had better give a commission to some one who can." With a flushed face, he replied:

"See here, Mrs. Lewis; I am a banker; my salary is two thousand dollars. I cannot marry a scrub. I must marry a wife of culture and refinement. My mother and sisters, to say nothing of myself, would break their hearts if my choice were below their idea. Just tell me how—with such a wife—I could pull through on two thousand a year? Why, her dress alone would cost half of it. Board for two would cost a least fifty dollars a week, and even with that, you knew we should not have first-class board. And then come the extras,—the little trips, the lectures, the concerts, the opere, etc.; one cannot live in society without a little of such things.

"Oh, no, unless I first make up my mind to rob the bank, I cannot think of matrimony. If I had five thousand a year I would venture: but with two thousand,—well, I am not quite a madman, and so I stay where I can pay my debts. My lady friends think I am so much in love with the ——— Club that I have no time for *them*. One of them said to me the other day, when we were discussing the matter:

"'Why, what you spent in that miserable club would easily support a wife.'"

"'It won't pay for bonnets,' I replied."

Now, ladies, Robert is extravagant, so we will let him retire, and I will go on with my little sermon. I do not often preach, but in this case, nothing but a sermon will do.

BEAUTY OF WOMAN'S BODY.

Firstly. You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation. In the continental galleries I constantly saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were quite as likely to be women as men. It was the wondrous beauty of woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! now isn't she a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and trills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, and on the very top of that, a little nondescript thing, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc.; while the shop windows tells us of the paddings, whalebones, and springs which occupy most of the space within that outer rig. In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how a man is to fall in love with such a compound, doubled and twisted, starched, comical, artificial, touch me not, wiggling curiosity.

THIS DRESS CHECKS YOUR MOVEMENTS.

Secondly. With that wasp waist, your lungs, stomach, liver and other organs squeezed down out of their place and into one-half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense—who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work—take such a partner? He must be desperate to unite himself for life with such a deformed, fettered, half-breathing ornament. If I were in the matrimonial market, I might marry a woman that had but one arm, or one eye, or no eyes at all, if she suited me otherwise; but so long as God permitted me to retain my senses, I could never join my fortunes with those of a woman with a *small waist*.

A small waist! I am a physiologist, and know what a small waist means. It means the organs of the abdomen jammed down into the pelvis; it means the organs of the chest stuffed up into the throat; it means a weak back; it means a delicate, nervous invalid; it means a suffering patient, and not a vigorous helpmate. Thousands of men dare not venture, because they wisely fear that, instead of a helpmate, they will get an invalid to take care of. Besides this, bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind, as well as the body, weak and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big words, such as "splendid," "awful," etc.; but this does not deceive us: we see through all that. The fact is, you are superficial, affected and silly. You have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to men.

Why, you have actually become so childish that you refuse to wear decent names, and insist upon little baby ones. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobbie, Dickie and Johnnie; but when they grew up to manhood, they would have no more of that silly trash, if you please. I know a woman, twenty-five years old, and as big as both my grandmothers put together, who insists upon being called *Kittie*, when her real name is *Catherine*; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, "Don't, now, you are real mean." How can a sensible man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose?

My dear girls, if you would get husbands and sensible ones, you must dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible sisters. You say you don't care, you won't dress to please men, etc. Then, as I said in opening this sermon, I am not speaking to you. I am speaking to such girls as want husbands and would like to know how to get them. You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally, even a brilliant man may marry a silly, weak woman. But to say, as I have heard a woman say a hundred times, that the most sensible men marry women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company men are very likely to gabble and toy with these overdressed and forward creatures; but as to going to the altar with them, they beg to be excused.

Thirdly. Among the men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are rich; and in America these very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are beginning life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired.

Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you are willing to begin at the beginning of life with the man you marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now among certain classes, the exception. Ah, if ever the time shall come when you young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men,—if ever the time shall come when women are not such pitiful dependents, then marriage shall come universal, and we shall all be happier, better and nobler.

I hear some plucky, spirited young woman exclaim:

"That is all very well. No doubt your sermon, as you call it, contains a good deal of truth; but how about the young men who spend their time drinking, smoking, loafing about club-houses, and running after strange women? I suppose you think they are perfect angels."

My dear friend, have I said anything in this sermon, or do I say anything in this book, which leads you to suppose that I think men better than women? It is because I believe that in the constitution of the race, you are the fountain-head of social, moral and religious influence, that I come directly to you. My mother taught me long ago, the great moral superiority of woman. She taught me that most of the good and pure in this world comes from woman.

So far from thinking man is an angel, and woman a nothing, and a bad nothing, the strongest article in my religious creed is, that when woman has been redeemed from the shilly-shally, lace, ribbon and feather life into which she had so unhappily drifted—when woman shall be restored to herself—she will be strong enough to take us men in arms and carry us to heaven.

I beg you will not suppose that in my criticisms upon woman, I am prompted by the belief that she needs special exhortation on her own account. I appeal to her on account of us all, believing that the most direct and effective way to redeem the race is to induce woman to lay aside every weight and the special sins that beset her, and to run the race with the highest womanly heroism.

A MAN called out to his creditor: "Get out, you ornithorynchus." The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An ornithorynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"

DOES MIGHT MAKE RIGHT?

The Tables Turned—A Hackman Who Understands the Rules of Railroad Tariffs.

Virginia Chronicle.

A communistic person identified with the dangerous classes of the Comstock and notorious for his disregard of the truth and contempt of vested rights, has just returned from a visit to San Francisco. This morning he endangered the good name of the *Chronicle* by entering its editorial room. The Nihilist declared that he had "a good thing on Stanford and Steve Gage," but he supposed the *Chronicle*, like the rest of the corrupt and time-serving press, would be afraid to publish it.

"Tell your story," said the editor with dignity, gazing inquiringly at the boot of the Socialist which was resting upon the editorial table. The boot remained there, however, while the following ridiculous narrative was delivered:

It's fine weather at the bay, and everybody who can afford it takes a spin occasionally out of the dust and heat. Last Saturday Stanford and Gage were walking along Kearney street and when they got to the corner of Bush the Governor took off his hat, wiped his brow, and remarked:

"Steve, it's too hot for anything. What do you say to a breath of fresh air?"

"Have we time?" inquired Mr. Gage, pulling out his watch. So did the Governor, who replied:

"There isn't anything very pressing for a couple of hours, I guess, and we may as well take a spin out to the park. It isn't worth while to have out my horses. Let's take a hack, and then we can enjoy a walk when we get there. It'll be better than riding around the drives."

So they got into a coup and were driven out to Golden Gate Park. At the entrance the Governor and Gage alighted.

"What's the fare?" asked the Governor.

"On'y $15, Guv'nur."

"What!" yelled Stanford and Gage in the same breath.

"Fifteen dollars," repeated cabby, unbuttoning his coat and spitting on his hands.

"But, my good man," protested the Governor, "such a charge is exhorbitant. The law confines you to a reasonable price for your services, and you can be arrested and punished for such a violation of the ordinance."

"Hang the law!" growled cabby. "My money bought and paid for this hack an' hosses, an' as Guv'nor Stanford said in his letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce, the essence of ownership is control.'"

"Hem!" coughed the Governor, looking slyly to Steve, who began to grin. "That's all well enough applied to my railroads, but—but—er, now if you charge us $15 to bring us to the park, what on earth would you charge us to take us to the Cliff house?"

"Five dollars."

"From here?"

"No; from the city."

"But it's twice the distance!"

"Yes, but it's a competitive point. Fifteen to the park, five to the Cliff. No hoggin' about it. Through rates to the Cliff, focal rates back to the park added—just as you fellers do when you charge $300 for drawing a carload of stuff from New York to 'Frisco, and make it $800 if you drop the car at Elko, about 500 miles nearer New York."

It was Steve's turn to cough and the Governor's to grin.

"Well," said the Governor with a sigh, "take us to the Cliff."

At the Cliff House the Governor and Stephen drank their beer and smoked a cigar, and listened to the barking of the seals, and filled their lungs with sea breeze. Suddenly Steve clapped himself on the leg and cried out:

"By jove, Governor, I forgot that lot of coal of Smith's that the Sheriff is to sell at 3 o'clock. It is 2 now. If we miss that, a chance to save at least a thousand dollars will be gone.

"Good heavens!" cried the Governor snatching out his watch, "let's hurry back at once. Driver! Oh, driver!"

"Here sir," answered cabby, who had been leaning over the balcony parapet within earshot, "here sir."

"We want to return to town immediately," cried Mr Gage.

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," said cabby, slowly, chewing a straw, "but I'll take my pay in advance, if it's all the same to you, gents."

The Governor growled somewhat between his teeth and tendered him $5.

"Taint enough," said cabby contemptuously.

"In heaven's name, how far will your extortion go?" snorted the Governor. "How much more do you want?"

"Five hundred more," calmly replied the hackman.

"Hey?" shrieked Steve and the Governor.

"Five hundred, an' not a cent less," replied cabby.

"How sir—er—damme, sir, how do you dare ask such a price for driving two gentlemen four or five miles?" spurted the Governor.

"I based my charge on 'what the traffic will bear, same as the railroad does,'" replied the hackman, with a grin. "If taters is sellin' in Los Angeles for fifty cents a bushel and at $3 a bushel at Tuscon, you fellers charge the poor devil of a rancher $2.50 a bushel to haul his taters to Tuscon and gobble all the profit. Now, I ain't as hoggish as that. I heered Mr. Gage say if he could get into town at 3 o'clock he could make $1,000. As there ain't no other hack here, I'm as good a monopoly for this wunst as any blasted railroad on earth; but ain't so greedy. I don't want all you can make by usin' my hack. I'm willin' to get along with half."

With a dismal groan the Governor and Steve emptied their pockets and counted out the money.

"Now, see here," said cabby, as he closed the door of the hack on his victims, "I've done for wunst what you roosters day in an' day out have been doin' for years, an' made your millions by it. I happen to be able to give you a small dose of yer own medicine for wunst, an' I don't want you to do kickin'. I know you kin send me to jail for runnin' my business on your principles, but if you jails me I'll have to have yer blood when I get out, an' don't yer forget it."

Hereupon the hackman clapped the door to with a bang, and climbing to his seat, drove at a rattling pace to the place where the sheriff was about to sell out poor Smith. Smith was a coal dealer who didn't have special rates.

When the Nihilist had finished this absurd and libelous tale, he took his foot off the editorial desk, laughed hoarsely and departed for the nearest saloon.

ALL SORTS.

More than $5,000 a day was cleared at the old English Fair in London.

San Diego, Cal., is said to prohibit by ordinance cigarette smoking by boys.

A woman has become the regular pastor of the Baptist church at Wheaton, Ill.

Count Herbert Bismarck is about to marry the married lady with whom he eloped.

Jared Bassett of North Haven has and wears twelve silver buttons made in 1744. Had the money which they cost been invested at that time, the interest added to the principal would have made them worth $1,764 at the present time.

Sarah Bernhardt, who always has a keen eye to the future, has already arranged her tomb at Pere la Chaise. It is of black marble, under a canopy, with a huge "Bernhardt" on it. It is much better to do this sort of thing during life, as survivors may not take nearly as much interest in the matter.

A game of base ball was played at La Salle, Ill., on Sunday last, at which the Rev. Moses Gunn of that city opened the exercise with prayer, and delivered an exhortation to the contesting nines. At the conclusion of the game the reverend gentleman indulged in another refrain, tendering his services as chaplain and umpire on the following Sunday, which were accepted.

It was a shrewd device of the man who, when he wished to have a load of wood piled up in his back yard, impressed his boy with what fun it would be to play an enemy was approaching and to erect a barricade against him. The boy got out his tin sword and called in the neighbor's boy with his drum, and by the aid of a number of other youths, who were attracted by the commotion, had the wood piled up in a jiffy.

A marble statue of Byron is shortly to be erected at Missolonghi. M. Demetrio Semitelo, professor at the University of Athens, has just composed an inscription for the base of the monument. It is in Greek hexameter verse, and runs thus: "Pause, traveller, and look on Byron, the glory of England, and the honor of the daughters of Mnemosyne, who loved him so well. In memory of his noble acts, the Greeks of our day have united in raising this marble to him. He it was who, when Greece was in the agony of the conflict, came to her aid, and encouraged her heroes."

At Chemnitz, in Saxony, Prof. Cyriax, a celebrated German medium, caused a leg of veal to be brought from his family butcher's shop solely through his power of willing. One morning as he was leaving his house upon a round of business calls his wife asked him to order the leg of veal in question; but he forgot to do so. That evening, during a seance over which he was presiding, the leg of veal flashed across his mind. Forthwith he caused himself to be cast into a spiritual trance, and, as soon as he felt thoroughly en rapport with his supernatural communicants he confided his order to one of them with the deferential request that it be then and there conveyed to the butcher. At that very moment the tradesman became impressed with the conviction that, come what might, it would be his imperative duty to send a leg of veal to Prof. Cyriax's house the first thing next morning, and he did so.

Edwin Booth politely says of Henry Irving, with whom he has been acting in London, that he is "a remarkably superior actor, with a gift for stage managing as well as acting, and modest in spite of popular idolatry." An observer of the London actor takes an extremely opposite view, for he says: "Irving's airs and arrogance since he came to recognition have been the common talk of London. In his own domain he is a repellent, supercilious prig. His dinners with Baroness Coutts turned his head so completely that his old friends left him in a body. His gifts for scenic detail have made his theatre a great success, but as to genius in acting he hasn't a shred. He has a great adroitness, innumerable and unexpected tricks of manner, but not a scintilla of the force, poetry, or vigor of Davenport, Edwin Adams, or Fechter."

Wagner has been enjoying a great triumph at Berlin in the performance, with the most brilliant accessories of his "Nibelungen Ring." A misunderstanding with the Crown Prince of Prussia has, however, somewhat clouded the splendor of this achievement. At one of the performances the Prince sent a messenger to express his gratification and also his desire to see the composer in his box, but Wagner replied that he was too much unnerved by the excitement of the evening and the plaudits of the audience to trust himself to an interview with the Prince; and he therefore begged to be excused. This reply may have expressed only the truth, but it was an unprecedented message to royalty, and was not well received. There have been many remarks upon it in the German press, and rumor has exaggerated and distorted it into a much more serious shape than it really possessed.

Those who looked for new and piquant revelations from the correspondence of Prince Tallyrand will be rather disappointed. The letters are written in an extremely familiar style, and do not by any means sustain the reputation which their author has hitherto borne as a master of languages. The present letters were all placed in the hands of M. Thiers at the time he was writing his history of the Consulate and Empire, and every fact contained in them which could interest posterity has long been public property. M. Pallain, who has edited the work, has prepared a very interesting introduction, and accompanied each letter with explanatory notes; but we must wait for Talleyrand's secrets until the date fixed by his will for the publication of his memoirs. M. Pallain evidently believes that the Prince's posthumous remains will be as diplomatic as the writing with which he favored his contemporaries; in other words, that sincerity will not be their principal characteristics.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How Bobby's Velocipede Ran Away.

BY H. W. BLAKE.

Bobby was a little tot in dresses, with long "dauburn" curls, as he called them, hanging down on his shoulders. He wouldn't be four years old till October; and yet he had been off on the cars that spring day all alone by himself, and without saying a word to anybody. It all happened because Papa had just bought him a velocipede, painted black, with red trimmings, and having a cushioned seat and a silver-tipped steering-handle. Mamma had always said that there were two things which Bobby must not do till he was large enough to wear trousers, and one was to eat mince-pie and the other to ride a velocipede. But every boy on the street had a velocipede that spring, and there was no peace till Bobby had one, too. Yet Mamma never let him take it out of the yard till he had promised not to go out of sight of the house, and not to race with the other boys.

Bobby's father was an engineer on the railroad, and he was gone from home all day. On the morning when this story began to happen, he went away early, leaving Mamma with "oceans of work" on her hands,—that is, the week's ironing was to be finished up and some frosted cake made for a little party she was to have that evening; so as soon as Bobby had finished his breakfast, she put on his little gray cloak, with the cap to match—which had a black tassel in the centre,—and his red silk handkerchief, and mittens of the same color, and sent him out to play with the velocipede; then she made the cake while the irons were getting hot, going to the door every little while to see that Bobby was all right.

For a time Bobby remembered all that he had promised Mamma, and kept near the house and did not race; but after all the other children had come out on the walk with their velocipedes, and a grand open-to-all race around the square was started, he forgot himself, and followed the rest as hard as his little feet could make the wheels go. And, what was stranger, Mamma forgot him, because, at that very moment, she made the unhappy discovery that while her irons were hot, her party-cake was burning up. By the time that Bobby had turned the first corner of the square, the other children were out of sight. He was tired, and would have gone home, and this story would never have been written. But it so happened that he looked down the street a long way to where the railroad track crossed the road, in front of the big depot, and saw a steam-engine; and then he thought to himself: "I'll go and see Papa," for he had an idea that all engines went to the same place, and that any one of them would take him straight to Papa; it would be fine fun to ride in the cab, on the engineer's seat, just as he rode one day when Papa's engine was going from the engine-house to the depot. So the velocipede flew down the street for the next few minutes in a way that made everybody stare.

But after a while it made a sudden stop, for Bobby spied a string of tobacco-pipes hanging in the window of a cigar store and he wanted one, because he remembered that Papa always had a pipe in his mouth when he started for the depot. So he left the velocipede leaning against the window, and went in and bought a long clay pipe with a yellow mouth-piece. The man asked him for a penny, and he paid him promptly from the bit of a purse which he always carried in the side pocket of his cloak. And when he had put that pipe in his mouth, he felt so grand that he marched off for the depot, never once thinking of the velocipede.

When he reached the depot, the engine was hitched to a long train of cars, and the engineer stood on the ground oiling the machinery with a funny, long-spouted oil-can. The steam was shooting out of the steam-pipe, and the fireman sat in the cab all ready to ring the bell for starting the train. Bobby pulled the sleeve of the engineer's jacket and said, pointing to the cab, "Please put me up there; I want to go and see my papa!" But the engineer shook his head and said, "I could n't do that, my little man," and then he climbed up to his seat. This was a great disappointment to Bobby, and I dare say he would have cried right out if he had n't seen a man with a pipe in his mouth, just like his own, going into the third car from the engine. So he thought that that must be the place for him. Just how he contrived to pull himself up the steps nobody knows, for nobody saw him, but when the train moved out of the depot he was curled up on the front seat of the smoking-car, with the pipe still between his teeth.

That very same minute, his mamma was hurrying down Main street, looking very hot and exceedingly frightened, asking every one she met, "Have you seen my boy on his velocipede?"

The burning of that party-cake had so distracted the poor woman that she had not thought of Bobby for as much as ten minutes after it was out of the oven, and then none of the children, who had finished their race around the square by this time, had the slightest idea what had become of him. Neither did anybody else know, although a policeman told her that there was an idle velocipede down by Mr. Carter's cigar store. But all that Mr. Carter could tell her was that he had sold Bobby a pipe, to be used for blowing soap-bubbles, he supposed.

Mamma was very pale by this time, and her mind was full of all the terrible things that might possibly happen to Bobby, but she went straight on through the crowded streets of the city, till she came to the police office at the City Hall. The chief of police was very kind to her, and he wrote down all that she could tell him about how Bobby looked, and what he wore. He said that the City Hall bell should be rung to show that a child was lost, that all the policemen should look for Bobby all over the city, and that if he was n't found within two hours, the description he had written out should be printed in a hand-bill and posted everywhere. The big bell in the tower began to ring while Mamma went down the steps of the building, and it didn't stop until she reached home. By this time it was noon and her fire was all out. A policeman brought home the velocipede a few minutes later, and, when he was gone, Mamma sat down and cried.

"Oh," said she, "where can my Bobby be, and what will Papa say when he comes home to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWIMMING.

Poets Who Have Delighted in the Pastime and Sung its Praises.

London News.

As long as men are to continue unable to fly, and in spite of the efforts of enthusiasts they are not likely soon to rival the birds, swimming is the only exercise which gives a sense of completely new powers. Poets have delighted in this above all other amusements, and English poets in particular have dwelt fondly on the delights of bathing. We doubt whether the ancients, in spite of the advantages they derived from long, hot summers and seas of crystalline purity, loved swimming as much as the English have always done. Skill in swimming must have been almost as universal as it is in the South Sea islands, where the favorite entertainment is to ride slender rafts over the crests of great Pacific waves. Almost all Athenians were initiated at Eleusis, and all the men who went to the mysteries were expected on a given day to take a swim with the pig which they sacrificed to Demeter. "The initiate to the sea" was the watchword, and in they plunged boldly, every man with his own pig. It is a queer picture of ancient life, and may be suggested as rather an original subject for a picture by one of our artists who delight in reproducing the life of the past. Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr Britton Riviere might collaborate, the sea and the Mystæ being assigned to Mr. Alma-Tadema, the pigs to Mr. Riviere. But on the whole we hear comparatively little about swimming from the Greeks, and especially from their poets. In their water places they prefer to give us Diana and her nymphs plashing about some shallow pool, screened from the eyes of wandering hunters by tall reeds and the jealous willow bough. Ælian has the charming story of the boys who in their bathing made the friendship of a dolphin and used to ride shoreward on his broad back. The Romans expected every man to be a swimmer; and at least one Greek crossed the Hellespont without sail or oar. But Musæus scarcely admires the feat so much, or rejoices in it so happily, as Marlowe and Chapman do. The ancients looked at swimming more as a useful and indeed indispensable art of life; the moderns have almost discovered the poetry of this mode of motion.

Not even Byron, strong swimmer as he was, has written more of the pleasure of swimming than Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Clough. The former is never happier than when he deals, in prose or rhyme, with the elastic sway of great billows that uplift the swimmer and bear him over the breast of the "lover and mother of men, the sea." A little of the sporting man's love of feats and "records" entered into the joy which Childe Harold felt in subduing the sea's white horses to his hand. He challenged Trelawny to swim a long distance to a ship, and to lunch in the water. The feat was performed by both, but Childe Harold had not calculated his strength, and the luncheon quite overcame and overthrew the modern rival of Leander. He was extremely ill for several days. Shelley, fond as he was of the water, could not swim. Perhaps he would have had less pleasure in his perilous experiments with strange craft if he had known that the risk he ran was inconsiderable. With his usual recklessness in social experiment, Shelley tried to solve a problem which is again being discussed. Many good swimmers are of opinion that nobody need be drowned who does not lose his head when he falls into deep water. If he cannot swim he can float, it is maintained, or tread water. Against this theory may be set the experience of most men that they can neither float nor tread water till they have learned to swim. Both operations, both floating and treading, are natural and easy. But both require precisely that calmness and balance of mind and body which in the water are only possible to people who can trust their own powers. A swimmer leaves his body to the laws of nature, and presently his face and his toes are above the surface. But a man who cannot swim, as soon as he is out of his depth, thrusts up his arms—to clutch at he knows not what. Down goes his head, and by the time he has reached the surface again he has lost all nerve and forgotten all that he ever heard about the easiness of floating. We doubt whether Nelson, who "never saw fear," would have retained his calmness if, being unable to swim, he had been thrown into deep water. That most men and women become idiotic with terror in these circumstances is demonstrated by their efforts to clutch and drown anyone who comes to their assistance. The novelty of this new, implacable power, the water which is strangling them, drives all sense out of the heads of non-swimmers. Trelawny and Shelley had been discussing these things, and Trelawny had expressed the belief, common to good swimmers, that all men can swim by gift of nature. Shelley never shrank from an experiment in morals, chemistry, or anything else, whence the frequent explosions that varied his career. He at once undressed and jumped into a deep place, sinking instantly to the bottom. There his slim body lay, still and glistening, and there the poet would have anticipated his fate if Trelawny had not dived in and dragged him to shore. If ever this experiment is to have a fair trial, it should be by immerging a very young child in water. Some people hold that he would swim as naturally as a puppy. But the maternal instinct, always unscientific, has hitherto stood in the way of this interesting experiment. In the present state of opinion on the subject, it will be well for people to learn swimming of a competent teacher, either in a swimming bath, or in a sea or river, before trying to rival Capt. Webb by the mere light of nature. Everyone who neglects to learn to swim should remember that he is endangering the lives of others, as well as his own. For it is seldom that a man is in danger of drowning that one of our countrymen is not found to peril his own life in the endeavor to rescue his neighbor.

A so-called wit was once talking to one of our wise professors: "As for me," he said, "I do not believe what I do not understand." "Do you understand," objected the professor, "how is it that fire will soften butter but will harden an egg?" "No sir." "Yet you believe in an omelet!"

Mark Twain says: "There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesome returns of conjecture out of a trifling investment of fact."

The Two "Oldest Inhabitants" on the Weather.

"Some folks seems to think this is warm weather," observed old Daddy Wotherspoon to old Uncle Linkinbotham, as the two old inhabitants stood, last Thursday, before a thermometer that registered ninety in the shade. "'Pears to me 'twas worse than this in the May of '28, wasn't it?"

"A heap worse," assented old Uncle Linkinbotham, "but that wasn't as bad as the May of '22. You remember how the tin roofs melted and run off the houses, and we had to carry wrought steel umbrellas through the streets?"

"Deed I do," rejoined old Daddy Wotherspoon, mopping his visage with some anxiety. "I was out hunting that spring, and we had to carry our powder in buckets of water to keep it from going off prematurely. Wasn't that the spring the hams fried on live hogs and the bills melted off the snow birds?"

"The same spring," said old Uncle Linkinbotham, "I know I was off fishing in Long Island sound, and the heat generated the water into a stream so as to blow our boat clear over into the woods. That month was pretty warm, for I recollect how the forest out back of East New York melted down, and I had a stream of liquid kindling running right through my farm. One of my boys took a swig of it one day, by mistake, and when he died in the fall, we found him choke full of splinters. Killed him."

"Yes, yes," murmured old Daddy Wotherspoon, streaming at every pore. "We used to hang meat and vegetables down my well, and they was cooked in ten minutes by the watch," and the ancient gentleman regarded his antagonist with some triumph.

"We tried that," said old Uncle Linkinbotham, "but the heat melted the wires the grub was hung on the works of the clock run all over the floor, so we couldn't tell how long it did take to cook and we used ice-water to do our b'iling with."

"Where'd you get your ice?" demanded old Daddy Wortherspoon, tying a handkerchief around his head to keep his ears warm.

"We just poured water on the fire, and the fire was so much cooler than the atmosphere that the water froze in a minute. That's how we got our ice. Don't you want to go and drink something to warm you up?"

"If we can get a little good, old brandy, I'd like it," replied old Daddy Wortherspoon, with pale lips and clenched fist. "I'll take some proof brandy."

"Come along, then," retorted old Uncle Linkinbotham, contemptuously. "You may be able to stir your blood with that tipple, but this weather and the recollection of May '22, makes me want some hot spiced rum and a fur overcoat. To-morrow I'm agoing to put on extra flannels."

And the two old liars almost killed themselves that afternoon with hot drinks rather than admit that the Almighty could do things as well now as He did when they were boys.

Foreign Barbers.

To any one who is familiar with the barber shops of some of the European countries the difference in manner must seem odd. The Parisian barber, though perhaps a trifle more civil than the American or Americanized, is still very quick and even curt in his ways, just as the Parisian waiter is; and the huge barber-shops of London, conducted on a mammoth style unknown here—such as the establishment in Tichborne street, employing, in various seasons of the year, from thirty to sixty men—Chesterfieldian manners are hardly to be expected. But the German, Austrian, and Italian shops afford amusing contrasts to those of New York. What American who has been in Germany has not been diverted by the reverent attitude of the barber and by the profound bow and "obedient servant" (*gehorsamer diener*) with which he signalized the conclusion of his task? The insinuating, persuasive ways of Italian "artists," and the delightful ingenuity with which they "stick" foreigners with all sorts of costly and useless toilet articles at absurd prices, are known to every traveler. But perhaps tonsorial suavity reaches its sublimest heights in the two gay Austrian capitals, Vienna and Pesth. There, as the customer enters, instead of meeting with a silent and indifferent stare and a rude, loud "Next!" shouted out in a stentorian tone, a perfect chorus of soft and subdued voices greets him with a cheerful "Guten morgen, ergbenster diener!" (most devoted servant), and "Meine hochachting!" (my esteem). It is inexpressibly comical to hear the knights of the razor mechanically sing out all together these three exclamations one after another as if they had learned them by note, and not hear the similar chorus of ejaculations uttered in the same sing-song, mechanical voice at the customer's exit of "Meine complimente!" (my compliments!) "Ich habe die ehre!" (I have the honor!) "Ich empehie mich!" (I commend myself!), etc., to all which the lofty client only responds with a short "Guten tag' or a slight touch of the hat. The ineffable and silent contempt with which the aristocratic officer, glittering with gold braid and living on $20 a month, clinks his silver spurs as he enters and leaves the shop without deigning even a nod or reply to all this outburst of extravagant civility, affords a striking illustration of the continetal manner of treating *de haut en bas* the luckless operator on hirsute chins.

The Rags of a Nation.

A Chicago rag dealer estimates that each of the 50,000,000 people of the United States discards an average of five pounds of clothing yearly, which makes 250,000,000 for the whole. Then, he says, there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity, in the aggregate, than the cast of clothing of the nation at large, while their quality as rags is greatly superior. Then there are carpets and bedding, and curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. These different articles combined make up another 250,000,000 pounds of cloth material, which has been discarded from use, and which eventually finds its way into the rag-man's bale. His estimate is that 100 carloads of rags enter and leave Chicago daily.

Five Japanese have established a factory at Newton, Conn., where they will make Japanese articles.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

DR. JAMES'

CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & McGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intremittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.

H. JAMES, M. D.

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Furniture!
Furniture!

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Encourage those who knock high prices end ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.60 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

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Highest cash price paid for Deakeds, Hides, Furs, &c.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Mineral Land for Sale

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to

WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. Benson, Montreal. 11

FOR SALE IN MADOC.

THAT [illegible] building Lot forming part of N[illegible] on the south-west corner of [illegible] St. Lawrence Streets, in the i[illegible]ge of Madoc. Frontages on D[illegible] 3 ft. 6 inches, and on St. Law[illegible]usive of a lane 12 ft. in wid[illegible]es to Deer Creek.

T[illegible] in the centre of the busi[illegible] flourishing Village of Mad[illegible] adapted from its unrivalled [illegible]st class block of buildings.

Fo[illegible] to the owner,
[illegible]s. JANE WRIGHT.

Ma[illegible] 154.

Waltham Watches

are the most durable as well as the best timers made.

E. L. WEISS

has them for sale at low prices.

—:o:—

He has also a stock of Swiss Lever Watches on hand, in silver and gold, which he offers at great bargains. Gold Rings to suit all, from $1.50 up; also a fine lot of Silver Rings. A large and well assorted stock of Ladies' and Gents' electro-plated and filled or rolled Gold Chains from 80c. up to $9.00; also nickel and silk Vest Chains, fine plated mountings very stylish; a lot of silk and steel Chains cheap. A large and varied stock of Cuff Buttons and Studs at all prices and styles. Lockets and Charms of the best plate and elegant designs; also Necklets, Gold plated Bracelets, Plated Brooches and Barrs in great variety, and Earrings to match from 50c. up to $5.00, scarf Pins and Rings, very handsome, Silver plated Table Knives, Forks and Spoons, Rodger's make, the best in the market, Spectacles and Eyeglasses from 25c. up to $2.50; also a variety of cheap goods in black and pearl etc.

A Splendid Assortment of Clocks!

Time, Strike, Alarm and Calendar, in Nickel and Wood.

Call and examine goods and prices.

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

THE NEW

HYMN BOOKS

—OF THE—

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH,

FOR SALE AT

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

—:—

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

—:—

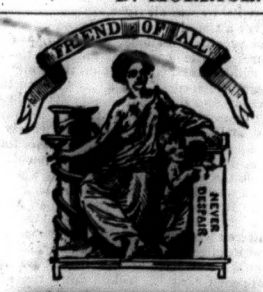
PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

'Xmas Groceries!

—o—

FRESH VALENCIA RAISINS,
" SULTANA RAISINS,
" LAYER RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
" CANDIED PEEL,
" SPICES, &c.,
" LEMONS.

Diamond Brand Oysters

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

BEST QUALITY OF GOODS.

LOW PRICES.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Family Grocers and Wine Merchants,

VICTORIA BLOCK,

MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

FALL & WINTER OF 1880-81.

MY STOCK for the Season is now complete, and prices will be found as low as any other House in the trade.

All-Wool Tweeds from 45c up.
Winceys, Plain and Twilled, from 8c up.
Dress Goods from 12½c up.
Prints from 7c up.

BOOTS & SHOES AT LOWEST PRICES.

Hats and Caps from 50c up.

A Large Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

ALL-WOOL SUITS FROM $10 UP.

Tea from 35 to 60c., and all other Groceries at lowest prices.

CROCKERY.—WHITE STONE SETS FROM $2.50 TO $3.50

A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN ROBERTSON,
HARPER'S BLOCK.

MADOC, October 13th, 1880.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

FIRST-CLASS

All Wool
Tweed Suits
For $6.50.
Diagonal Suits $9.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April, 1881.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Nails, Iron, Steel,
AND
GENERAL HARDWARE.
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all Kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 226. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 28, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The County and Hastings Roads.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

As the appropriations from the Government of Ontario and the County Council of Hastings is now being expended on the roads North of Millbridge, I thought it might be well to call the attention of persons Teaming on the Snow (now County Road,) as well as the Hastings road to the practice which has prevailed amongst teamsters of using stone to block the wheels of their wagons in going up hill, there being plenty of stone for that purpose.

I have particularly noticed after the hills have been well repaired, that at once stones are used for blocking the wheels to allow the teams breathing time, and invariably the stones are left in the road and become a nuisance to parties travelling with democrats and buggies over those hills, allowing on an average that three loaded teams pass each way daily, there is left upon an average 12 stones per day or 72 each week, or for the month of 26 days, 312 each teaming month making the 7 or 8 months during waggoning a large aggregate of stone which is not only an annoyance to the travellers, but must also be to the teamsters themselves, and I can safely say I never yet saw a teamster take pains to throw the stones out of the road after using them. This nuisance can be easily done away with if the teamsters will but adopt the plan I now propose. Let each teamster take two pieces of hardwood, 6 to 8 inches long, square them to 4 or 5 inches, to which put a bolt with an eye to attach a rope, or if no bolt bore a hole through and put the rope through it which is easily kept there by a single knot, attaching the rope to the hind board or some other part of the hind end of the waggon, these pieces to be used for blocking the wheels whenever the teamster wants to stop on going up hill. A small staple put into the end of each block with a hook on some part of the waggon to hang it on would keep it out of the way when not wanted for use. These blocks will follow him up the hill, and it will be little or no trouble to hang it on the hook until again wanted.

So many stones in the road and more especially on roads where they lie in such a position as to cause horses to dread them and give constant jolts to waggons. A merciful man is merciful to his team, whether horses or oxen, and over such stony roads as we have at the north it would add much to the pleasure of travelling if all the loose stones could be kept out of the road. If the hills were sandy and no stone, what would the teamster do to block their wheels? I have seen in many places where the block was used and with good effects. I feel sure if any of the teamsters who may read this should adopt the wooden block instead of using stone it will not be long before all who team over the stony hills will do likewise, and the stone nuisance will be done away with.

Yours &c., &c.,
BILLA FLINT.

Belleville, 25th July, 1881.

Pioneers and Landmarks.

Under the above heading we find the folowing sketch of the career of the late Hon. Edmund Murney, in a late issue of the *Dominion Oddfellow*, from the pen of Dr. Clement T. Campbell, of London. Although it treats chiefly of his connection with Oddfellowship, the incidental allusion to his political career will no doubt be read with interest by his many surviving friends in North Hastings, having in his day been one of the leading public men in this County.

When Oddfellowship was introduced into Canada, Montreal was, in every respect, the chief city politically, socially and commercially. It was the centre towards which everything tended, and which every man of prominence had to visit. Members of Parliament, merchants and others visiting Montreal found the Oddfellows' lodge one of the institutions of the place, and were easily induced to join it.

Among those was Mr. Edmund Murney, of Belleville, member of Parliament for Hastings, who was invited into Queen's Lodge, No. 2, on the 19th of March, 1845. Mr. Murney was a gentleman of considerable prominence in his own locality, and one who had entered into public life with bright prospects of future success. Like most of the early Oddfellows he was a Canadian, having been born in Kingston, Nov. 11, 1812. He was educated in Upper Canada College, Toronto, and subsequently entered the law office of Mr. Marshall Spring Bidwell, a gentleman whose name is well known to all students of the political history of Canada. Called to the bar in 1834, Mr. Murney commenced practice in Belleville, and soon obtained an excellent reputation. He did not wait long before going into public life, for in 1836 he entered the Upper Canada Parliament as member for Hastings. At the first election after the union of the two Canadas in 1840, he was again a candidate; but he had for an opponent one of the greatest of Canadian statesmen—the Hon. Robert Baldwin—and it was no disgrace to him that he was unsuccessful. At a subsequent election, however, in 1843, he contested the riding successfully against Mr. Cannift, and continued to represent Hastings in Parliament, with the exception of an interval of three years, until 1857. He then left the Assembly and was elected to the Upper House for the Trent Division, a position he occupied during the remainder of his life.

Though his time was largely taken up, both with his extreme law practice as well as with the public affairs of the province, he was able to devote considerable attention to Oddfellowship. The Order in those days appealed largely to the social element, and there can be no doubt it was in this respect it proved so attractive to many of the public men of the time, affording them a pleasant recreation from the cares and labors of business. Very soon after he united with the Society, Mr. Murney determined to introduce it into his own town, and did not have much difficulty in securing the necessary co-operation of other residents of Belleville and vicinity. There were two other gentlemen who had joined before himself: Mr. J. A. Glassford initiated into Prince of Wales Lodge on the 19th of September, 1843; and Mr. Donald Ross, initiated into Queen's, January 8th, 1845. Two more were needed, and these were found in the persons of Mr. Alex. Judd and Adam H. Myers, who joined Queen's Lodge in May 1845, and this completed the number necessary to petition for a charter.

The labor of Mr. Murney in connection with Oddfellowship, were combined to his Lodge, and to those in the Bay Quinte district. The following year, when it was decided by the Grand Lodge of Canada to send a deputation into the western Province for purpose of establishing lodges, Mr. Murney rendered valuable aid by preparing the way, and assisting in the work in Picton, Coburg and Peterboro'. At this time he was appointed D. D. G. M. for Canada West, being the only office outside of his own lodge that he held in the Order.

Mr. Murney did not occupy as prominent a place in the Order, nor were his labors as extensive as those of some of his contemporaries. But he deserves special notice from the fact that it was through him that Oddfellowship was first introduced into this Province, the lodge in Belleville being the first in Western Canada. And not only was he the pioneer Oddfellow of western Canada, but his position in the country as well as his personal character were such as to insure the success of any institution with which he connected himself. Introduced into Belleville by such a man, and aided by his personal exertion, it was only natural that the Order should take root and flourish.

Of Mr. Murney's record outside Oddfellowship it is not my province to speak. For twenty-five years he occupied a prominent place among the public men of Canada. As a politician, he was a Conservative of the most consistent type. There was nothing of flexible or time-serving about him; no alliance with his opponents, and no concessions of any kind would he permit. So far did he go in this respect that when his leader, Sir Allen McNab, associated with himself in the Government some of the Liberals of the day, Mr. Murney promptly went into opposition. Outside of politics he was an accomplished lawyer, and a sociable, genial gentleman, who held the love of his friends and the esteem of those who, in public life, were his opponents. He died in Belleville on the 15th of August, 1861, and over his grave both friends and foes united in bearing testimony to him as one who served his country to the best of his ability, and whose name deserved an honorable place in her records.

The *Intelligencer* adds to the above the following correction of a slight error and omission which occurs:—Mr. Murney was educated at Baxter's school, Kingston, not at Upper Canada College. He first entered Parliament in 1836, when he was elected, with Mr. Manahan, in opposition to Messrs. Yagar and Reynolds, to the last Parliament of Upper Canada. In the first election after the Union Mr. Murney was again the Conservative candidate, Messrs. Yagar and Reynolds Reformers, both offering; but both gave way to the Hon. Robert Baldwin, the Solicitor General, who was elected, after a hard contest, by a majority of 37. In 1842 Mr. Murney defeated Mr. Baldwin by a large majority.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—More precious than Gold.—Diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera are, through the summer's heat, carrying off the young, as the winter's cold destroyes the aged. In the most acute cases, where internal medicines cannot be retained, the greatest relief will immediately result from rubbing Holloway's soothing Ointment over the abdomen. The friction should be frequent and brisk, to insure the penetration of a large portion of the Unguent. This Ointment calms the excited peristaltic action, and soothes the pain. Both vomiting and griping yield to it; where fruits or vegetables have originated the malady, it is proper to remove all indigested matter from the bowels by a moderate dose of Holloway's Pills before using the Ointment.

Nota Bene.—We buy our goods from the same firms that the dealers here have bought from ever since they dealt in furniture, and they buy now of the same firms. But mark! we pay CASH DOWN, they don't, and by discounts and close bargining we can sell from 25 to 50 per cent. less than credit buyers, or, as advertised, at and under Belleville retail prices. However, proof in pudding: compare our ARTICLES and PRICES. What is it to the public whether Auction or Cheap John so long as they can get what they want almost for half what they have been accustomed to pay. We sold 11 bedsteads on Saturday last, not by auction but private sale, besides other articles. A fact—People can buy at our prices, when they had to do without at extortionate prices. If slanderer wants any more truth let him keep at his little game we have lots more in forte.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285,
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, August 1st,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

7 PER CENT.
We can now offer
PRIVATE MONEY,
on straight loans on farm property,
AT 7 PER CENT.
No commission charged, no foreign companies to deal with, and no delays.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

Stoves & Tinware.
If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.
He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.
SEED GRAIN.
He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.
TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM,
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFULLY
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c.
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
G. BENNETT.
Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville. Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N.B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

Mrs. and Miss Christie
TEACHERS OF THE PIANOFORTE, Organ, and Vocal Music, will receive pupils after the 8th inst. For terms, etc., apply at the Rectory.
Madoc, Jan. 3rd, 1881.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Gold and Iron.
West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.
THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

The Pretty Stephanie and the Royal Hopes Which Cluster Around Her Marriage.

The Wrong Box—A Chinese Wedding.

Waifs.

WHEN a girl bangs her hair, does she hurt her brains? Or—or—haven't they any?

LARGE women should never trip. It is but a trip from the majestic to the absurd.

Opera-singers are remarkably healthy, considering the amount of male aria in the business.

"Street-car gone by?" "No, not gone by." "When will it go by?" "When? Oh, by and bye." "Well, bye-bye."

LIGHTNING struck a spotted cow near Medina, O., and turned her jet black in the twinkling of an eye. That's why Ohio women crawl under the bed when the thunder begins to roll.

OUT in Durango, Col., recently, a marriage took place, and the notice of it in the daily paper said: "Cards." Every person in the whole town brought a pack, and some a couple of them.

A MAN attempted to blow up his wife a few days ago by exploding a torpedo under her. A case of retaliation, it is presumed; but it is not likely that the woman ever used a torpedo in blowing up her husband.

"How beautiful is the language of flowers!" exclaimed Miss Posigush; which is your favorite flower, Mr. Smart?" "Graham," said Smart, sententiously. Miss Posigush thinks there are some persons without a particle of sentiment in their souls.

IN a railroad collision the other day a young lady's old-style bonnet was crushed and dented in seventeen places. She took it home, put a flower and two yards of ribbon on it, and now has a bonnet of the latest style, worth eleven dollars and a half.

APROPOS of widows: After having waited the ten regulation months, Mme. de B. remarried at the beginning of the eleventh. "Are you happy?" an intimate friend asked soon after. "Extremely so; my second husband is charming, amiable—he does everything to please me—there is only one thing that is disagreeable." "And that is?" "That it will soon be the first anniversary of the other's death!"

The Wrong Box.

A pleasant story is going the rounds of the Paris clubs at the expense of the Count and Countess de M——. The lady is not only classed among the fashionable beauties of the day, but her name is always to be found on the list of subscribers to those charitable institutions which are supported by the contributions of the aristocracy. The Count is an excellent sportsman, considering that no garden party is complete without the music of the hunting horn and a paper hunt. The Count and Countess invited a number of friends to take part in a picnic and paper hunt to take place on their estate, and the host decided that a luncheon should be spread at a certain spot in the middle of the forest, where the death was to be sounded and the honors done to the winner. He ordered a sumptuous luncheon, giving a Paris house *carte blanche*, and gave instructions that the case containing everything should be sent by a certain train to the station, where it should be called for by his men, who had orders to take it on to the appointed spot. The hunt took place, and the count and his friends, hungry as they should be, according to the old saying, were delighted to find that the case containing the luncheon arrived at the point of meeting with them. Ladies were helped off their horses, and everyone prepared to do honor to the banquet. The case was opened; but to the dismay of everyone the contents had been changed by some vexatious spirit into socks, stockings, nightcaps, blankets, and underclothing of every kind. When the first disappointment had been got over by hungry men, there was a roar of laughter, and the Countess exclaimed that a mistake must have been made in the cases, as the things which had been served up to appease the appetites of the *chasseurs* had been bought by her for her poor, and the case containing the provisions had been left at the railway station by the carelessness of the employees.

Stephanie.

Vienna is dreaming of good luck to the empire from the marriage of the savant heir Rudolph to Princess Stephanie. The family of the princess, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, has been in luck for three generations. The first that it befel, Prince Leopold, was an aid-de-camp and general factotum of the Emperor Alexander when that potentate entered Paris in 1814. By an ingenious intrigue of the Russian court Princess Charlotte of Wales, who was to have married the prince of Orange, was made to fall in love with this lucky Saxe-Coburg—Prince Leopold. The marriage put the family on three thrones, Belgium, Portugal, and England, and now, by the marriage of the great grand-daughter, on the throne of Austria. It is among the dreams of the fanciful Viennese that the young couple will some day hold viceregal court in Constantinople—the "unutterable Turk" having passed in his checks and Austria possessed herself of his European remains.

There was one case in which the Saxe Coburg luck failed. The unhappy Carlotta, wife of Maximilian, was ambitious, impatient, restive. She rebelled against her place at the Austrian court. She couldn't tolerate the idea of taking her place in the train behind her relatives, the ex-queen of Naples and the grand duchess of Tuscany. She forced the weak and amiable Maximilian to accept the temptation Napoleon put in his way and became the mockery of an empress. She is to-day and has been for many a day a mad woman in the castle of the first of the Coburg kings of Belgium at Lacken.

Perhaps the most interesting of the kinsfolk of Victoria and the new bride Stephanie is the king of Portugal, who married a Yankee girl and refused the crown of Spain because the grandees stipulated that he must leave his wife behind him. This is Dom Fernando. It is related that when Grant was visiting Portugal the good-natured king said: "Won't you come and see my wife? She is a charming creature—so intelligent, so graceful, so kind, and a perfect child in simplicity of character. She is very proud of her domestic talents, and so, indeed, am I." Mrs. G., who had observed that English noblemen let other folks praise their wives, was much affected by Dom Fernando's outspoken declaration of connubial bliss. The American lady told her friends in Paris that Fernando and Theresa have a lovely home, delight in music and flowers, and live the life of a pair of turtle doves.

In her new dominion Stephanie is called the "Rose of Brabant." She is the only princess in the empire with pink cheeks and regular features. Great pains have been taken to strengthen a constitution disposed to be lymphatic and to make her an accomplished and learned princess. She has a natural capacity for language and music, and rides well enough to satisfy her imperial mother-in-law. Pink cheeks and a sly way of glancing impart to her a rustic air. It is rare in the Saxe-Coburg family to find pink-cheeked girls. Princess Stephanie has that beaute de diable which is very effective in combination with white lace and orange blossoms. Rudolph thought, no doubt, when he met her at Saltzburg, that it would be held by the thousands who witnessed her arrival there a sufficient excuse for kissing her affectionately in public. The spectators applauded, the crown prince returned their greetings, and the bride-elect seemed very much pleased. Very few heirs to thrones have such luck in wives and very few wives of heirs have such luck in husbands.

A Chinese Girl's Wedding.

The Chinese girl who has poor parents leads the degraded life of a slave; no outdoor labour is too long or too hard for her, no treatment too bad, no punishment too severe. If her parents are lowly but not so poor, she is regarded as the household drudge, whom no kind of work can injure or degrade. In either case she stagnates in ignorance, unable either to read or write; but, strange to say, she does not grow either dull, brutal, or apathetic. A kind word moves her to tears, and to win her heartfelt gratitude is a very easy task. The daughter of wealth fares a little better. She is not so active, and therefore not so happy, but her domestic work is light, and she can read and write a little, and she has amusements. She is taught music and singing, and even what the poor crippled creature calls dancing. She goes to the theatre, receives occasional visitors, and now and then is taken to the temple in a sedan chair, or a kind of wheel-barrow with curtains. But she keeps to her own chamber, has her meals apart from her father and brother, devotes considerable time to her toilet and the growth and preservation of her long, claw-like nails, and yawning and sighing over her almost purposeless, indolent life, is frequently glad to stupefy herself with the opium-pipe. At length there comes a time when the girl may be married—a time for which she has been longing with all her heart. Among those whom the law of China compel to marry, and with one of their own rank, her charms are duly but indirectly magnified, and they all know that she will be the bride of the highest bidder. Her nose is beautifully short, her lips delightfully thick; no lashes disfigure her charming black eyes. The length of her finger-nails is surprising! If these fail to attract, and no higher bidder appears, the disconsolate father says she was a mistake, regrets that she was not drowned directly after her birth, as thousands of other female infants are every year, and mournfully contemplates the cost of her living.

If a good offer comes, and no more bidders are likely to appear, immediate preparations are made for the wedding. At last the girl will be somebody; she is delighted to find herself for once an object of general interest; it is a grand discovery when she finds that even a girl can make all the people about her glad and merry! Her spirits rise, life assumes a brighter aspect, she dreams day-dreams, sees herself honoured and respected as a house mother, her dignity asserted even by the law, which has hitherto recognised her rather as an object for punishment than protection. She will soon no longer be a mere useless piece of furniture or a domestic drudge; or, as a Chinese author says, she should be, "a shadow and an echo in the house." She knows well enough that for a time she will but live her old life over again; that marriage will not give her a right to call anything her own; that she will stand in silence to serve at the table and feed on the leavings of the men; and that outside her own inner room or rooms no living soul will acknowledge her authority. But she knows also that she will be the proud mother of boys, that she will have children to love her and be cared for.

On the day of her wedding the house is early astir. There is the greatest zeal displayed for her adornments; her looks are anxiously watched, and the perfection of her toilette is an object of overwhelming importance. Her splendid silken robes flash, gleam, and glitter with jewels and gold; her long plaits of raven hair are adorned with flowers and precious stones. She totters on her poor crippled feet into a kind of cage, a brilliant palanquin, where she sits in state like a queen on her throne, and is carefully inspected. Most carefully, for only consider what a dreadful thing it will be if, when the bridegroom first sees her, he should express disappointment, says those who described her deceived him, and wind up by declaring that rather than have her he will sacrifice all the dowry money he has paid, and submit to the usual fine in a like amount. When the procession is ready to escort her, the lattice-work of her cage is closed and locked, and the bearers raise and carry her in triumph to the home of her purchaser. Musicians playing fifes, drums, and hautboys, precede her; torchbearers and flambeau-bearers surround her; her family march in solemn state behind; and everything comprising her portion, clothes, furniture, &c., follows, each article displayed by one person, male or female.

Shut up alone she hears the music and the joyous shouts and the trampling feet; sees the red light of the torches and flambeau falling flickeringly upon her gold and jewellery; thinks of her new home amongst strangers whom she has never seen; dreads the little sound to come, that of the unknown bridegroom's key in the lock of her gilded cage; wonders what he will be like, in what words he will first address her; trembles with intense anxiety.

Meanwhile the bridegroom, in another fever of anxiety, stands in holiday attire within his outer door. The feast is spread, the guests have arrived, he only waits his bride. What will she be like? How will he be pleased? Will the blind bargain really prove a good one? At last he hears the approaching music and shouting; at last the procession halts before his house; her gay and gilded bridal cage—the palanquin—is before him. The trusty domestic who bears its key gives it to him with a lowly obeisance, and then, amidst sudden and profound silence, he turns it in the lock. The gilded lattice work swings open; he looks for a moment upon the girl he has purchased—does not suddenly shut the door and turn away, as she tremblingly fears he may, but gravely assists her to alight, while the merry music bursts forth afresh, and the shouting is louder than ever.

Entering the house, the ceremony which unites them, as firmly as the most ceremonious one can, is thus performed. For the first time she sits down to eat and drink with a strange man—perhaps she does not even know his name—and having previously prostrated themselves before their parents, and saluted the Tiers, or idol, in the hall four times, they feed together, drink each from the other's cup, and they are then man and wife, united as completely as Chinese law can unite them.

The bride is then given into the hands of her new female relatives, who entertain her and her family for the rest of the day at a feast in their own section of the dwelling, while the bridegroom and his friends make merry in another.

One month after there in another ceremonious meeting of the two families, when the bride's family come to see her for the first time, and this is followed by a third, when the bride revisits her old home.

STARVING FOR HIS PICTURES.

An old Man's Death in Prussia and the Strange Life He Led.

American Minister of Paris.

A beautiful collection of paintings has just been sold at Kassel. It was the property of "old Nahl," an eccentric enthusiast of that by-gone class who in their younger, and even older, days did not dream of such things as electric railways. In two miserable attic rooms he watched to his last breath the precious treasures come to him from a long line of ancestors. He slept among his pictures, and not wishing to build a fire in winter, (which, by the way, he was unable to afford if he wanted it,) he shivered day and night in his little gallery, complacently and proudly looking at his Rubens, and rubbing his cold, emaciated hands until they grew warm. At times the cold would drive him down from his lofty eyrie and into the warm room of a friend, at whose stove he could thaw his frozen limbs. Once the King of Hanover came to Kassel and sent a Chamberlain to old Nahl for the purpose of negotiating a purchase of some of the old man's favorites. After many an obstinate refusal, he finally yielded, driven to it by sheer want. The pictures were taken down and forthwith sent to the King's apartments.

The next morning the poor old man, with tears in his eyes, implored the Chamberlain, "by all that was holy, to give him back his pictures; he had not closed an eye the whole night, but mournfully stared at the vacant places on his walls, feeling as though he had sold his very children." There was nothing for it but to cancel the bargain. The King proposed to him to make him the custodian of his own gallery at Hanover, with a liberal annual pension, if he would agree finally to cede his collection to the King at a good round sum to be fixed beforehand. But, when told that he could not be allowed to sleep among his pictures, Nahl refused point blank, and lived on as miserably, but as contentedly, as before. Later on the Governor of Hesse-Nassau, President von Moeller, endeavored to lighten the eccentric old fellow's lot, and among other delicate questions and proposals asked him what he could do to please him. "Oh, Mr. President," joyfully exclaimed Nahl, "you might, indeed, do me a great favor by ordering that wretched poplar tree to be cut down, which sadly interferes with my view of Wilhelmshoehe. That has been a wish of mine for many years." Mr. von Moeller shrugged his shoulders and left. When Nahl awoke the next morning and went to his window the poplar tree had disappeared. The authentic favorites sold to the highest bidder for several hundred thousand marks the other day; the good, inoffensive old man had died as he had lived—poor as a church mouse.

Strange Equality at Monte Carlo.

Monaco Letter in the Parisian.

To see Monte Carlo aright, it is not necessary that it should, like Melrose Abbey, be visited by moonlight, but at all times, by all lights, and pretty frequently. No single visit, nor even several flying visits, will enable you to catch and impress on your mind aught but a confused and jumbled idea of some of the most salient characteristics of the general bearing and tone of the heterogeneous crowds found within the spacious and luxurious public gaming-house, where you see extremes the most opposite and incongruous meeting and fusing together on terms of the most startling equality. In no other "cercle" in the world will you see the veriest scum and outcasts of humanity enjoying the same privileges of access, lounging on the same seats, sitting at the same tables, and otherwise daily and hourly in the society of bearers of some of the proudest and most unsullied names in Europe. There is no caste, however high, no stratum, however obscure and degraded, that has not its representative or representatives here. Men illustrious by birth or deed and grooms out of livery, repectable middle-class people and knavish low scoundrels of every hue and color; ladies of high repute, brilliant and distinguished leaders of fashion, who carefully exclude *la petite bourgoisie* elements from their visiting lists, and weed *parvenus* with unsparing hand from their dinner parties, and who will be seen elsewhere only among persons of unimpeachable reputation and social position, will here, heedless alike of appearances and self-respect, not only sit at the same table, but beside bejewelled, bepainted, vulgar-looking, and vulgar-mannered *demi-mondaines*, mistresses of Emperors, croupiers, and blacklegs, notorious for their scandalous lives and no less scandalous extravagances. And this particular *couche* descends so astoundingly low in scale that you are stupefied to see within these halls, gaming-halls though they be, such meanly dressed, shabby, coarse looking creatures, playing at the table or promenading through these splendid saloons with the cool assurance and effrontery that conscious and undisputed right to this privilege alone can give.

A WILDERNESS BLOSSOMING.

The Wonderful Change the North-West is Undergoing.

Emerson News.

The history of the North-West is a curious one. Little more than half a century ago, when the Earl of Selkirk settled his colony of Scotchmen along the beautiful shores of the Red river, between Fort Garry and Lake Winnipeg, he earned for himself the name of an enthusiast, and was considered almost a madman, but with all his high hopes and great expectations of the future of the Red river prairies, he little thought what the country one day was to become, nor did the voyageurs, who laboriously paddled their canoe, loaded with Hudson's Bay goods and furs, all the way from Fort York up the Nelson river to Winnipeg, or down the long chain of lakes and rivers on the Dawson route, for a moment imagine what a rush and tumult there would be over a railway and down the Red river into this country in a few years, what a massing of men, horses, and cattle, what a handling of machinery, what a world of agricultural implements required, and yet all the hum of this great hive of industry, this jamming of cars, accumulation of freight, and crowding of warehouses is but the beginning; it is the preparation for what is coming in future. The trade is all moving westwards. As yet the country sends out only a trifle compared to what is brought in. The capital of the the provinces, and it might be said of the old world, is being invested here in buying land, building towns and railways, in supplying machinery, in sending manufactured goods, in building steamboats and other vessels to navigate the long, deep rivers which stretch far into the interior, and which every year are getting broader and deeper, and will ere long become crowded with steamers and barges loaded with products of the country. Nor is it money and merchandise alone which is seeking the North-West, for men are arriving also, and in such numbers that other parts of Canada are being alarmed. Towns are being depopulated, property is falling in value in the east and rising in the west. The world has discovered at last that the North-West is desirable and that it will continue so, that land is already cleared and in the hightest state of fertility, that the country is enormously large, that the climate is unusually healthy, and that it will fill up with industrious, bold, and energetic men, that large towns will grow in unexpected places, that commerce will here erect her throne, and that all nations will do homage at the shrine. Railways will run to the sea on the east, to Hudson's Bay on the north, and the Pacific on the west, while grain and cattle enough to feed the people of a continent will yet be produced in a land which for centuries has been considered only fit for a hunting ground for trappers, a gigantic pasture for millions of buffalo and elk, and a battle field for Indians.

The advancement of a country from barbarism to civilization—such a change as is now taking place in the North-West—is finely described by the poet Thompson, and his words will serve to finish up this article:—

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mixed
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn meal
Fought the fierce, tusky bear. A shivering wretch!
Aghast and comfortless when the bleak north,
With Winter charged, let the mixed tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost—
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along;
A waste of time! till industry approached,
And roused him from his miserable sloth;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapped them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands filled his table; poured
The generous glass around, inspired to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit.
Nor stop at barren, bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace,
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

The French Army in Peace.

London Times.

The peace establishment of the French active Army for 1882 has been fixed at 471,971 men and 113,062 horses. To these must be added the Gendarmerie, which is a branch of the military service, and which includes 26,512 men and 13,013 horses, bringing up the total strength of the active army for the next year to 498,483 men and 126,075 horses. The number of recruits to be enrolled in the active Army in 1882 is 162,191; of these 104,814 will go into the infantry, 19,650 to the cavalry, 27,318 to the artillery, 3,263 to the engineers, 2,359 to the military train, and 4,807 to the administrative branch of the service. The total strength of the various arms during the next year is set down at: Infantry, 144 regiments of the line, having 238,464 men; 30 battalions of chasseurs a pied, having 18,130 men; 4 regiments of Zouaves 10,480 men; 3 battalions of African light infantry, 4,140 men; 4 battalions of the Foreign Legion, 2,526 men; 3 native African regiments, (Turcos and Gouma,) 8,493 men; 5 disciplinary companies, (Zephyrs,) 1,330 men, and 55 sections of disciplined men distributed among the various branches of the Administrative services of the Army, 18,217 men. Cavalry—68,722 men, distributed among 12 regiments of cuirassiers, 26 of dragoons, 20 of chasseurs, 12 of hussars, 4 of chasseurs d'Afrique, 3 of Spahis, and 8 companies of remounts. Artillery—38 regiments, having 55,717 men; 2 regiments of pontoners, 3,067 men; 10 companies of artillery workmen, having 3,666 men; 3 rocket companies of 315 men, and 37 companies of artillery train, having 5,244 men, Engineers—4 regiments, having 11,007 men.

The Army train includes 20 squadrons, with 11,696 men. The list of Generals includes 3 Marshals, (Canrobert, MacMahon, and Lebeouf;) 137 Generals of division, of whom 24 are in the reserve and 13 hold special appointments; 231 Generals of brigade, of whom 31 are in the reserve. The Generals who have been transferred to the reserve are over 65 years of age, in which category are also some of the Generals who "hold special appointments." Gen. Farre, the Minister of War, being of the number. By a regulation which comes into force this year, 21 per cent. of the contingents of 1876 and 1877 will be sent home on unlimited furlough. This is the first step toward reducing the period of five years' service with the colors.

THE HALDIMAND PAPERS.

Something About the Historical Canadian Papers.

From the Providence R. I., Press.

The Dominion of Canada is doing a good work, not only for its own history, but likewise for ours. Sir Frederick Haldimand, though born in Switzerland, was an officer in the British army who attained very high rank, and who saw much service in America, his most important duty upon this continent being as Governor-General of Canada during the latter portion of our revolutionary war. Sir Guy Carleton, feeling himself aggrieved at Gen. Burgoyne's being selected, instead of himself, to lead the expedition into New York, promptly resigned the Governorship of Canada, but Gen. Haldimand, his successor, did not arrive to relieve him until late in 1778.

It was Sir Frederick Haldimand that sought to detach Vermont from her sister States during our struggle for nationality, and nearly succeeded in doing so. It will be remembered that, through his subordinates, he carried on an active correspondence with many leading Vermonters, and used the difficulties of Vermont, then beter known as the Hampshire Grants, with the State of New York, as an important lever in aid of his purpose. The surrender of Cornwallis, in October, 1781, effectually thwarted his efforts, but the correspondence reveals some strange phases of history.

Sir Frederick collected together a vast number of documents during his service, which, instead of turning over to his successor, as Carleton had done before him, he kept and handed down in his family. This collection of papers is a perfect mine of wealth pertaining to American history and contains orders, correspondence, and reports relating to the war which effected the British conquest of Canada; the formation and occupation of the British outposts on our northern frontier, including Niagara, Oswego, and Detroit; Montgomery's invasion of Canada in 1775, and the expulsion of the Americans therefrom during the next year; the organization and equipment of Burgoyne's expedition in 1771, and Carleton's relations thereto, as evidenced by his letters and orders, which attest the thorough nobility of his character; and generally the whole military conduct of British affairs in Canada during our struggle with the mother country, and the relations which then existed between the British ministers at home and the British commanders across our northern border.

This most valuable collection forms 233 large volumes, and was some time since presented by one of Gen. Haldimand's descendants to the British Museum, where it now remains. It has never been printed, save very small fragments of it upon particular subjects, the most considerable portion that has appeared in print, to our knowledge, being some of the letters relating to the Vermont affair, printed in Vol. II. of the collection of the Vermont Historical Society, and vol. II. of the records of the Governor and Council of the State of Vermont.

Requests for leave to copy the collection in whole have always been refused until quite recently, when permission was given to the Canadian Government to make a complete copy for its archives. The work is now being vigorously prosecuted under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, Arts, and Statistics of the Dominion Government, and much credit is due to the distinguished Minister holding that portfolio for the enlightened enterprise that prompts and pushes forward so important an historical work in its entirety, without niggardly attempting to save a little expense by contenting one's self with extracts—an economy utterly false and parsimonious, since no one can beforehand correctly estimate the ofttimes paramount importance of seeming trifles in fixing and illustrating great events. As yet but ninety-nine volumes have been forwarded to the archives at Ottawa, but, in the course of one or two years more, the whole collection will be completed. The work of arranging for binding, and the cataloguing the collection, has been entrusted to the able hands of Mr. Douglas Brymner, of the Department of Agriculture, to whose zeal not a little credit is due for the idea of having a copy of this valuable collection upon this continent.

Having recently spent some days in examining this historical treasure, we cannot forbear calling the attention of students of American history to the riches now so happily, through the enlightened liberality of the Canadian Government, being made accessible to those upon this side of the Atlantic. At the same time, we can, from our own experience, assure all those who desire to consult its stores, that the unfailing courtesy and the unwearied aid that Mr. Brymner and his assistants will extend to them will make their visit to the vault of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, where the archives are kept, a sunny memory, and will give all American visitors an exalted idea of the excellence of the Canadian Civil Service, which they will long to have that of their own country strive to emulate.

Individuality in Homes.

There will be a great gain to your house in individuality if you arrange your own needlework for it. The carpets, wall papers, furniture and probably the pictures and other art ornaments are the product of other people's minds. It can scarcely be otherwise, but it is much more easy that the embroidery should be the product of your own thought; it will then be unique and give an air of originality that can never be attained through the intelligence of others. Being unique, the work is, in its degree, priceless, and it is a standing protest against the power of mere wealth, seeing that it is enriched, not by silk and gold and other men's toil, but the power of art and your own expenditure of time and thought. It is, if you have contrived it honestly and by your own lights, a true product of your own taste and culture and it will last to be a monument of the things that in your time were loved and sought after, when you have gone to look on those beauties that as yet eye hath not seen, and of which the fair things of earth are but foreshadowings.

It is now claimed that Satan prevailed over Eve by imp-ortunity—N. Y. *Herald*. P. I. Has it been demon-strated!—*Commercial Bulletin*. Yes, it is the latest devil-opment.—*Earl Marble*.

"SENTRY-GO" IN FRANCE.

The New Regulations that sent a Colonel for a Password Before He Could go to Bed.

Chambers Journal.

Just after the Franco-Prussian war the adjutant major of a certain corps d'infanterie, in order to test a new sentry who had been placed upon a responsible post, approached, and, affecting to have forgotten the word, at length by means of threats, prevailed on the ignorant soldier to allow him to pass without giving the word. This he immediately reported, the result being that the poor young fellow was sentenced to be shot, this decision fortunately being commuted to banishment to Algeria, by influence brought to bear from high quarters.

This adjutant major at length met with a well-merited rebuff, as the following narrative—the dialogue of which we give in English—shows. Finding a newly-joined man placed on a similar duty, he determined to repeat his former experiment. Fortunately, however, the sentry had already been warned by his comrades, and was resolved not to be outwitted. As the night wore on he observed the officer approaching alone, lantern in hand, and at once challenged: "Who comes there?"

"Officer of the guard!" at once came the response.

"Approach to the word, officer of the guard," continued the sentry.

The officer approaching, said: "I have forgotten the word, and you must let me finish my round without it."

But forewarned, the only reply made by the sentry was: "The word! Stand back, or I fire."

"I have forgotten the word, I tell you," persisted the officer.

"Can't pass without the word," was the answer made by the sentry, as he kept him at bayonet's bay.

"You know me perfectly," insisted the officer in a tone of chagrin. "I am your officer—your adjutant."

"I don't know you. Keep back or I fire." was the only reply vouchsafed him.

"You dare not fire on your superior; and as it is I will have you severely punished for this detaining me from my duty." So saying the officer seized hold of the bayonet, and endeavored to force his way past.

The sentry once again shouted, "Stand back!" drew away his bayonet, and made as if to charge the officer.

Stepping back, the officer drew his sword and came on again, but was instantly disarmed by the sentry. Seizing hold of the muzzle of the rifle, he next endeavored to wrest it from the sentry's grasp. The sentry being new to the corps, and knowing perfectly who his opponent was, refrained from firing, not knowing what the consequences might be of firing on his superior, even though the pass had been refused. In the struggle, however, the rifle went off, and the bullet whizzed past the officer's ear, carrying with it a piece of his head-dress. Half stunned and utterly confused by this unexpected turn of affairs, the officer lost his presence of mind and actually took to his heels; and without reflecting on the probable consequences of his act, he reported the fact of his being fired on by the sentry, who was immediately marched off to the guard-house a prisoner.

Next morning a court-martial was convened, and the sentry, after having been charged with firing on his superior, was asked what defence he had to make. In a few simple words he explained that he had been placed on duty at a certain spot, with strict orders not to allow anyone to pass without giving the countersign; that an officer, whom he now recognized to be the adjutant, had endeavored to pass without giving the word, and on being prevented had seized his rifle, which had gone off by accident.

The adjutant major, on being interrogated, could not but admit the truth of this statement; and the colonel, a severe but just disciplinarian, amid the cheers of those present, gave judgment as follows: "The adjutant will remain in his quarters during the next eight days, having unnecessarily endeavored to cause a private to perform a breach of duty. The name of Private D—— will be entered on the orders de jour and remain there during the same period."

This was equivalent to eight days' imprisonment for the officer, and the highest praise given to privates; the entry in the orders de jour being read to the assembled regiment each morning as follows: "Monsieur le colonel compliments Private D—— on the zealous performance of duty under the most trying circumstances."

This public rebuke to the officer had a salutary effect. However, to his credit be it said, he never attempted in any way to molest the sentry for his share in the affair.

Numberless amusing instances might be related of the fix officers occasionally find themselves in by forgetting the password. Two sentries were mounting guard inside the walls of a prison at F——, one at each angle, with strict orders to detain anyone attempting to pass without giving the sign. The lieutenant, on the ground of inspection, passed the first sentry, giving the word correctly enough. When half way between the sentries a sound on the outside of the wall attracted his attention, and while endeavoring to investigate the matter, the word quite slipped his memory. Finding his suspicions groundless, he approached the second sentry, and was again challenged; but, in spite of his utmost endeavors, he could not remember the word. "Can't pass without the word," was all the reply given him. Returning to the first sentry, he was challenged as before, but as he could not give the word was not allowed to pass him either. No entreaties could prevail. The sentries, not knowing but that he was testing them, and rather enjoying the joke, if the truth must be told, proved obdurate to all persuasions. Here, then, he was kept all night between the two, shivering and cold till the gray dawn appeared, when he was relieved by the change of guard.

It is usual in France, when quartered in provincial towns, for the colonel of a regiment to post a sentry before the door, with orders not to admit any person without a special password. This is mainly to prevent his being disturbed by the trivial complaints of the civic dignitaries. It so happened that the colonel himself returned very late one night from a concert, and discovered to his dismay, on being challenged, that he did not know the pass. He endeavored to gain admittance to his own house, but in vain; the sentry was not to be moved, and, although he recognized his colonel well enough, he knew his duty better than to allow even him to pass without the word. Away the colonel had to go to the nearest guard-room, and get the word there before he might go to bed. He enjoyed a hearty laugh at his own discomfiture, and highly commended the sentry—who was secretly quaking—for his unwavering devotion to duty.

The Latest Freak in Fashion.

New York Letter.

Do you know the latest fashion? No. Well it is for a young woman to have a photograph taken of her hand, and to present it as a souvenir to her intimate friends. The great question, "What shall I do with my hands?" seems at last to have been answered by fashion, which says: "Have them photographed." The trial of properly disposing of the hands has always been great with those who visit the photographer. To hold a fan is stilted, to rest them upon the lap is awkward, for the loveliest hands in the world look large in a photograph, and to fold them gives a white patch in the picture not at all artistic. A pretty and fashionable blonde, dressed in her black velvet suit, a few days ago went to a photographer to have a panel picture—the popular style now—taken for the full length of her figure when standing. She wore a Spanish lace jabot from neck to toe, and this gave fullness and grace to her slender form. "Now, what shall I do with my hands?" she said. They were perfect in shape, the fingers tapering to the waxen tips, where the delicate pink nails demostrated the height to which the manicure's art has attained. The artist saw at a glance that the hands were well worth taking in the picture, and he made various suggestions. "No," said the blonde, entwining her fingers beneath the lace jabot so that they would be nearly concealed, "I will stand thus, and then I will have my hands taken separately." The idea was a good one. After her negative was made, she rested her arm upon an upright support, and held her hand against a black walnut back-ground, while it was photographed. It made a beautiful picture, which is now for sale in a Nassau street store among pictures of actresses, actors, divas, tenors, and impresarios. This seems to have started the fashion. Now young ladies may enjoy the pleasures of giving their hand to many beaux, while reserving the flesh and blood reality for the one they love best.

Young Count Bismarck's Love Affair.

Berlin Letter to the London Globe.

I have more than once cautiously alluded to a sensational love affair which has created much scandal at Court and in the higher circles of society. The parties concerned belong to the first families of the land. The lover is said to be none other than Count Herbert Bismarck, the Chancellor's son. I would not mention his name if the papers were not spreading it far and wide. Without wishing to be over-explicit, I confine myself to a reproduction of the facts published by the press. It seems that Count Bismarck, who is heir to his father's princely title and estates, became enamored of the Princess Carolath, the wife of his former intimate friend. When the Count was attached to the legations at Dresden and Berne, the Princess always contrived to be near him. She subsequently left with him for Italy, where she is still residing and anxiously awaiting the decision of the still pending divorce suit. The Princess, a descendant of those wild and eccentric Hatzfeldts whose romantic love affairs have often engrossed public attention, is still a very handome woman. Gifted with all the accomplishments of her race, she appears to have obtained entire influence over Count Bismarck's affections. The Chancellor, sorely grieved at his son's illicit relations, has only given a reluctant assent to their eventual marriage. I am rather curious to know the issue of Prince Carolath's proceedings against his faithless spouse, especially as the German law forbids a marriage of divorced persons with the authors or participators of their guilt.

The Water of the Great Salt Lake.

Four barrels of water of the Great Salt Lake will leave after evaporation nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820, and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained. Four or five large streams empty themselves into it, and the fact of its still retaining its saline properties seems to point to the conclusion that there exists some secret bed of saline deposit over which its waters flow, and that thus they continue salt; for, though the lake may be but the residue of an immense sea which once covered the whole of this region, yet by its continuing so salt with the amount of fresh water poured into it daily, the idea of the existence of some such deposit from which it receives its supply seems to be only too probable. For the past fifteen years (until last year) the lake has been gradually rising; but in 1879 it receded some two or three feet—a most unusual occurrence, owing to the exceptionally warm summer. There are no fish in the lake, but myriads of small flies cover its surface. The buoyancy of the water is so great that it is not at all an easy matter to drown in it. The entire length of the Salt Lake is eighty-five miles, and its breadth forty-five miles. Compared with the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is longer by forty-three miles, and broader by thirty-five miles.

Fair Play for the Hog.

If our forefathers had studied the hog with any closeness, we would have been spared the saying of: "Selfish as a hog," "hungry as a pig" and "he acts like a regular hog," etc. To begin with, the hog is not a selfish creature. Two hogs will agree about as well as two men, and a hog who was taken along on a steamboat excursion would have cause to say to his porkers: "You act like men and women." The hog is not a hungry animal. Give him three square meals per day and he is content, while some men must chew, smoke and nibble between meals and have a lunch at bedtime. To "act like a hog" would be to mind one's business, go to bed early, and be satisfied with the situation. The hog is not a liar, hypocrite or dead-beat. He acts on the square, is always as represented, and in disposition he has few equals in the human race. He has been misunderstood and abused, and it is time that his friends rallied to give him fair play.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How Bobby's Velocipede Ran Away.

BY H. W. BLAKE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Conductor John Blackmer was a good deal surprised that day when he opened the door of the smoking-car on the fast New York express, just after leaving Brocton depot, to see Bobby and the pipe on the front seat. The little fellow was so nicely dressed that if it had n't been for the pipe, one would have supposed that he had just escaped from the infant class of some Sunday-school. The conductor stopped to ask him some questions, but the youngster was feeling his importance considerably just then, and about all that could be got out of him was that he intended to "see Papa;" so the conductor went on through the train, and he asked the passengers, while he was punching holes in their tickets, whose little boy that was in the smoking-car; but, of course, nobody knew. Then he went back to Bobby, and said:

"Who are you anyhow?"

"Well," answered he, "my name is Bobby Bradish, and I live at 27 Garden street; my papa's name is Buxton Bradish; he is an engineer, and they call him 'Buck' Bradish, for short!"

All this was a speech he had been taught to say at home, and one that always made Papa laugh.

The conductor knew "Buck" Bradish well, although he worked on another railroad; and he also knew what to do with Bobby. He first persuaded the young man to let him put the pipe into the side pocket of his own coat, to keep it from breaking, and then he carried him in his arms to the parlor-car, and put him down in one of the big, red, stuffed chairs. He was facing a kind-looking lady, who got him to tell her about Mamma and Papa and the velocipede. And when the boy with books and papers to sell came along, she bought for Bobby a children's magazine, and showed him the pictures: and also a little candy,—all, she was sure, Mamma would be willing he should eat. She made Bobby feel that the parlor-car was a much nicer place to ride in than the smoking-car.

It was twenty-five miles from Brocton to Sherman, where the express train stopped next. When the conductor came into the car to take Bobby out, the little boy asked if his Papa was there. The conductor told him that Papa was not there, but that he himself would take him to a lady who would tell him how to find Papa. Then he carried him across a track and into the depot, saying to a young lady who stood behind a door that had a hole cut in it just large enough for Bobby to see her face, "Here he is." And she smiled, and, opening the door, said, "Bring him right in." So the conductor put Bobby on the lounge that stood behind the door, and the next minute he was gone off on the train.

It was the funniest little room Bobby had ever seen,—hardly wide enough to turn around in. There was one sunny window in it that looked out on the railroad. While Bobby was looking around him, the lady sat down at a table, having some very curious-looking machinery on it, and played with her fingers on a black button that moved up and down on a spring, and made a clicking noise; and when the bird heard the clicking noise, he sang as though his throat would split. You see that it was a telegraph-office in which Conductor Blackmer had left Bobby, and that this lady was sending Mamma word where Bobby was; and when she had finished playing on the button, she came and sat on the lounge, and took Bobby in her lap; then she explained to him that his papa had gone a long way off on another railroad, and that he could not see him till night; also, that Conductor Blackmer would come back with his train by and by, and take him home; and that he must be a good boy while he staid with her, and he would find both Papa and Mamma waiting for him in the depot at home. And when she was sure the little boy understood it all, it was dinner-time. You see, Conductor Blackmer had written a letter while he was on the cars, telling all about Bobby, and had given it to her as soon as the train stopped, so that she would know what to do with the little boy; and he had also written a message for her to telegraph to Mamma.

All this time, Mamma was sitting in the kitchen at home, crying as though her heart were broken. She did not even notice that the fire was out and her irons were cold; she was so troubled because Bobby was lost. But she started up very quickly when the front-door bell rang, and was a good deal surprised to find that a telegraph-boy had brought her a message; there could be no mistake about it, for on the envelope were the words, "Mrs. Buxton Bradish, 27 Garden street, Brocton, Connecticut." So she opened it, and this was what the message said:

"SHERMAN, CONNECTICUT, April 5th, 1875.
"Bobby is all right. Will bring him home at 6.30 this evening.

"JOHN BLACKMER,
"Conductor New York Express."

Mamma wiped away her tears in a hurry when she had read the message, and asked the boy to come in while she wrote a note, informing the chief of police that Bobby was at last found. And then she began to make up a new fire in the kitchen stove; and when the fire was lit she put away the ironing and made a new party-cake.

The lady who staid in the Sherman telegraph office boarded at a large hotel across the road from the depot, and it was there that she took Bobby to dinner. Her friends stared a good deal when they saw her leading him through the long dining-room, but the waiter ran for a high chair and a bib, and the little boy enjoyed himself very much. After dinner, the lady went to a toy store and bought him some "sliced animals," and after they had gone back to the office, she showed him how to put the pasteboard strips together so as to make pictures of the lion, tiger, sheep, etc. Then she read him a story from the magazine which the other lady had given him on the train, and then Bobby fell asleep on the lounge. But he was wide awake when Conductor Blackmer came to take him, and the lady gave Bobby a good hug and a kiss before she let him go. The conductor put the magazine and the sliced animals in his overcoat pocket, and placed Bobby on a seat in the passenger-car. And when he had finished collecting tickets, he took him on his knee and told him stories about his own little children at home.

Papa's train came into the Brocton depot at six o'clock, half an hour earlier than the one Bobby was on. Mamma was there to meet him, and he was very much astonished to hear what had been going on.

When the New York express train came in the first man who got off was Conductor Blackmer, with Bobby in his arms. And when Papa and Mamma had heard the whole story of Bobby's trip to Sherman, the conductor handed him over to them "safe and sound," along with the magazine, the sliced animals and the pipe.

There was a very happy party at 27 Garden street that evening. Bobby was allowed to sit at the table and have a piece of the party-cake.

He is a large boy now, but he still remembers how he ran away to find Papa. And if you should go into the parlor of his house you would see three photographs in the same frame. One of them is the picture of a little boy on a velocipede, another, that of John Blackmer, conductor of the New York express, and the third, that of the lady who stays in the Sherman telegraph-office. And over these pictures there is placed a clay pipe, with a yellow mouth-piece; a pipe that has never been smoked.

The Cockney.

There was a cockney, as they calls them London chaps. Of course, sir, I don't mean no disrespect to you, because, although you lives there yourself, you bain't exactly one of 'em, seeing as you were bred and born in our country. Well, he—this 'ere Cockney—come down here about one of these 'ere nasty railroads. No, sir, I never rode in one of them trains, nor I don't mean to as long as I can ride in my old gig; and when I can't no more, why I'll walk to market. Well, then, this 'ere Cockney was staying in the next village—the folks there call it a town because it's bigger than our'n—and the Squire living as he did half way between the two places, only half a mile apart, and being a hospitable, kind-hearted man, took notice of this 'ere Cockney, and took him to dinner, and so on. A cleverish sort of chap he was, he *could* talk for certain! He could do this, and that, and t'other; and make us all feel we were nobodies, and knowed nothing, and could do nothing. Shoot! Why nothing with fur or feathers could live, if it got up before his gun. At last the Squire got on his mettle, and challenged him to go out with him for £5 a side who should make the heaviest bag, and whatever one shot the other was to carry. Well, there was a goodish party of us started, and only the Squire and Mr. Cockney was to shoot; so about 8 o'clock in the morning, off we all went, and the Squire good-naturedly gave the Cockney first chance. Bang, bang, one barrel after t'other, he went, but nothing dropped. Then the Squire pulled trigger, and fetched down a bird with each barrel, for he was a fairish shot. The Cockney made some excuse for missing, but there, he could soon see he could do nothing, while the Squire hardly missed a shot; and as the bargain was that what one shot the other should carry, Mr. Cockney toward lunch-time was very glad to be eased of his load. He made a good fight of it, however, and made up for his bad shooting by his talking. But by 4 o'clock he had as much as he could well carry, and as the Squire always, like the sportsman he was, made it a rule not to shoot after this hour, we started for home. The poor Cockney went staggering along with the Squire's bag; and I tell you it was pretty heavy, and he looked regular done up, for it was a hottish day. Well, we had got pretty nighhome, and was going through the little paddock close to the Squire's house, and one had asked the Cockney if he could hit a hayrick or a barn, and such like chaff was going on, when we came across a goodish seized calf as had been capering round the paddock, and all at once came and stood stock-still within a few yards of the Cockney, and was just going off for another scamper, when Mr. Cockney turned sharp round and let fly both barrels, one after t'other, bang! bang! and shot the calf dead as a hammer, and says to the Squire: "Now, dang it, carry that." Larf! Lor' a massy on us, how we did larf to be sure, and the Squire most of all, though he lost the wager; for you see, Sir, the bargain was that which of the two made the heaviest bag was to be the winner; and, good as the Squire was, the calf outweighted his'n. But there, he managed to get it up, but could hardly stagger under it for larfing. So, you see, sir, the Cockney made up for his bragging by his 'cuteness. It was a smart trick, wasn't it, sir? And I always larfs when I thinks on it.

The Veiled Picture.

Two artist-lovers sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint best. So with the highest skill his genius could command each strove for the maiden. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill the father declared that no one could beat that. Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But great was his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture. Plainly he who could so veil his canvas with the brush as to deceive a skilful master was the greater artist.

"It's a useless waste of money to go to Europe for pleasure," says a level-headed exchange. Yes, that's so, as we have always contended. And, besides, it's a miserably long, sloppy walk for an editor.

A man in Staffordshire once said, speaking of a youth who had married imprudently, "Why he didn't want a wife any moor'n a toad wants a side-pocket!"

WHEN there is a storm in the nursery, the mother will castor oil on the waters in vain.

BEAUTY'S ADORNMENTS.

A Protest Against Dress Reforms That Make Women Look Like Men.

It does not say much for our modern resoluteness that we can do nothing without forming ourselves into societies. Ladies who, apparently, have not the courage to dress rationally, or who believe that other members of their sex can not dress rationally without their aid and countenance, are now forming a "Rational Dress Society." For the small yearly subscription of thirty pieces, making one half-crown, ladies can join this enterprising body. Viscountess Harberton is at the head of it; and Mrs. Haweis, who has written a book on the pleasing topic of "Beauty," is also one of the leaders. For their half-crown members will acquire the right to advocate their views at "drawing-room meetings," and will, we understand, have access to rational designs, made by members of the society. We may expect, therefore, that a "sweet reasonableness" in dress will soon become not absolutely uncommon. Perhaps there may be critics so captious as to aver that the present style of women's dress is already sufficiently rational. Ladies seem, more than at any other time, to be able to dress very much as they please. Therefore, the clever ones can array themselves as reasonably as they please, while it is not likely that ladies averse to reason will "in their attire show their wit," like the old poet's mistress. But the latitude of female dress is as wide, we have remarked, as is desirable. One lady appears at a drawing-room in robes embroidered with armorial bearings, like some Yoland or Doette of the fourteenth century. Others attract a desirable notoriety by the brilliant incongruities or the mournful harmonies of the colors they wear. Imitations of the French dress of Watteau's time, of the Italian dress of Mantegna's time, and even of the Greek dress of any time, are by no means unknown. A lady might indeed win some notice by appearing in society in a chiton, a chlamys, a diploidoin, or what not. But to attract notice, if we may judge by the amazing costumes which may be viewed at the picture galleries, is rather a motive with

SHRINKING MAIDENHOOD,

"'Here's a blessed flare up!' said the princess, whose girlish modesty had hitherto kept her silent," is the favorite quotation from the pages of a romance. But young ladies whose girlish modesty no one would think of impugning, now appear in garments which the princess might have described as a "flare up." Now, if they can dress so variously, so oddly, in such a harlequin mixture of periods, colors, shapes, and fashions, surely ladies might even attire themselves rationally if they liked, without dreading public censure or requiring the aid of a society. To be sure there is the hard-hearted race of husbands to be reckoned with. It is an obstacle to the adoption of Greek dress that many husbands—like Mr. Potts in "Pickwick," when Mrs. Potts meant to dress as Diana—"won't stand the tunic." Scarcely any of them would "stand" the costume of the Laconian fair. But husbands are not the sort of people to be moved by a society, however rich in half-crowns. The question then arises, What does the society want? What sort of costume does it consider rational? Ladies are no longer obliged to lace themselves as tightly as victims of the inquisition undergoing the question. "The extreme and cruel torture of the boot," which used to reconcile Covenanters to loyalty and the Church of England, need not be endured by ladies who dislike high heels and narrow soles. They may wear as big boots as they like. Then, as to the length of their dresses, they may wear them long or short, at pleasure, though they can hardly kirtle them "a little above the knee," like the agile young women in the ballads. Is it possible that any kind of pleasing dress is thought irrational? In Europe women have always been handicapped, in feats of an athletic kind, by their drapery. Ladies who play lawn-tennis however well (and many play admirably) are checked and thwarted by their skirts. "That brave vibration each way free," which Herrick admired in Julia of "the tempestous petticoat," is very convenient at lawn-tennis. But ladies are not always engaged in this sport. We scarcely like to think that right reason is in consistency with a certain amount of flowing drapery which has been entirely banished from the modern dress of men. It would be a pity if to "dress rationally" meant to dress more and more like men. Ulsters and "billycock" hats are a sufficiently long stop in that direction. No amount of half-crown subscriptions would reconcile the world to the only advance there seems left to be made.

Men do not dress so rationally that ladies need envy their privileges. It is not rational to wear a costume so hideous. In the attire of young men whose souls the world has not tamed it is easy to observe a reaction in favor of more color and novelty of shape.

LONG CURLY LOCKS,

coats like those of the regency, old-fashioned sticks, and neckties of strange unholy hues, are marks of youth's inclination to break with the modern fashion of our raiment. But the tall hat is too much for any innovator. The hideous cylinder has apparently taken its place forever as the head-covering of modern men. If we identify the fez with the sailor's cap which Odysseus wears in ancient Greek art, then the fez is older than the hat. Otherwise, that instrument of torture has held its own longer than any other head-dress. Contrast with this durable tyranny the frequent, graceful, and we trust rational, changes in the bonnets of women. Men's black coats are as oppressive in hot summer weather as anything women complain of, yet how few have the courage to wear light tweed suits in London. They are so few that they seem almost rowdy, and negligent of decorum. The evening dress of men, besides making many of them look like waiters, have scarcely one merit. It is grotesquely ugly, cold in winter, and hot in summer. Its only merit, perhaps, is to give little trouble, and, on the whole, to keep down expense. If men now might blossom out into loom-colored Tyrian silks and point lace they would ruin themselves, like Goldsmith and La Fontaine. People talk of the "æsthetic movement." It is impotent. It has been baffled by tall hats and evening dress. No one dares do more than stick a frond of chestnut flower or tulip in the button-hole. Not every one does so much. But it is not half-crown reasonableness that can alter these things; they depend upon royalty, and Mr. Vigo.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 28, 1881.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS FOR 1880.

If we were as well paid as our two contemporaries in the City of Belleville for publishing the County Accounts, we should consider it a *privilege* to lay them *in full* before our readers, but as it now stands all we can find space for is a general reference to the various accounts. We have to admit that *the full report* is one of a good deal of interest, and particularly so this year from the very full statement given by the Auditors. But, while it is a "privilege" to publish the information referred to, yet the "privilege" is very much greater to our Belleville contemporaries in as much as they each receive one hundred dollars or more from the County for that purpose. Well, we don't envy them their "labor of love," but would not object if we were favored with the same *disinterested* motives to serve the County by publishing its accounts.

The first thing strikes our attention as we open out the accounts is the large space covered by them, and the next the full and complete manner in which they are made. This, we suppose, is to be accounted for in some degree by the fact that one of the Auditors, A. F. Wood, Esq., was for many years a member of the County Council, and during that time ten years Warden, and consequently thoroughly conversant with the County affairs. Another thing we note is the lengthened explanatory remarks by the Auditors containing very interesting information to every ratepayer who is desirous of understanding the accounts with the additional information of extent and location of County Gravel Roads, Bridges and distribution of Railway Bonuses.

In another column of this issue will be found a Summary of the receipts and expenditures, and a statement of the assets and liabilities up to and on the 31st day of December, 1880. In our next issue we purpose giving some interesting "Statements" as reported by the Auditors.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

We do not purpose to give an essay on the principles of "Honesty" and "Policy" in general, nor do we purpose to treat the abstract question so far as it applies to general dealing among men, but we do purpose to start out with the generally acknowledged axiom that it is the best policy to be honest, and apply it to the present tendency on both sides of politics to be little and speak evil of our public men. Our attention has been called to this matter specially by the more than usual effort by our leading political journals to underrate and make charges against the public men that it is anticipated will take active parts in the election campaigns of 1883. It is bad enough to be surfeited with this sort of thing during the election campaign itself without having it forced upon us *ad nauseam* for two years beforehand. And it is not an unnatural thing to find men asking themselves does all this vilification accomplish anything in the real interest and benefit of either party, to say nothing of the country generally? Looking at it squarely and noting its effect upon ourselves we do not believe it does. Of this we are sure, it has a tendency to lessen the respect of a certain part of the public men who are at the front discussing the political questions of the day, or administering the affairs of the country, and with another part it breeds contempt for the writers who promulgate from day to day libels upon men who, while not supposed to be nearer perfect than the generality of mankind, yet are known to deserve well at the hands of their countrymen. A fair and honest criticism of public men and their acts by the press of the country is what would be gladly received if they could be made thoroughly to believe that the criticisms *were* honest, but it would take some time to accomplish this from the very fact that so much of what is dishonest and partizan has been forced upon them. The truth of the matter is if the criticisms of one class of the political press were to be taken it would be difficult not to believe that Sir John Macdonald had hoofs, (only they were concealed by his boots), and that a "sardonic grin" was always hovering around his face; that Sir Charles Tupper was a thief and a villan, whose only business was to sell the country for personal ends, and Sir Leonard Tilley quite as bad if he only knew enough, his good qualities being of the negative kind, the result of good nature and a weak intellect. While if we swallowed the opinions—nay more, the assertions—of another class we could only come to the conclusion that Hon. Edward Blake, while possibly a good chancery lawyer, knew nothing of constitutional law—was no statesman—a man of whims and of inordinate vanity, with but a slight regard for the truth and nothing but contempt for any body besides himself; that Sir Richard Cartwright, while accepted by his party as Finance Minister, really knew nothing of figures, that it is impossible to account for the election of such "an ass"—such a "mixer" and "muddler"—by a sensible constituency like Centre Huron, and that the great end of his life is to ruin the country by running it hopelessly and irretrievably into debt, and bringing about annexation by selling our trade to the Yankees. Now this is not overdrawn. It is possible that some of the attacks are drawn in language not quite so offensive, but the impression attempted to be made is the same. To one class of readers who see only one side it is demoralizing, for as we said at the outset they lose respect, to say the least, for men who have charge of the country's affairs, or of others who by the consent of the Opposition should have control, while those who read both sides and think for themselves lose confidence in the opinions of the press and take nothing for truth that appears in the form of a political article. And how does this affect our politicians themselves? Simply in this wise—they think it necessary to meet the public in the same way, and bitter attacks are met in the same spirit. Like begets like—and so the bitterness and intense hates of election contests have come to be dreaded by the thinking part of the electors. When these things will end we suppose means the millenium, but we can't help believing that if more honesty was shown in these matters it would be better for all concerned. It does not follow that because one set of politicians have been supported they are always right, or because another set have been opposed they are always wrong. We have the extremes—truth lies between them. Men are supposed to be elected in the peoples' interests, not in the individual's. Why not honestly put the true state of matters before the people, allowing *them* a chance to give credit where credit is due, and honor where honor is due, and then the press as well as the politician would soon find that honesty was a policy much more likely even in politics to be successful than misrepresentations, and consequently—adopted.

—America was discovered by Lief Ericcson, the Icelander, in the year 1004, and 856 years after, the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. turned out their first pen.

MINING NEWS.

The Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company advertise in this issue for a number of workmen, including framers, carpenters, masons, and miners to work at the Gatling mine. The improvements at this place are being pushed actively forward, and some extensive work will be carried on here shortly. Ten new first-class houses are being put up for workmen who have families, with gardens attached, and everything has the appearance of permanency that is quite assuring.

An average of about twelve cars of hematite ore is being shipped from here every day by Mr. Wolle, and has been for some weeks past. We understand there are upwards of ten thousand tons of ore yet awaiting shipment at this mine. Sufficient vessel accommodation can not be secured at the docks at Belleville to take it away.

No shipments have been made from the Seymour mine for a week past, but it is expected to commence again this week. The work of extending the mine is still going on.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

We have had hot weather and no rain for several weeks so that the grain of all kinds is beginning to suffer. Farmers are making their hay. The clover and new timothy meadows are good, but on the old ones, singularly enough, the June frost, and the three weeks of dry weather which followed, killed the timothy whilst the clover escaped.

The first picnic that ever took place of the children of S.S. No. 3, Dungannon, took place at Bronson, July 8th, and was a great success. The dinner took place in a grove on the farm of Messrs. Bronson & Co., Lumberers, of Ottawa, who have a splendid block of 1,000 acres of land here, 500 of which are cleared. A bountiful and excellent repast was served to the visitors who numbered about 200, and came not only from L'Amable, Bancroft, and other parts of this municipality, but also from Carlow and Mayo. After dinner addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Young, J. A. Grant, A. Patterson, and Messrs. F. Mullett, J. R. Tait, J. Wilson and others. In the afternoon those present amused themselves with cricket, archery, swings, croquet, &c., the whole terminating in the evening with a ball at the Bronson farm, where the young folks danced to their hearts content.

The 12th of July was celebrated by L.O.L. No. 1183, at L'Amable. The brethren having formed, walked in procession as far as the new church at the top of Tait's hill, and returned to partake of an excellent dinner at Mr. Jarman's. After dinner the meeting was addressed by the W.M., Mr. J. R. Tait, the Rev. J. Young, and last but not least, by brother Hames, past District Master, of the County of Frontenac, who happening to be in the backwoods travelled a distance of twenty miles over very rough roads, in order to meet brother Orangemen in a Lodge Room on the 12th of July. In the afternoon cricke and base ball were extensively indulged in. The fair sex, who were present in large numbers, patronized sailing on the crystal waters of L'Amable Lake. A ball took place at night in the Lodge Room which was largely attended, refreshments for all present being liberally provided by the brethren. The dancing was kept up with great spirit till the small hours. The celebration is said to have been the best that ever took place at L'Amable.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, July 16th, 1881.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CANADA CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING COMPANY.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A NUMBER of Framers, Carpenters, Masons and Miners, at the above Company's mines, at Marmora. The Company is building ten good houses, four of which are nearly completed, and those who come first can have choice of house. Work for Masons and Carpenters nearly all winter.

ERNEST GAUJOT,
Superintendent.

Marmora, July 27th, 1881. 226-2.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of Tudor, Limerick and Cashel Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at Millbridge, on the 16th day of July, 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHARLES DONALDSON,
Clerk of said municipality.

Millbridge, July 20th, 1881.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN!

JULY 19th, Tuesday eve, as per arrangement I went up to Mr. Wm. Coe's house. We had a long conversation, lasting near 3 hours with reference to my discovery of Dufferin mine and showing him (Coe) the same. Before I left he agreed for me to come up to his house upon Friday 22nd, when he would write to Capt. Mitchell and see what he (M) would do, he having declared when at Simmons' Hotel, as he would give me (Scott) $ for $ as much or whatever Coe would give, after waiting at his (C) place for a short time he came to me shewing me a copy of what he or me was to mail in the morning. Of course I was willing for such a letter worded as it was to go to Capt. Mitchell, so he agreed to write the letter and meet me at the post office next morning, Saturday, in time for me to see and read it before mailing it. Accordingly we was both on time, he read the letter then I read it, but it contained such a different meaning from what he read from the copy as I saw night before, and his agreeing in this to only give me $200 as a gift. I told him it was no use sending such a letter as that, meaning that if he would only give me $200 for such a property as the Dufferin mine, besides all my time thrown in, and if I could live with the $200 I thought as I could live without it, or at anyrate, if I could not I would just about as soon die in the poor house as accept such a sum for so large an amount of money as he had made (and now in his possession) through me. And as this is the only satisfaction for a property that sold for $125,000, besides my time of 2 or 3 years thrown in, why! before I would take such a paltry acknowledgement, let him keep it until it grows large enough so as not to be (like 200) adding insult to an *Enormous injury*. True it would have been 400 if Capt. Mitchell had have accepted to have done what he intimated when here. But it was from Coe I had a right for something altogether different and by his paltry offer was fixing it into such a shape, that let Capt Mitchell feel ever so inclined to come down according to the circumstances of the case in question, it was equal to saying, now Capt., I am determined that old Scott shall get as little out of me as it is possible, so I have fixed it so as you will get off too, *almost Scott free*.

THOS. SCOTT.

Madoc, July 25th, 1881.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 5th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, once per week each way, between

St. OLA and THWAITE'S CORNERS,

from 1st October, next,

The conveyance to be made on horseback or otherwise.

The Mails to leave St. Ola every Monday at 12:45 p. m., and to arrive at Thwaite's Corners at 2 p. m. To leave Thwaite's Corners at 3 p.m., or on arrival of Mails from Madoc, and to arrive at St. Ola in one hour and a quarter.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of St. Ola, and at the residence of Mr. W. I. Thwaite, Thwaite's Corners.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
P. O. Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Kingston, 24th June, 1881. 224-3.

SUMMARY

Of the Receipts and Expenditures of the County of Hastings for the Year 1880.

RECEIPTS.

Rates	$76,295 36	
Miscellaneous Revenue	19 40	
Miscellaneous Licenses	255 00	
Interest on Special Rates	2,758 82	
Interest on Ordinary Rates	2,526 10	
Schools	5,556 37	
Fines	32 00	
Administration of Justice	3,814 65	
Investment	40,562 00	
Sinking Fund A, Interests on Debts, Invested	4,835 67	
Sinking Fund B, Interests on Government Stock Invested	1,000 00	
Debenture Issued under By-Law 359	20,000 00	
Merchants Bank, overdrawn account, 31st Dec., 1880, $23,600 95, less at credit of Sinking Fund account $2,668 14	20,932 81	
		$178,588 18

EXPENDITURES.

Roads and Bridges	$21,279 61	
Gravel Roads	12,037 31	
Administration of Justice	6,770 20	
Jury Law	3,788 00	
Court House and Jail	1,061 73	
Fuel and Light	714 98	
Insurance	125 00	
Printing and Stationery	1,691 16	
Schools	9,402 91	
Salaries	2,990 00	
Warden and Councillors	2,382 50	
Wolf Scalps	48 00	
Divison Court Jury Fund	20 00	
Miscellaneous	2,494 10	
Interest Payable	2,307 05	
Special Rates Coupon account	14,268 00	
Debentures redeemed	57,800 00	
Investment	2,701 00	
Grand Junction Railway	5,000 00	
County Note	18,000 00	
Merchants Bank	7,474 58	
Balance Cash in hand received after Bank hours 31st Dec., 1880	6,232 05	
		$178,588 18

Statement of the Assets, Liabilities of the Corporation of the County of Hastings, 31st December, 1880.

LIABILITIES.

Debentures Consolation vs Deb't By-Laws, 158, 174, 194, due 1882, 1883, 1884	$89,600 00
Debentures, Shire Hall & Gordon's Bridge By-Law, 312, due 1892	15,000 00
do Belleville & N. Hastings R R By-Law, 303, due 1896	30,000 00
do Grand Junction R R Stock By-Law, 352, due 1898	20,000 00
do do do do 259, due 1900	20,000 00
Loan T. Farnham	1,619 38
	$197,152 19

ASSETS.

Taxes uncollected, Statement A	$35,796 47	
Dominion Stock	20,000 00	
Madoc Debentures, due 1876-7-8 & 9	2,704 59	
Stirling do do 1895	1,800 00	
Mill Point do do 1782	3,000 00	
Trenton do do 1883	6,000 00	
do do do 1885	5,000 00	
Carlow & Mayo do 1881 & 1882	478 00	
Elzevir	2,541 00	
Dungannon & Faraday	160 00	
Cash in hand	6,232 41	
Grand Junction Stock cost the County	53,000 00	
		$93,712 47
Amount of County debt Jan. 1st, 1881,		$103,439 72

Examined and found correct.

(Signed.) A. F. WOOD,
(Signed.) JAMES O. HUFFMAN, } Auditors.

January 1st, 1881.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA

—AND THE—

Canadian North-West.

SALE OF LANDS.

The Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands for agricultural purposes at the low price of $2.50 an acre, payable one-sixth cash and the balance in seven annual instalments, with interest at six per cent., and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price, of $1.25 for every acre of such lands cutivated within three to five years following the date of purchase, according to the nature and extent of the other improvements made thereon.

The lands thus offered for sale will not comprise Mineral, Coal or Wood lands, lands with water-power thereon, or tracts for Town Sites and Railway purposes.

Contracts at special rates will be made for lands required for cattle raising and other purposes not involving immediate cultivation.

Intending Settlers and their effects, on reaching the Company's Railway, will be forwarded thereon to their place of destination on very liberal terms.

Further particulars will be furnished on application at the Offices of CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, at Montreal and Winnipeg.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

222-5

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of Englan Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

TEACHER WANTED,

FOR S. S. No. 2, McClure. Duties to commence August 1st, 1881. Must hold a Third Class Certificate. Apply, stating salary, to WILLIAM DWIRE,
Maynooth P. O.,
Hastings Road.

224-tf

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

DR. NASH,

the visiting Physician, will be in

Belleville Office, on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

The Huffman House, Peterboro', on Wednesday and Thursday till 3 p.m., each week.

And the British American Hotel, Kingston, on Friday and Saturday until 4 p. m., of each week.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Living but yet Dead!

Full of Expression, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROCK & CO., Photographers.

The Facts are

Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being asked to sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

—Village Council on monday next.

—When are we to have a civic holiday?

—Belleville beat Trenton at Lacrosse on Friday last.

—The watering cart is having a rest these days.

—The two mail service per day is quite a convenience to our business men.

—The new comet rises earlier every night, and will soon be visible to the naked eye.

—There promises to be a lively competition in the grain market in this village this season.

—A telegraph line along the Grand Junction Railway is to be commenced immediately.

—Five candidates from Marmora successfully passed the promotion examination for fourth and fifth classes.

—The mail for Queensborough now closes every day at 1 o'clock p.m. instead of 5:30 as formerly. It arrives here at 12 o'clock, noon.

—The frescoe painting in the new R. C. Church is attracting considerable attention at present. The interior of the edifice will be very handsome.

—A smart American has discovered a way of making lemonade without lemons. In this country they have used neither lemons or sugar for years.

—The heaviest rain storm of the season "struck" this village on Monday evening between six and seven o'clock. Quite a shower of hail fell with it.

—There is at least one sensible man in the world, and he lives at Brantford. He never went on an excursion, and never attended but one picnic in his life.

—The Port Hope *Daily Times* has suspended publication, as the publisher found it "didn't pay." The fault, however, lay with the people—not the paper.

—Mr. R. P. Rothwell, President of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, and Editor of the New York Mining Journal, was in the village a day or two ago.

—The Peterborough *Times* came to us last week in an entire new dress of type, and printed on much better paper, which greatly improves its appearance. It is a very readable paper.

—Belleville street railway commenced running again yesterday. The whole plant has been purchased by M. B. Roblin, of that city, and it will hereafter be conducted as a private enterprise.

—The *Globe's* correspondent recently visited Marmora and comes to the conclusion, after witnessing the operations now going on, that gold mining in Marmora never looked more promising than at present.

—A leading Druggist in the west says: "I have sold more of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters in four months than any other medicine I ever handled. It seems to please every time." For sale by all Druggists.

—Do you feel miserable, tired, half-sick, no appetite and out of sorts generally? Dr Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters is just the medicine you want, a few doses will at once relieve you. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle, price 50 cents.

—In the hot months of July and August the Blood should be kept pure and cool with an occasional dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, a worthy family medicine. In large 8 ounce bottles 50 cents, at all Drug Stores.

—"In all towns and cities where a newspaper is printed," says an exchange, "every business man should advertise in it, even if nothing more than a card stating his name and the business he is engaged in. It pays the advertiser, and lets the people at a distance know that the town is full of business men."

—The Trenton *Courier* says the Messrs. McMullen have located by survey their shipping docks at Weller's Bay and will shortly commence their construction. They are to be on the most approved style, and of such a height as to shoot the ore from car to hopper, and from hopper to vessel, so as to save handling.

Arm Broken.

On Sunday afternoon a little lad named Freeman McMullen, of this village, while trying to cross between two beams in Mr. Thrasher's barn, fell to the floor and broke his arm near the wrist. He will doubtless soon be around again.

Special Sermon to Young Men.

The Rev. Mr. Hutton will preach a sermon to young men in his church next Sunday evening to which he extends a cordial invitation to the young men of the village. Theme —"Principle" or "the man who could not be bribed."

Recovering.

We are glad to see Mr. Chas. Gream, Solicitor, able to be in his office again, after suffering for nearly three weeks the tortures of malarial fever. At one time we understand Mr. Gream was in a dangerous condition, but has happily conquered the disease. He has now secured a front room in the Victoria Block for his office, directly opposite the old one.

The Grain Prospects.

Although in this section we have all along received the most flattering assurances of a bountiful harvest of nearly all kinds of grain this season, it is generally agreed that the wheat crop in Ontario will be somewhat below an average, and the American *Miller* is of the opinion that the United States crop will be short, and that notwithstanding the increase acreage, the yield will be 20 per cent. less than that of last year. California has suffered considerably, and Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois a great deal. If these calculations prove correct, and they are based upon careful estimates, those who have wheat to sell may reasonably look for a stiff market next autumn and winter.

CHEESE MARKET.

INGERSOLL, July 26.—Eighteen factories offered 4,560 boxes of cheese, all being first half of July make. Three factories sold 540 boxes at 10⅞c; factory men preferring to hold their goods rather than sell for less than 11c. Cable steady at 54s notwithstanding the extraordinarily large shipments to Liverpool the past three weeks.

The Toronto and Ottawa R. R.

Work during the past week has been progressing steadily on the above road, about a mile from this village. A number of carts arrived this week, and we understand between 50 and 75 men are at present employed, with a number of horses, and a number can yet get employment. Workmen are hard to get.

Fever and Ague.

After all it appears we in Madoc have not a monopoly of the ague business. The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Many persons throughout Seymour are suffering from ague. A prominent farmer told us a few days ago, he never saw it so prevalent since he came to the township. He has had five and six hands employed with him, and all have been laid up at the same time."

Base Ball.

At a meeting of the Madoc club on Monday night it was decided to challenge Stirling for a friendly game on Thursday, August 4th. The new bats and balls for the club have arrived, and practice will be commenced at once. We hope to see the boys give a good account of themselves this season, as we believe they have the material in the club to do it.

Accident.

On Sunday, while Rev. Mr. McFarlane was nearing this village on his way back from a country appointment, his horse took fright at some object in the fence corner and springing suddenly to one side detached in some way one end of the shafts from the buggy. When he started on again the loose end got under the wheels, upsetting the buggy in the ditch. Mr. McFarlane was considerably injured by striking his side against a stone, but we are glad to see that he is able to be around and is not seriously hurt.

M. E. Church.

Messrs. E. D. O'Flynn and M. Maybee are to be congratulated on the successfull and satisfactory manner in which they located the the large number of families belonging to the M. E. Church congregation. The Pastor of the church informs us that over sixty families have selected pews during the past week, and more than general satisfaction was given. This is common sense and as it should be in all well ordered congregations, each family having the same pew from Sunday to Sunday, at the same time friends and strangers always welcome. The pews are not rented, simply distributed, rather each family located as it may request, then they will cushion, etc., according to pleasure.

Our Local Railway.

The Peterborough *Review* has the following reference to projected improvements on the Grand Junction Railway:—Since the Midland Company obtained control of the Grand Junction, they have effected improvements that are really wonderful, when it is considered that they have had possession for only such a very short time, and at this rate of going on, it will not be very long before the Grand Junction occupies as enviable a position as the Midland does for safety and comfort. We also learn that the bridge across Hog or Moira Lake, near Madoc, is to be partly rebuilt and the other part strengthened in order to be prepared for the great strains from the heavy trains loaded with iron and other ore which will soon pass over that portion of the road.

The Rival Roads.

An Ottawa despatch dated Friday says that Mr. Lumsden has just completed his trip over the proposed northern route of the Ontario and Quebec railway line. He found many disadvantages as compaired with the southern route, more bridging having to be done, but the section of road from Carleton Place to this city was a great attraction in favor of the northern route. He says that some practical work will be done this fall on the road, the company for which has now been fully organized. The engineers and surveyor engaged upon the survey of the above route left Richmond for Manotoc on Friday morning. The party consists of A. S. Hogg, C. E., engineer in charge, S. H. Sykes, C. E., D. G. Charles, C. E., J. S. A. Patterson, C. E., P. L. S., and W. Mackenzie, with a staff of chainmen, picketmen, axemen, &c. The road traverses the following townships from Peterborough, viz. :—Otonabee, Asphodel, Dummer, Marmora, Rawdon, Huntingdon, Madoc, Elgin, Kaladar, Kennebec, Olden, Osa, South Sherbrooke, Bathurst, Drummond, Beckwith, Gouldbourn, and the party is now at work in the township of North Gower.

Resolution of Satisfaction.

At a meeting of the Building Committee of the Presbyterian Church, Madoc, held in the basement, on July 26th, 1881, the following resolution was unanimously passed and a copy ordered to be sent to the Contractors:—

That in the closing up and settlement of the contract made with Messrs. Kerrs & Walton, for the completion of St. Peter's Church, Madoc, the Building Committee feel it their duty to express their entire satisfaction as to the manner in which the Contractors have carried out the conditions of the contract. Not only as to the workmanship which is in the highest degree satisfactory, but also as to the quality of material supplied and the completeness with which the work has been performed. They would also wish to add their thanks to Mr. Walton for his courteous assistance in all matters in connection with completing and finishing the church, which enabled the Committee to bring the work to so successful a conclusion, and in a manner so satisfactory to the congregation.

D. WISHART, Chairman of Committee. F. E. SEYMOUR, Secretary.

The work done by Mr. Robertson in pointing was accepted and settled for, and also the painting by Messrs. Cornelius & Turner, both parties having given very great satisfaction to the Committee in the manner in which the work was performed, it being first-class,—and a record made to that effect was made on the books of the Building Committee.

New Type.

We have just added to the REVIEW jobbing department a large quantity of new plain and fancy type, from the large posters letters for two colors, down to the delicate script for visiting cards, all of the latest styles. Our facilities for turning out neat and tasteful jobs of printing of every description is now unsurpassed by the city offices, and our prices will be found as reasonable.

Collection of School Taxes.

School Trustees should not neglect to give their respective Councils the requisite estimates and requisition for School Moneys before August 1st. For the assistance of those of our readers who are Trustees we append a form of estimate and requisition:—As authorized by the Consolidated Public School Act for Ontario, the Public School Trustees of School Section No....., in the Township of ...., hereby submit to the Municipal Council of the Township of...., the following Estimate of the several sums which they require for School purposes for the year ending on the 31st day of December next ensuing:—

A—For paying the salaries of Teachers, Assistants and Monitors,....$

B—For purchasing a School site....$

C—For building, renting, repairing, warming, furnishing and keeping in order the School House and their appendages and grounds....$

D—For purchasing suitable Maps, Apparatus and Prize Books for the School....$

E—For the Establishment and maintenance of a School Library....$

F—For the expenses of the School and Trustee Corporation....$

Being a total sum of....dollars, which the Trustees require for the purposes above specified.

The School Corporation, as aforesaid, hereby respectfully desires that the Municipal Council of the Township of....shall, as required by law, provide the foregoing sum of ....dollars, within....months from the date thereof.

NOTE.—Any item mentioned above, for which no sum is required by the Trustees, should be struck out.

House to Let.

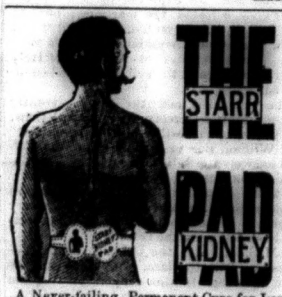
THAT comfortable brick house, formerly occupied by Mr. Chas. Kirk. Good location, within five minutes walk of the post office. Hard and soft water convenient. Terms reasonable. Apply to.

JAMES KIRK, Proprietor.

Madoc, July 21st, 1881.

Servant Wanted.

A GOOD general servant girl wanted. Recommendations required. First-class wages paid to a satisfactory person. Apply to MRS. E. D. O'FLYNN, Madoc.



A Never-failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant Complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE

(*Condensed.*)

FROM DOCTORS, DRUGGISTS, MERCHANTS, & FARMERS.

Some of the additional home testimony received since publication of last pamphlet.

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Picton, April 20, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.

Signed, Dr. J. B. MORDEN.

Prices,—Child's Pad, $1.50. Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases, $3.

Obtain Pamphlet Testimonials from your Druggist *Free*.

Pads sold by W. GILROY, THOMASBERG, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD Co., 31 King St. West, Toronto.

ICE CREAM!

We have commenced to make our delicious "WHITE MOUNTAIN" ICE CREAM which we will be prepared to serve fresh, daily, throughout the season.

On Saturdays we make Strawberry and Vanilla flavors.

LUNCHEONS

will be served as usual. Fresh Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Cocoanuts, Candies, Pastry, &c., in good supply, also a choice selection of fine Cigars.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, May 16th, 1881.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN, AND Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

FARMERS!

Before you purchase your

Machine Oil

Call and examine our

"EXTRA LARDINE,"

For Mowers and Reapers.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

We keep constantly on hand a large and well-assorted stock of Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Groceries, etc., all of which we offer at prices that defy competition.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

—:o:—

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

VIOLA'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "MY LADY' SECRET," "A WAIF'S FORTUNES," "THE LADY OF GORMON LEA," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

The weeks crept slowly, slowly. All things are comparative, and, above all, the flight of time. It was a long, long month which preceded the day fixed for the double espousals—the marriage of Lord Armidale and Viola Burgot, of William Burgot and Clara Dallas.

Doubtl ss there were multitudes of insolvent merchants and impecunious men of pleasure looking forward to the coming maturity of bills they could not hope to meet, to whom the month appeared to melt away with incredible swiftness; but to these four happy or unhappy lovers it seemed as though it would never come to an end.

How many marriages would take place if the contracting parties, who anticipated them with such eagerness, could throw off the glamour of soft mendacious speeches and loving half-truths, and read with accuracy each other's hearts? How very rarely do men tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" to the woman whom they profess to adore! Somebody once wished, in a moment of enthusiasm, that he had windows to his soul. Perhaps it never occurred to him how very often he would need to put up the shutters, and to stop with care every chink and crevice through which a warning beacon-light might faintly glimmer.

Lord Armidale had won his bride in a sense; but not as he won her long years before, when they had lounged amongst the wild-flowers and the weeds, beside the idle fountain, the shattered column, and the headless Apollo.

Then she had given herself to him utterly. All the rich treasure of maidenly affection she had lavished ungrudgingly and without stint, with a child's innocence, with an Italian woman's fiery enthusiasm, with burning impassioned words which concealed nothing; for in her spotless purity and her unconventional ignorance she knew not that there was aught to conceal. She had shown him every thought of her young heart and had made him feel that in every fibre of her being she belonged to him, and to him alone.

Now she had given herself again, promising to become his wife; but as yet there was no real surrender. Long *tete-a-tetes* had they, as English custom allows, long walks and rides and drives, in which she talked fluently upon every conceivable topic with erudition which astonished him, proving how indefatigably she must have ransacked the books of the monastery and bringing to mind again and again his jesting speech of their first interview "She who has access to a great library may become the wisest woman in the world."

But when he would have discussed a dearer theme, their mutual love, she was unaccountably silent and irresponsive. His tenderest eloquence could do no more than bring a look of inexplicable sadness into her beautiful eyes; and when, forgetting with a lover's impetuosity his awe of her queenliness and of her stately unapproachability, he would have caught her to his heart, she shrank from him with the old cry, "Spare me for the present—not yet, not yet!"

No wonder that Claude, Lord Armidale, was eager for the day when all reticence should be at an end and he should in truth possess his lovely bride!

Nor was the girl herself less eager. The strain upon her was so great, the constant necessity for self-control was so imperative and so trying, it was so difficult and so repugnant constantly to wear the mask of even passive hypocrisy, that she panted for the day when she might dash it to the ground, and stand forth, her own avenger, to enjoy with vindictive delight the completeness of her retaliation.

"Dear Clara" was not less anxious to be united to the man of her choice. Colonel Pettitt had started for Italy, she reasoned; but, in this age of swift steamers and express trains, such a journey was a mere bagatelle, to be accomplished in an incredibly short time, if such were the will of the traveller. How long would it take the Colonel to develop the gold mine, or, in more sober English, to transact the business which might make him a rich man? Probably, thought Clara, he had heard of the death of a distant relative of whom he was the direct heir; so large a fortune as five thousand a year could hardly fall to him in any other way.

A few interviews with lawyers, and the matter would be sufficiently settled to admit of his return, to explain fully his windfall and to claim her promise to share it. In such a case her engagement to that very cool and matter-of-fact wooer William Burgot would certainly at once be broken off, whilst the Colonel could hardly be expected to forgive and to marry a girl who had played fast and loose with him in so unprincipled a manner.

Between the two stools "Dear Clara" would come to the ground, the affair would be a piquant object of gossip for Herfordshire scandalmongers, and her fall, matrimonially considered, would be about as fatal as that of one "Humpty Dumpty," who had an equally awkward tumble, with results which "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not rectify.

William Burgot was perhaps the most impatient of them all. He knew, as well as though the fact had been told him in so many words, that the sight of the "beauty-marks" upon his arm had quickened Colonel Pettitt's slumbering recollections.

The Colonel's speech about the "tiger-hunt of Jungapore" proved that he had discovered his host's identity with the real William Burgot's servant. Puzzled at first to account for the Colonel's sudden departure, a casual remark from "dear Clara" that their late guest had been summoned hastily to Italy, confirmed his worst apprehensions. To hunt up evidence which might brand him as an impostor was the nature of Colonel Pettitt's business.

The false William Burgot would have given five years of his life to annihilate time and to assure a union which would not only constitute him the master of "dear Clara's" five thousand pounds, but would make it to the interest of the family generally not to punish him for the fraudulent impersonation, the legal penalty for which he did not know, and concerning which he feared to inquire. So he accepted the suspense, bearing it as best he might. He became feverishly hopeful, as well as feverishly anxious, as the momentuous event drew near. The month was almost at an end now; in a few days he would be safe, for Colonel Pettitt had made no sign.

* * * * * * *

It was the day previous to that fixed for the double marriage, and Lord Armidale had ridden over to spend a few hours of it with his beloved. The house was a busy one, and nobody found leisure to attend to him. For twenty minutes he had been cooling his heels in the drawing-room, awaiting her appearance.

What masquerade was this? Into that luxurious apartment stole a beggar-maid, whose tattered habiliments were in ill-keeping with its magnificence—a girl in a shabby brown dress, creased with long and careful preservation. He recognized the figure and the robe, and he recalled thscens in which he first saw them—the fierce heat, the intense blue of the sky and of the bay, the shattered column, the headless Apollo, the idle fountain.

"Viola!" he cried wonderingly.

"Yes, I am Viola; and this is the hour of my revenge!" she answered.

He did not understand, save that she was masquerading, and that it behoved him patiently to await an explanation. He had had such varied experience of her moods—he had borne so much from her since the day she consented to become his wife, that, after the first shock of surprise, he was not greatly astonished.

Very calm and strong and grand—a lover of whom a queen might be proud—he looked as he stood before her, awaiting her pleasure.

"My lord," she continued, "when you insulted me years ago and we parted in anger, I vowed to be revenged. To fulfil that vow became the aim of my life. No matter how I hoped to accomplish it. When Duke Burgot died, and William Burgot succeeded to his inheritance, I knew that the way was being made easy. When you and I met face to face, I said to myself that the hour of my revenge was at hand."

She was cruelly pale; her lovely eyes shone with feverish light, her voice trembled with repressed but bitter energy. Lord Armidale began to feel that he stood on the brink of some strange revelation, but he only bowed in token of his attention.

"My plan was very simple—to fascinate you with such poor beauty, wit, and accomplishments as I possessed, to win you back to the old allegiance without visible effort, and, most of all, without the old response, and afterwards to reject with scorn and contumely your proffered hand. On the very eve of success I learned from him whom you suppose to be my father that his real name is Charles Singleton, the play-mate, foster-brother, servant, and friend of the dead William Burgot, whose illegitimate child I am."

"Illegitimate!" cried Lord Armidale.

"Even so, my lord. Then I knew that if the imposture were eventually discovered, you would rejoice at your fortunate escape. A better scheme of vengeance occurred to me. It was to accept and marry you, then tell you all the truth and taunt you with your shame."

"Go on—go on," said Lord Armidale, brokenly.

"The project would have succeeded, had not my own firmness given way. My lord, for the second time, I have changed my project. Viola's revenge is now accomplished."

From under the ragged kerchief about her throat she unclasped a chain he had given to her, with a portrait-locket hanging to it. From one of her white fingers she drew the engagement-ring, and added it to the glittering heap. The diamonds flashed back the firelight as she pushed the jewels towards him.

"I realise you from our engagement; all is at an end between us. My lord, I am so humble now that I see, even more clearly than you did in the old days, how wide a gulf separates an English peer from a poor Italian beggar-maid, the child of shame."

Her voice broke, her head was bowed; she could not see through the welling tears what infinite compassion and love glorified her companion's noble countenance.

"I have only to ask forgiveness," she went on, after a pause, "before we part for ever, for the great wrong I have done you, so far exceeding that I suffered at your hands. Your goodness, kindness, patient forbearance, have taught me a truth I partly suspected before, that the love I gave you on the Italian hill-slopes is immortal and cannot die. Fierce hatred and the burning desire for vengeance are but phase of it—a temporary madness which existed and has passed away."

Blinded by her tears, she could not see that he was approaching her. Not until her hands were clasped in his did she know that he had stirred from that attitude of grave attention which he at first assumed.

"Then you love me still, Viola?"

"Love you! Oh, my lord—Claude my beloved, I would I might die for you a thousand deaths! I would to Heaven it were possible I might for ever serve you, be your handmaiden and your slave, though I can never become your wife."

He had drawn her into his embrace. For the first time since their betrothal, the little head fell upon his shoulder and the ripe red lips were all his own. He was whispering to her that by that hour on the morrow priestly blessing would have hallowed their union—that nothing but death should stand between them thenceforward.

CHAPTER XIV., AND LAST.

Church bells were ringing merrily, many-coloured flags streamed from the windows of the houses of the village, and the little station in the hollow was gaily decorated with flowers and evergreens.

"What is the meaning of all this fuss?" asked Colonel Pettitt, alighting from an early train and addressing the inquiry to a porter who touched his cap to him.

"Double wedding, sir. Lord Armidale and Miss Viola—Mr. William Burgot and Miss Dallas."

"What?" almost screamed the Colonel.

"The Squire and Miss Clara Dallas are being married too, sir."

With a savage imprecation Colonel Pettitt turned away and went to his old quarters at the inn. More than ever like a stag-Mephistopheles was the Colonel, as he listened to the landlord's corroboration of the tale.

Then he asked for a private room and ordered breakfast. In by-gone times he was wont to inspire the landlord's respect by the nicety of his taste, almost amounting to squeamishness, in matters of eating and drinking. But on this particular morning he made no demand for a bill of fare and answered hastily, "Anything—anything," when they offered him a choice of dishes.

"There is something wrong with the Colonel," commented the landlord to his better half; and his buxon helpmate answered—so many a true word being spoken in jest—

"Poor gentleman; he looks as though he had been crossed in love!"

Colonel Pettitt was not a good man, a pattern man, or a man with chivalrous ideas of honour; but at least he might be accorded this faint meed of praise, that the foolish love of his middle age was a strong, genuine, unselfish passion, and worthy of a better return.

He saw the folly of it now, as he sat in mine host's sand-strewed parlor and awaited the serving of the meal. The idol he set up in the temple of his heart had fallen from its pedestal and was hopelessly shattered. The sight of the fragments angered him; he could never piece them together again and reinstate it.

Never again could he bend the knee at "Dear Clara's" shrine, although he knew full well that a dozen sentences spoken in her ear would induce her to discard the suitor she was marrying in such unseemly haste and implore him, Colonel Pettitt, to pardon her and be reconciled.

No; the tidings of her perfidy had slain his love and awakened a fierce thirst for vengeance. He asked himself whether it did not behove him to stop this marriage, arranged with such guilty precipitation during his brief absence.

He smiled once or twice as he revolved the question; and mine host, encountering his fixed preoccupied stare and his joyless smile, shuddered involuntarily, wondering what made the Colonel look so strange.

There was yet time. He might drive to the Grange, ask to see "dear Clara" or Mrs. Robert, and impart information which would swiftly deaden the clangour of the bells and change the merry sound of wedding festivities into weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But, instead of taking this course, the Colonel ate a few mouthfuls of breakfast, drank a few glasses of wine, and sauntered down to the church. An evil face, white, hard, and determined, was Colonel Pettitt's as he selected a pew to his liking.

William Burgot perceived it in the midst of the ceremony and dropped the ring he was about to place on his bride's finger. His trembling hands almost refused their task; each moment he expected to hear his accuser's voice forbid the marriage; but he was happily disappointed. He and "dear Clara" and Lord Armidale and Viola were duly joined together in the bonds of Holy Matrimony, whilst the evil face looked onunmoved.

The Colonel joined the group presently and murmured stereotyped congratulations.

"Of course you will join us at breakfast?" said William Burgot huskily; and the Colonel answered grimly that such was certainly his intention.

At the breakfast, amid the popping of champagne corks and the sound of merry laughter, he rose to his feet, and an expectant hush fell upon the revellers.

"Madam," said the Colonel sternly, addressing "dear Clara," "permit me to offer my congratulations upon your union with a man in every respect worthy of you. I allude to the impostor who has hitherto been known as William Burgot, but whom we may now begin to address as Charles Singleton, and who has no more right to Burgot Grange and to the princely income he derives therefrom than I have."

There was a strange confusion of tongues and an hysterical shriek from Mrs. Robert. "Dear Clara" turned white to the very lips. Had she sold herself for nothing to a man she did not love? Had the Colonel suppressed information which might have saved her, in revenge for her faithlessness? She knew now the meaning of his sudden journey to Italy. This secret was the gold mine he thought to develop.

Lord Armidale was rising to his feet, and the confusion of tongues ceased.

"Permit me to say," he observed, "in justice to Mr. Charles Singleton, that he was the deceased William Burgot's foster-brother and friend, that he assumed his name and the guardianship of his daughter, my dear wife, by William Burgot's dying request; and that, although he had certainly no right, until to-day, to Burgot Grange and the income derivable from the estate, he has just acquired such right by his marriage with Miss Clara Dallas, their lawful owner."

"Nonsense!" cried Colonel Pettitt sharply. "The lawful owner is your wife, my lord."

"The lawful owner is my ward Viola," testified the false William Burgot. "I deceived her once by representing that her father's marriage with her Italian mother was not, by English law, legal; but the statament was untrue. I have been in a manner forced to speak and to act falsely; but I am glad to think that nobody has really suffered in consequence."

"Except one, who richly deserves her punishment—Clara Singleton, your wife!" growled the Colonel vindictively.

But "dear Clara" had fainted.

* * * * * * *

"Dear Clara" and Charles Singleton are making the best of their loveless union, living on the interest of Charles Singleton's little fortune, eked out by an allowance from Lord Armidale. Strange to say, Mrs. Robert has married Colonel Pettitt, and report says they are very happy. Be that as it may, there is one couple about whose wedded bliss there can be no shade of doubt; Lord and Lady Armidale bless daily the joyful consummation of "VIOLA'S REVENGE."

"Let's see, how do the games stand?" he gently inquired at the close of the whist party. "Why," she said, "first you won one, then we won one——" "Yes," broke in the other partner, "first we 11, then you 11; then we 212, then you 2122." "Exactly," chimed in the fourth, "when you 212, we 2122,2 balance accounts." Then they partook of the cake and claret.

NAPOLEON I. AS A HERO.

Some Striking Observations on the Subject by Prof. J. R. Seeley.

Macmillan's Magazine for July.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similiar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realize the never-realized return of Arthur from fairyland; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family 30 years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favorite, Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men was called upon to write. Occasionally indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among the divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing else, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in express words, that the old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it is true.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatanry. In fact, he floated to supreme power upon a tide of imperialism which he did not create, and which must sooner or later have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, apparently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame again when it was on the point of being extinguished. But this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still," his wisdom lay in doing nothing—in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large. Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Massena might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast imperial power, extending from France far into Germany and Italy, they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history.

In the first place, he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort, and in no way limited by his own specialty. His Government was a real Government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not therefore help undertaking, and—as it was a real Government and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing, an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Paoli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea that the work of legislation requires a divine sanction Bonaparte's revival of the mediæval empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

A Life Saved.

He wanted legal advice, and when the lawyer told him to state his case, he began:

"About two years ago I was fool enough to fall in love."

"Certainly—I understand."

"And for a year past I have been engaged to her."

"Of course."

"A few months ago I found, upon analyzing my heart, that I did not love her as I should. My affections had grown cold."

"Certainly they had—go on."

"I saw her pug-nose in its true shape, and I realized that her shoes were No. 6."

"Exactly, and you made up your mind to break off the match? That was perfectly proper."

"Yes, that was my object, but she threatens to sue me for breach of promise."

"Certainly she does, and she'll do it, too. Has she any love letters from you?"

"That's the hang of it. She tallies up 326."

"And do they breathe your love?"

"I should say they did; but I think I've got her tight. All them letters are written on wrapping paper, and with pencil, and I've come to ask you if such writing as that will stand law?"

"Of course it will. If you had written with slate and pencil she could hold you."

"Great hokey! but is that so?"

"It is."

"And she's got me fast?"

"She has."

"Well, that settles that, and I suppose I'll have to give in and marry her?"

"Unless——"

"Unless what?"

"You can buy her off."

"Egad! that's it—that's the idea, and you have saved my life! Buy her off—why didn't I think of it before? Say, where's the Dollar Store? I'll walk in on her with a set of jewelry, a flirtation fan, a card case and two bracelets, and she'll give me a quit-claim deed and throw in all the poetry I ever sent her to boot!"

THE hard drinker can smile and smile and be a fillin' still.

WIT OF THE WAG.

IT is the mean temperature that makes a man sick.

A pig was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

"WHAT is mythology?" asks John Fiske in *The Atlantic*. We give it up. What *is* your thology?

BASE-BALL is old as the world, and is proven by the very first line in Genesis—"In the big inning," etc.

AN up-town grocer has a strong run on tea, and he calls his scales "ambush," because they lie in weight.

A green grocer—one that credits everybody. Died in wool—a slaughtered sheep. A mere drop in the ocean—a man overboard.

WHEN we hear a fellow bragging that he is a self-made man we often wonder why he didn't pick out better timber when he commenced to build.

A blank day. Old gent (greeting friend): "Hullo, Jorkins! been fishing! What did you catch?" Jorkins (gloomily): "Ha' past 6 train home!"

"HAD drank" is not good English grammar, says a high authority. It certainly is not. "Was drunk" is better grammar and more in accordance with the facts nine times out of ten.

There was a bright youngster named Jack
On his dear mother's chair placed a tack;
She arose with a "Yip!"
Then grabbed the young chip,
And warmed him down under his back.

AFFLICTED MAN—No it is no disgrace to be named Smith. We'd rather be named Smith and own over $100,000,000 than be called St. Lawrence Vere de Vere, and have to be bashful of the dog tax collector.

WITH three exclamation points George Hepworth has given the title of his new book, which is "!!!" The most pointed criticism seen of the work yet is "???" leaving the question of its merits open.

THE Bostonians are undecided whether to construct their exhibition buildings in the form of a loaf of brown bread or a heaping plate of baked beans, the votes of the most esthetic rather favoring the latter design.

CAPT. BOGARDUS' feat of breaking five hundred glass balls in 25 minutes, and 15 seconds has been excelled by a Philadelphia man, who was carrying a basket of glass balls to a shooting-range and stepped on a banana peel.

"MR. SMITH, you seem to be evolving that translation from your inner consciousness." "Well, Professor, I read in my devotions last night that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought that I would try it on Horace."

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front ob your house all marble and the back gate chiefly slop bar'l, sah."

A good-looking German, with long hair, sat down, or rather up, in a barber's chair, and was asked whether he would have his hair shingled. He replied: "Mein Kott, no! I vant some hair koot off. Vy vott you put zum shinkles on it pecause?"

A KIND physician, wishing to soothe the last hours of a poor woman he was attending, asked her if there was anything he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied: "Doctor, I have always thought I would like to have a glass butter-dish before I died."

IT is curious to note how closely business and sentiment are connected in some men's estimation. Last week a "professional" was heard to remark: "I never knew anything more full of pathos and real touching feeling than my old mother's death-bed scene. If I could get that in a good drama I'll bet you it would catch on and run like the devil."

A stranger entered a large manufacturing establishment a short time since to view some heavy machinery, and in an evil moment became entangled in some gearing and was drawn in and instantly killed. As there was nothing on or about his body whereby to identify him, the bystanders came to the conclusion that he was travelling in cog.

No prettier compliment can be given than that which comes from the warm heart and quick wit of the true Hibernian. Mike was laying pavement brick in the hot sun, and the lady of the house mixed up a nice, cool drink and carried it out to quench his thirst. After a long-drawn swig he wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and said: "Yo'll be in heaven sevin years before the divil'll find it out."

"BEEN to boarding-school, my boy?" "Yes, sir." "Passed out with certificates?" "Yes sir." "Well, look here! Four pounds of salmon at half a crown a pound—what would that be?" "Ten shillings, sir." "Quite right, my boy. Here's sixpence for you. But stop a moment! What would twenty pounds of salmon at four pence be?" "Why, stinking, yer jolly old stupid! 'Olesale it's eighteen pence!"

It is announced that it will be the fashion this summer to be picturesque. That's all right. But the question what is picturesque isn't always easy to decide. Perhaps a man in knee-trousers and striped hose is picturesque, and perhaps he isn't. Perhaps it is picturesque to wear an old tin kettle tied to your coat-tail. Perhaps it is picturesque to be cross-eyed. Will you define picturesqueness?

THE boys seem to be going down hill in their morals of late. On Sunday one of the legion, who has always been noted for his respectful demeanor toward the great public, observed an old citizen yawning and gaping on a street corner, and said to him: "Better not open your mouth too wide." "Why?" was the surprised query. "There's a law agin opening a saloon on Sunday," continued the sinful child, as he slid for the middle of the street.

BOY'S composition after doing the menagerie: The rhinozerus lives in Ashar, and you kant stick a pin in 'im, 'cause his werskit is bilt ov ole stoves. When a rhinozerus is gonter be kild, yo muz alwaze go up to him from before, seez he'll kno somethin' of it, an' try an' make a place for a bullit to git in. His nose is got an upper tooth that's got no business whar it iz, and if a boy should set down on it he better stay plugged up with the tooth, reis he'll be one pore. I'd rather be a pooliwog, if I was a rhinozerus, tho' I spose if I wuz I wooden't.

HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

Remarkable Results of a Drink of Whiskey.

From the Providence Journal.

The barkeeper was about to close up. He had said so several times, and had put out all the lights but one. Only a stranger remained—a dark, saddened man, who sat demurely on a stool and kept his thumbs revolving around each other like white mice turning a wheel.

When the coast was clear he stepped up to the bar and said, softly:

"May I whisper a word in your ear?"

"You may, mister, if you'll be quick about it," replied the drink mixer with his hand on the lamp screw.

"I want you to fill me a flask of your best whiskey, for family sickness," said the stranger drawing out an ancient wallet with twenty fathoms of leather string wound around it; a well worn wallet that looked as if all the waves and billows of bad luck had beat upon it, gone over and through it, and flattened it, and washed it out clean.

The bar man filled him up a pint, shoved down the cork until it squeaked, wiped the bottle dry, and sat it upon the counter.

"The air is getting a little tartish," soliloquised the stranger. "Would you have any objections to my taking a little refresher from my bottle?"

He filled the tumbler quite full, took it as he did paregoric in the days of his infancy, and then remarked:

"Perhaps, on the whole, as the night has far waned, and my family are on their spiral springs' ends in their trundles, you had better put my bottle away on the upper shelf, and when Phœbus Apollo begins to canter his golden prancers along the avenues of the purpling east, I will call for it, and you may then assess me the appropriate amount of ducats."

The barkeeper sprang over the bar and began to kick him.

"What," he said, sweetly, "kick me after I have drunk? Don't you know better than that? Kick me with both feet—I cannot feel you even then. Before I took that glass if you had but shook your fist at me you would have wounded me—hurt me; but now I scorn the physical punishment. Good night," said he, as he stood on the doorsteps. "I see by the shadow on the sidewalk that you have kicked me again. You should remember, my irascible publican, what the dear old poet said: "Fate cannot harm me now; I have dined to-day.' So say I. I have drunk to-night. Good night, tavern-er! How much the sparkling firmament looks like a far-off city, lit up for a festal night! Farewell! I shall see you later."

The Cost of War Ship Repairs.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The enormous cost of the repairs which appear from time to time to be necessary to our heavy fighting ships has often attracted attention in this country. The sums spent on some vessels have not been very much less than their original total value; and in many cases ships, if not so powerful, still of a useful type, might have been built for the money which has been found requisite to put some armor-clad in a state of efficiency. As a result of this frequent complaints have been made of the manner in which the dock-yard administration has been carried on, and it has been often enough accused of extravagance. It is always well to keep a sharp lookout on Government factories, and hypercriticism of their work is certainly better than no criticism at all. It is only just, however, to the dock-yards to admit that modern men-of-war are very costly articles to maintain; and that, perhaps, we manage to keep ours efficient at a smaller expense than our neighbors. In 1879 Gambetta's committee reported to the French Chamber that the maintenance of the hulls of the French sea-going fighting fleet which at the time "hardly exceeded one half of that of England," cost just £100,000 a year more than ours. It now appears that Germany is beginning to find out what an expensive possession an armored fleet is. Between six and seven years ago two large ships—the Kaiser and Deutschland—were built in England for that country. The price of each was about £410,000. Though neither has been employed probably half so much as our English ships of similar class, we learn that some £35,000 or more is to be spent on each for repairs.

Kissing Fair.

From the Rome Ga. Courier.

If any had supposed it would turn out the way it did, the scheme would not have been adopted, but the object was a charitable one, and the Committee on Invitation were very careful to avoid the presence of any disagreeable or unpopular person. The following price-list was finally adopted. For one go-as-you-please squeeze of one minute, and one kiss, terms cash, in advance:

Girls under 16	25 cents
Girls from 16 to 20	50 cents
Ladies from 20 to 25	75 cents
Married ladies under 30	$1 00
Married ladies from 30 to 40	50 cents
Widows under 30	75 cents
Maiden ladies from 30 to 40	50 cents
Maiden ladies over 40	Two for a nickel

The gentlemen were all gathered in the dining-room and the ladies in the parlor. In the library was a committee of two—a lady and gentleman (the latter being time-keeper)—and they called in the gentlemen, one by one. Each was shown a schedule of prices and a list of the ladies present, and when one selected the lady he wanted to kiss, she was called in, and the transaction occured in the presence of the committee. In cases where the squeeze was prolonged beyond the schedule time, or an additional smack taken, a fine of double price was charged for in excess, and in several cases the fines were heavy, but were paid without a murmur. The whole affair was confidential, and none but the committee were to know who kissed who.

More than 4,000 cakes of toilet soap were stolen from the Fifth Avenue Hotel last year by lady guests, and 2,890 towels went after the soap. Who's a thief?—*Free Press.* What kind of guests did you say? Persons who "lave not wisely, but towel," are not ladies. If the Fifth Avenue people were wider awake, we should not hear of such soap-horrific proceedings. None but guests of the lowest cast-steel soap. The Windsor ought to be the favorite for soap-thieves.—Philadelphia *Bulletin.*

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

Home and Foreign Events.

In a recent actual census of 80 towns in Connecticut 50,000 people were found who never attend church.

Dean Stanley pronounces the discourse of Principal Caird, before the Queen, on the "Religion of Common Life," as the best of the century.

On the occasion of the twenty-second anniversary of the English Church Union in London no fewer than 80 churches had an "early celebration."

Mr. Anet says that Belgium is more open to evangelical influences now than for a long time past. The people are disgusted with the Roman Catholic priests and are turning to Protestantism.

The "expiatory" church, to be built on the spot where the late Emperor of Russia was slain, is to be raised by subscriptions from the whole empire. St. Petersburg alone has paid over $50,000.

The receipts from the London churches on Hospital Sunday amounted to about $70,000. The largest single contribution was from Chester-Square Established Church—$3,020. St. Paul's gave $1,770, and Westminster Abbey $1,015.

Some years ago the Presbyterians began a mission in a poor and neglected part of London. Last month a new church and institute was dedicated as the result, and there are 700 members. The cost of the buildings was $70,000.

The Rev. Drs. Barr and Stewart, who have been making a tour of the missions of the United Presbyterian Church in India and Egypt, have just returned to Philadelphia. They gave encouraging reports of the condition of the missions.

The friends of Prof. Robertson Smith in the Scottish Free Church have issued a protest against the action of the General Assembly in his case, and promise to defend all office bearers and teachers who, under the decision of the Assembly, pursue critical studies legitimately.

The Calcutta city authorities have prosecuted five missionaries who refused to obey their order recently issued requiring those desiring to preach in the public squares to ask permission of the Police Commissioner. The decision of the court has not yet been announced.

Prof. Plumptre says there is an altered tone in the conflict between faith and unbelief. He thinks that the possibility of miracles is not now denied by any man who has a right to be listened to; on the other hand there is a tendency to minimize the supernatural, which is hardly legitimate or useful.

The election of incumbent of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was contested with as much interest as a Parliamentary election. Some of the disappointed candidates lodged a formal protest against the election on the ground of bribery. The curate in charge, Mr. Thompson, was the successful candidate.

The Kirk and the Free Kirk of Scotland have a nearly even number of congregations. The Kirk reports 1,266 and the Free Kirk 1,043. The United Church has only 549, but for benevolent and missionary work it raised $28,500 more than the Kirk, and upwards of $93,000 less than the Free Church.

The Presbyterians of Ireland complain that the Government discriminates against them in the appointment of magistrates. In County Antrim, for example, there are 122,918 Presbyterians, and only 12 Presbyterian magistrates; The Episcopal section of the population is only 45,670 yet they have 185 magistrates.

The census of Ireland shows that the religious population, which has decreased by about 3,000,000 in 40 years, stand about thus: 3,951,885 Roman Catholics, 635,670 members of the Church of Ireland, 485,503 Presbyterians, 47,669 Methodists. The decrease in Catholics and Protestants was about equal in 10 years.

The capacity of the largest church buildings in the world is as follows: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 35,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's Venice, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000; Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn, 4,500.

According to recent reports, it appears that the communicants of the Scotch Free Church are about 230,000, of the United about 172,000, and of the Established about 500,000. These, with the other divisions, make nearly 1,000,000 Presbyterian communicants in Scotland, and show that more than three-fourths of the population are in Presbyterian families.

The Rev. Donald Macleod has been installed in the Crown-court Church, London, formerly Dr. Cumming's pulpit, with state ceremonies. The Earl of Aberdeen presided, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was invited. Dean Stanley was present as the representative of the Anglican Church. The church is connected with the established Church of Scotland.

The Undecided Man.

The undecided man is, perhaps, the greatest bore in existence. He is a trouble to himself and everyone with whom he comes in contact. For instance, there is Thistledown, who lives half way between two avenues by which horse cars convey passengers down town. When he gets out of doors of a morning he stands on his doorstep and looks first up the street and then down to see if there are any cars coming, which is perfectly useless, as he couldn't see them on account of intervening buildings, if they were. Then he goes to the corner of the avenue, and not discovering the necessary vehicle in sight, he walks the full length of the street to the other main thoroughfare. By the time he gets there he sees a car passing at the other end of the block and he hurriedly retraces his steps. He is too late, however, to catch the conductor's eye and he makes a dive down the street in the opposite direction only to miss another car. Thus he spends his morning like a kind of human pendulum, and gets to his place of business about noon. As a waste of his own and other people's time he is undoubtedly a great success.

The American lawn mower has been introduced into England, and now the English, disturbed in their morning naps by the clanging fiend, have sent over for the profanity that goes with it.—Boston *Post.*

POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

Importance of the Paragraph System—Parallelisms.

From the Troy Times.

The Rev. Dr. T. W. Coit, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Troy, for eighteen years—1854 to 1872—anticipated the "revisers" by fifty years, when he prepared and published, in 1834, a paragraph Bible, with the poetical portions of the book arranged in the form of English blank verse. It will be a good thing for scripture readers when all copies of the Bible are printed in the same form. The unlearned reader will then see at a glance what portions of the Hebrew records are poetry and what prose. He will be able to understand all that is now to be known of the genius of Hebrew force, its form and essence. Of its figures, their appositeness, beauty and power we are able to judge; of its rhythm, if it had any, we know nothing, although Josephus tells us that Moses's songs are in "heroic verse," and that David's are in "timeters and pentameters," Jerome also fancied "iambic verses," in the psalms; "hexameters and pentameters" in Deuteronomy, and "Sapphic verses" in the Lamentations of Jeremiah. It has, however, been truly said that "all the efforts of the learned to discover in Hebrew verse the meter of the Greek and Latin classics have signally failed." There is not one such poem in existence. A world of study and research has been expended on this point in vain. The one grand characteristic of Hebrew poetry, in the Old Testament and New, pointed out by Bishop Lowth, a century ago, is what has been well named "parallelism." The proposed new arrangement will enable the ordinary reader, as well as the learned scholar, to trace the beautiful parallelisms which abound in Hebrew verse and often characterize Hebrew prose thought in its most didactic expression. The simplest form of parallelism is that in which an idea expressed in one line is immediately repeated in different words in the next line. The first instance of this is found in the fourth chapter of Genesis, in a fragment which is unintelligible for want of historical elucidation, the enigmatical speech of Lamech to his wives:

—Adah and Zillah | hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech | hearken unto my speech;
For I have slain a man | to my wounding;
And a young man | to my hurt,
If Cain | shall be avenged seven-fold,
Truly Lamech | seventy and seven-fold.

The oracle of God to Rebecca in Genesis xxv., and Isaac's blessing of Jacob in Genesis xxvii., are in couplets. Jacob's prophetic blessing pronounced, in his last days, upon his twelve sons, is a poetic rhapsody. Of Simeon and Levi he says:

Cursed be their anger, | for it was fierce,
And their wrath, | for it was cruel;
I will divide them | in Jacob,
And scatter them | in Israel.

Dan shall be a serpent | by the way,
An adder | in the path.

Benjamin shall raven as a wolf;
In the morning | he shall devour the prey,
And at night | he shall divide the spoils.

In Exodus xv. we find the song of Moses and the children of Israel, the poetical character of which is obvious to the most indiscriminating reader:

Pharaoh's chariots and his host |
hath he cast into the sea;
His chosen captains also |
are drowned in the red sea.

In Numbers xxi are two poetical fragments, one an apostrophe to the "Well," (one of the institutions of the droughty East):

Spring up, O well! sing ye unto it!
The princes | digged the well.
The nobles of the people | digged it.

Another is over the conquest of Sihon:

A fire | is gone out of Heshbon,
A flame | from the city of Sihon.
Heshbon is finished | even unto Dibon,
We have laid them waste | even unto Nophah.

The prophecies of Balaam in the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of Numbers are in verse. When Balak said, "Curse Jacob, | defy Israel," Balaam replied:

How shall I curse | whom God hath not cursed?
How shall I defy | whom the Lord hath not defied?
Who can count | the dust of Jacob,
And the number | of the fourth part of Israel?
Let me die | the death of the righteous,
And let my last end | be like his.
I shall see him | but not now;
I shall behold him | but not nigh;
There shall come a star | out of Jacob,
And a scepter shall rise | out of Israel!

In the thirty-second and thirty-third chapters of Deuteronomy are two long poems the last of which is described as "the blessing wherewith Moses, the man of God, blessed the children of Israel before his death." These spirited compositions are fine specimens of the sublimity and beauty that everywhere characterize the poetry of the ancient Hebrews. Witness their commencement:

Give ear, O ye hearers, | and I will speak,
Hear, O earth, | the words of my mouth;
My doctrine | shall drop as the rain,
My speech | shall distil as the dew,
As the small rain | upon the tender herb,
As the showers | upon the grass.

How many thousands of Christians have been cheered by these soul-nerving lines:

There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun,
Who rideth upon the heaven in thy help,
And, in his excellency, on the sky.
The eternal God is thy refuge,
And underneath are the everlasting arms!

Joshua's command to the sun and moon is a poetic distich:

Sun! | Stand thou still upon Gideon,
And, thou, moon! | in the valley of Ajalon!

In the fifth chapter of Judges we encounter the triumphal song of Deborah:

Lord, when thou wentest | out of Seir,
When thou marchedst | out of Edom,
The earth trembled,
The heavens dropped,
The clouds also dropped water,
The mountains melted before the Lord.

The mother of Sisera is imagined looking out of the window and saying of the murdered monarch:

Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

phrases often ridiculously misappropriated to the coming of Messiah.

Hannah's prayer in the second chapter of first Samuel is couched in verse:

Talk no more so exceeding proudly,
Let not arrogance come out of your mouth.

Poetical contrasts anthithetic are common in Hebrew verse, thought and expression throughout the Bible, of which the following are specimens:

The Lord killeth | and maketh alive,
He bringeth down to the grave | and bringeth up.
The Lord maketh poor | and maketh rich,
He bringeth low | and lifteth up.
He raiseth the poor | out of the dust,
And lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill.

In the first chapter of Second Samuel we come upon David's touching lament over Saul and Jonathan:

From the blood | of the slain,
From the fat | of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan | turned not back,
The sword of Saul returned not empty.
Lovely and pleasant in their lives,
In their death they were not divided.
They were swifter | than eagles,
They were stronger | than lions.
I am distressed | for thee, my brother Jonathan!
Very pleasant | hast thou been to me.
Thy love | to me was wonderful,
Passing the love | of women.
How are the mighty | fallen,
And the weakness of man | punished!

David's lament over Abner is in verse:

Died Abner as the fool dieth?
Thy hands | were not bound,
Nor thy feet put into fetters.
As a man falleth | before wicked man,
So fellest | thou.

In the twenty-second of Second Samuel we meet with David's first recorded psalm, spoken "unto the Lord in the day that the Lord delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies and out of the hand of Saul." It is a poem of wonderful sublimity:

When the waves of death | compassed me,
The floods of ungodly men | made me afraid,
The sorrows of hell | compassed me about,
The snares of death | prevented me.
In my distress I called upon the Lord.
And | cried to my God.

This faint wail of a feeble mortal is represented as setting the whole divinity in motion:

He bowed the heavens also and came down,
And darkness was under his feet.
He rode upon a cherub and did fly,
He was seen upon the wings of the wind,
He made darkness pavilions round about him,
Dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.
The Lord | thundered from heaven,
The most high | uttered his voice,
He sent out arrows | and scattered them,
Lightning | and discomfited them.

David's last words were characteristically poetic:

The God of Israel | said,
The Rock of Israel | spake to me,
He that ruleth | over men must be just,
Ruling | in the fear of God,
As the light of the morning | when the sun riseth,
As a morning | without clouds,
As the tender grass out of the earth,
By clear shining after rain.

In the nineteenth chapter of second Kings is a poetic message from Isaiah to Hezekiah, prophesying the destruction of the hosts of Sennacherib, who boasts in regard to Lebanon:

I will cut down | the tall cedar trees thereof,
And | the choice fir trees thereof.

In the sixteenth of first Chronicles we have another of David's psalms, in which, as usual, are some fine parallelisms:

Declare the glory | among the heathen,
His marvellous works | among all nations.
Let the heavens | be glad,
Let the earth | rejoice,
Let the sea | roar,
And the fulness, thereof
Let the fields | rejoice,
Let the trees of the wood | sing.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Several Productions That Were Paid For by the Writers in Advance.

"I would like this advertisement translated into French," said an American in Paris, handing to a clerk in the *American Register* office the following curious advertisement:

"Twenty francs reward will be paid for the recovery of a cameo brooch which represents Venus and Adonis lost on the Boulevard des Italiens about 10 o'clock last evening." But the literary productions of advertisers who have axes to grind, and who pay liberally for the privilege of occupying space, have before now proved very interesting bits of reading in the columns of a well-edited paper. H. H. Brown & Co. of No. 1 Centre street kept standing for several weeks in a leading New York daily: "Soldiers who have lost their discharges, and those who did not receive pension from the date of their discharge or death, please apply." In the "Wants" department of a country exchange a resident advertises for "a woman to wash, iron and milk one or two cows;" a wine merchants asks for bids for "sixty dozen of prime port, lately the property of a gentleman 40 years of age, full of body, and with a high bouquet." A livery stable keeper offers cheap "a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new," and "a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail and warranted kind." It is easier for some people to determine what they want than to ask for it. Words are bugbears to them, and language takes terrible shapes. "To be sold—an Erard piano, the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut case with carved legs," was humorously commented upon by the Saturday *Review* a few months ago. The Irish *World* copies an item: "Purse lost by a poor widow woman who has a sick child containing 13s. and a letter." No wonder the child was unwell. The next item in the column is the *World's* own, and is as follows: "Robert Taylor, aged 83 years, is the father of twenty-five children by three wives seventeen of whom are living." Robert should be tried for bigamy. The Chicago *Tribune* not long since copied the advertisement of a widow who intended to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel: "The hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan. She will be aided by other stockholders." Such a corporation would not deserve to have a soul. A Coroner's verdict read thus: "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury." A country paper says: "A child was run over by a waggon three years old, and cross-eyed, with pantaloons on."

Better Yet.

On a Canada Southern train the other day a Detroiter had a seat behind a couple who got on at a little station near St. Thomas, and he thought he had seen the man's face before. He was looking at him sharply and trying to remember where he had met him, when the man turned and asked:

"Aren't you Thomas——, of Detroit?"

"Yes; and aren't you William ——, of Buffalo?"

"Yes."

"I thought so when you came in. And ain't you running away with old Judge Blank's daughter, of St. Thomas?"

"I've got a better thing than that," whispered William, as he leaned over the seat, "I'm running away with his wife!"

ALL SORTS.

Keely's motor is now known as "the tramp," because it wont work.

Peter the Great was a man of an iron will. There is generally a great deal of iron in all graters.

We don't object so much to their being called ostrich feathers, except that it is very unjust to the turkey.

Sleepless man: "What is the best way to kill a cat?" "Any way, any way, so that you make a sure thing of it."

When you go fishing be sure and have a boat that will keep tight, and a skipper that will not get tight.

When a man attains the age of 90 he may be termed XC-dingly old. When a man attains the age of 40 he may be said to XL.

The aboriginal red man knew nothing of Levy or his wonderful cornet. "Lo! the poor Indian, whose untootored mind," etc.

It is true that the crow is a thief, and steals the farmer's corn; but it is not without caws.—Boston *Transcript.* What causes him to carrion so?—*Yawcob Strauss.*

Infuriated man: If we bought some ink warranted to be indelible and it washed out in the first washing, what would we do; would we get mad? Well, we should remark.—Boston *Post.*

Oarsman: Most powerful stroke in the world? Sunstroke.—Boston *Post.* Wrong. A stroke of love is stronger. A sunstroke will only kill a man; a love-stroke will mash him.—*Earl Marble.*

A Copenhagen dispatch says: "Emigration from Sweden this year is expected to amount to 70,000 persons." This is good. We shall get some new notions in the Swede bye and bye.—*Earl Marble.*

You can't both eat your cake and have it. —Ancient Proverb. No; but you can take your drinks and have 'em—have 'em bad.—Washington *Critic.* Experience is a great thing.—Boston *Post.*

An exchange speaks of a new fashion in gait for girls, but a stroll along some of our streets in the soft summer twilight will convince any one that the old gate has yet a tenacious grip on the public favor.

If you like a nice hot pie that will come on the table smoking, make it of pipe plant. With this authority the fair cook will need no other to backer.—Syracuse *Sunday Times.* And you will then cigarlands of steam wreathing from it.—*Earl Marble.*

Miss Susie M. Russell, editor of the Duluth *Weekly*, says, "When things go to D K how C D they B come." The most C D thing we know of this season is the Q cumber; beware of it, Susie, or it will W you up. Watch for it, wait for it.—Peck's *Sun.*

William Penn was a very honest man. He would not rob the Indians of their lands. Not a bit of it! He honourably gave them several pounds of bread and some jack-knives for the territory of Pennsylvania. Such honesty cannot but be admired.—Boston *Post.*

According to the Philadelphia *Press* we should say, "It has blowed hard all day." Would the *Press* say: "He blowed his own nose, he had his own nose blown, or he would be blowed if he blowed it?"—New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

"It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself." A bank burglar writes to us to say that Siftings doesn't know. He says it's howling hard work to pick holes in the work of certain safe makers, but if you can do it, there's ten times the profit in it there is in safe making.—*Texas Siftings.*

The latest attempt to raise money that we hear of is by a fellow who tried to pawn she "silent watches of the night."—*Commercial Bulletin.* He probably made as much as the author who tried to realize on "Jewels of the Mind."—Boston *Transcript.* But he got more than the man who tried to "spout" "Pearls of Thought."—Lowell *Courier.*

The life of a sailor does seamen existence of hardships, but we suppose they have to make a living some way or rudder.—*Wit and Wisdom.* Yes, the old sea dog must go before the mastiff he can get no other position.—Rome *Sentinel.* Yes, and he has to sea cow to get a living inside of the bulwarks.—Whitehall *Times.* If this is the weigh your rancor is to be expended upon the innocent mariner we shall say "tar tar" to the fraternity of paragraphers.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

Byron and Wordsworth.

The London Athenæum.

The essay in Matthew Arnold's "Poetry of Byron" cannot be called one of this admirable critic's happiest efforts. It is written in Mr. Arnold's neatest vein and in Mr. Arnold's most pellucid manner, but it somehow fails to convey a definite impression of Byron. The fact is, we take it, that Mr. Arnold is not altogether in sympathy with his subject. Byron, though he had his share in the work of making Mr. Arnold possible, is the antipodes of those men of culture and contemplation—those artists pensive and curious and sedately self-contained—whom Mr. Arnold best loves, and of whom the nearest to our hand is Wordsworth. Byron and Wordsworth are like the Lucifer and Michael of the "Vision of Judgment." Byron's was the genius of revolt, as Wordsworth's was the genius of dignified and useful submission; Byron preached the dogma of private revolution as Wordsworth the dogma of private apotheosis; Byron's theory of life was one of liberty and self-sacrifice, Wordsworth's one of self-restraint and self-improvement; Byron's practice was dictated by a generous and voluptuous egoism, Wordsworth's by a benign and lofty selfishness; Byron was, in Mr. Arnold's phrase, the "passionate and dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope," Wordsworth a kind of inspired clergyman. Both were influences for good, both are likely to be influences for good for some time to come. Which is the better and stronger is a question that can hardly be determined at this time. It is certain that Byron's star has waned, and that Wordsworth's has waxed; but it is also certain that there are moments in life when the "Ode to Venice" is almost as grateful and as precious as the ode on "Intimations," and when the epic mockery of "Don Juan" is to the full as beneficial as the chaste philosophy of the "Excursion" and the "Ode to Duty." Meanwhile, it is evident that Mr. Arnold is with the Michael of our comparison, heart and soul, and is only interested in the Lucifer.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

DR. JAMES'

CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & McGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intremittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.

H. JAMES, M. D.

Furniture! Furniture! Furniture!

At and Under Belleville Prices.

Encourage those who knock high prices and ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.60 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

Call and see quality and prices

AT SCOTT'S,

next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.

Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by

THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Highest cash price paid for Deakens, Hides, Furs, &c.

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to
WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
or to
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 136

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEASETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples.
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

Waltham Watches

are the most durable as well as the best timers made.

E. L. WEISS

has them for sale at low prices.

—:o:—

He has also a stock of Swiss Lever Watches on hand, in silver and gold, which he offers at great bargains. Gold Rings to suit all, from $1.50 up; also a fine lot of Silver Rings. A large and well assorted stock of Ladies' and Gents' electro-plated and filled or rolled Gold Chains from 80c. up to $9.00; also nickel and silk Vest Chains, fine plated mountings very stylish; a lot of silk and steel Chains cheap. A large and varied stock of Cuff Buttons and Studs at all prices and styles. Lockets and Charms of the best plate and elegant designs; also Necklets, Gold plated Bracelets, Plated Brooches and Barrs in great variety, and Earrings to match from 50c. up to $5.00, scarf Pins and Rings, very handsome, Silver plated Table Knives, Forks and Spoons, Rodger's make, the best in the market, Spectacles and Eyeglasses from 25c. up to $2.50; also a variety of cheap goods in black and pearl etc.

A Splendid Assortment of Clocks!

Time, Strike, Alarm and Calendar, in Nickel and Wood.

Call and examine goods and prices.

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

THE NEW

HYMN BOOKS

—OF THE—

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH,

FOR SALE AT

C. G. WILSON'S DRUG STORE.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

—:—

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

—:—

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

*Xmas Groceries!

—o—

FRESH VALENCIA RAISINS,
" SULTANA RAISINS,
" LAYER RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
" CANDIED PEEL,
" SPICES, &c.,
" LEMONS.

Diamond Brand Oysters.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

BEST QUALITY OF GOODS.

LOW PRICES.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Family Grocers and Wine Merchants,

VICTORIA BLOCK,
MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S Grocery, Provision, WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best, brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

FALL & WINTER OF 1880-81.

—:—

MY STOCK for the Season is now complete, and prices will be found as low as any other House in the trade.

All-Wool Tweeds from 45c up.
Winceys, Plain and Twilled, from 8c up.
Dress Goods from 12½c up.
Prints from 7c up.

BOOTS & SHOES AT LOWEST PRICES.

Hats and Caps from 50c up.

A Large Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

ALL-WOOL SUITS FROM $10 UP.

Tea from 35 to 60c., and all other Groceries at lowest prices.

CROCKERY.—WHITE STONE SETS FROM $2.50 TO $3.50

A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN ROBERTSON,
HARPER'S BLOCK.

MADOC, October 13th, 1880.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

FIRST-CLASS

All Wool Tweed Suits For $6.50.

Diagonal Suits $9.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April, 1881.